

January
1954

Reader's Digest

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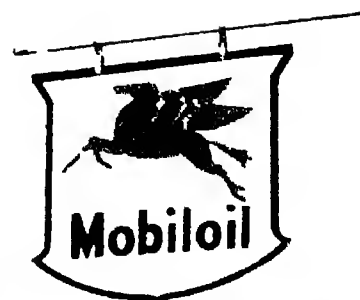
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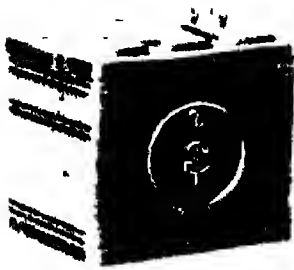
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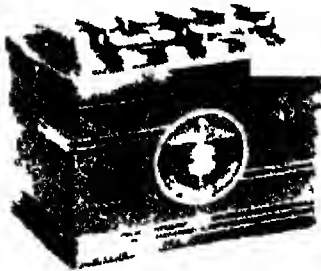
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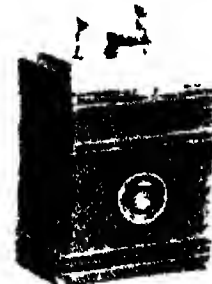
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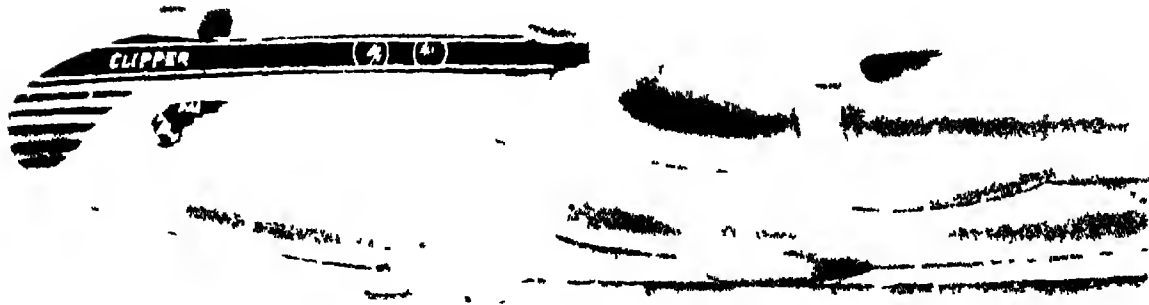
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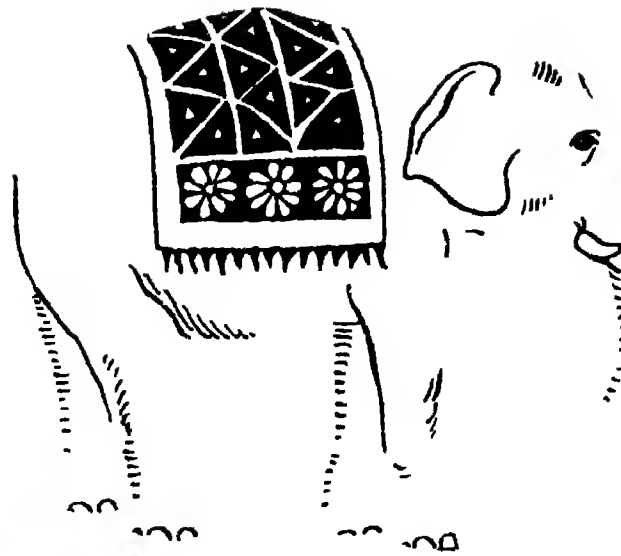


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DIGEST**

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THE KREMLIN— Grim Symbol, Beautiful Fortress

By Max Eastman

THE KREMLIN, synonym for the power that rules the Communist world, is more than just a symbol. This gigantic, Gibraltar-like, sealed and guarded fortress in the middle of a peaceful city, its walls 14 to 20 feet thick, 30 to 70 feet high, its history one of intrigues, conspiracies, thefts of empire, strangulations and blood-lettings, is itself an instrument of secret and despotic rule. From each of its 19 watch towers, if you look carefully, you will see the blue nose of a machine gun pointing out over Moscow. And if you loiter within 100 feet of its base, a guard with rifle in hand will step out—as if from the very walls—and tell you in words you don't answer to "get going."

Yet the Kremlin is beautiful beyond any other "executive mansion" in the world. There are four great cathedrals and a dozen or so churches and chapels, or the relics

'Nobody outside knows what is going on behind those grim and towering walls'

of them, within its 43 acres, and their green roofs and high, golden-domed towers lifting jeweled crosses to the sky make this citadel look, when seen against the dawn, more like a celestial paradise than a seat of earthly power.

In Lenin's day the Kremlin was firmly locked and guarded at each gate by a couple of Red sentries. But when Stalin settled in, and murder became the basis of Party control, the locks were reinforced, the guards were multiplied. Burglar alarms were added, and red lights that flashed on when the gates opened and kept going until they closed. The doors of the pedestrian entrance were provided with several grilles, each responding to a different key. And a system of passes

searches and examinations was set up between the plain citizen and the inside of that citadel which makes it a masterpiece of the art of keeping the public power private.

Newspaper men call the Kremlin "the hardest place in the world to get into." Even those who get in are watched over and nudged along by armed guards and detectives until they hardly dare look round.

Nobody outside can find out what is going on behind those towering walls. Ask a simple question: Where was Stalin's apartment? There are three different guesses, but no one knows. The only Westerner who ever saw it is Sir Winston Churchill, and he can't recall its location.

Or ask a big question: Who decided to arrest Beria, the head of the State Police? Was there a meeting of the Praesidium or did Malenkov order it personally? Answers to such natural questions are inconceivable. When the gongs begin to ring madly and the red lights to wink, and the grey-bodied crows fly up like a tattered canopy, and the great gates suddenly burst open, and seven limousines packed with secret police tear out at 60 miles an hour into a closed-off avenue with an armed guard every 300 feet—is it Malenkov leaving for his country estate? Is it Molotov? Is it Kaganovich? Is he rushing for a doctor, escaping *from* a doctor, practising for a motor race or just going home to bed? And which car is he in? No-

body knows. Nobody can find out.

The executive offices of the Soviet Government are not in the Kremlin—they are not important enough for that. The Foreign Office, the Department of Commerce, the War Office, even the MVD—all these formally supreme institutions are scattered throughout the city. It is only the absolute rulers, the top leaders of the Communist Party, who inhabit this beautiful and terrible fortress.

In the 12th century the Kremlin was the whole town of Moscow, surrounded by a stockade to fend off the raids of the Tartars. Two centuries later the present magnificent rock-hearted walls, faced with rose brick, were laboriously erected. The job took many architects and numberless thousands of munks 30 years. Meanwhile, another city of Moscow was growing up outside the walls. Naturally the despots who ruled Russia remained within the walled hub, protected now not against Tartar raids but against their own subjects and rivals.

Here Ivan the Terrible, the best educated man of his age and one of the craziest, adopted the title of "Czar" (Caesar), selected a wife from a herd of virgins driven in from all over Russia, bashed his son's skull in with the gold sceptre of state, had the head of the church strangled and set an example of rule by massacre that few despots in history have exceeded. In the Red Square fronting the Kremlin on the



north-east they show you the stone execution block where Ivan cut down some of his more distinguished victims. Above it stands the Church of Vassily the Blessed, famed for its many coloured onion towers, rarest of architectural wonders. (When it was done Ivan had the eyes of its architect gouged out so that he could never build another like it.)

Then in 1703 Peter the Great moved the capital to his new-built city of St. Petersburg—"a window open to the West," he called it—and the Kremlin lost much of its importance. Until 1918 when the Bolsheviks, having closed that window to the West, moved back to Moscow. With a party of only 200,000 they were ruling a country of 150 million, and a fortified 43 acres within the capital city was precisely what they needed.

Today half of the Kremlin is occupied by Communist Party executives and their entourages,

the other is a memorial to the glories of Russia's past.

The Communist half includes a group of mud yellow administration buildings erected after the revolution, the old Court of Justice where Lenin had his office, barracks for the Kremlin guards, two cinemas, an underground bomb proof shelter for the Dictator (it resembles a bank vault, with an iron door 18 inches thick), and a "Kitchen of the Council of People's Commissars." This latter institution seems to be centrally located for General John Deane, the sensitive head of the U.S. military mission during World War II, found the omnipresent smell of cooking cabbage even in Stalin's office.

The other half of the Kremlin consists mainly of churches and palaces, but includes also the Royal Armoury, which has been converted into a museum. It is a fabulous treasure house of heirlooms of both church and state, the greatest his-

THE READER'S DIGEST

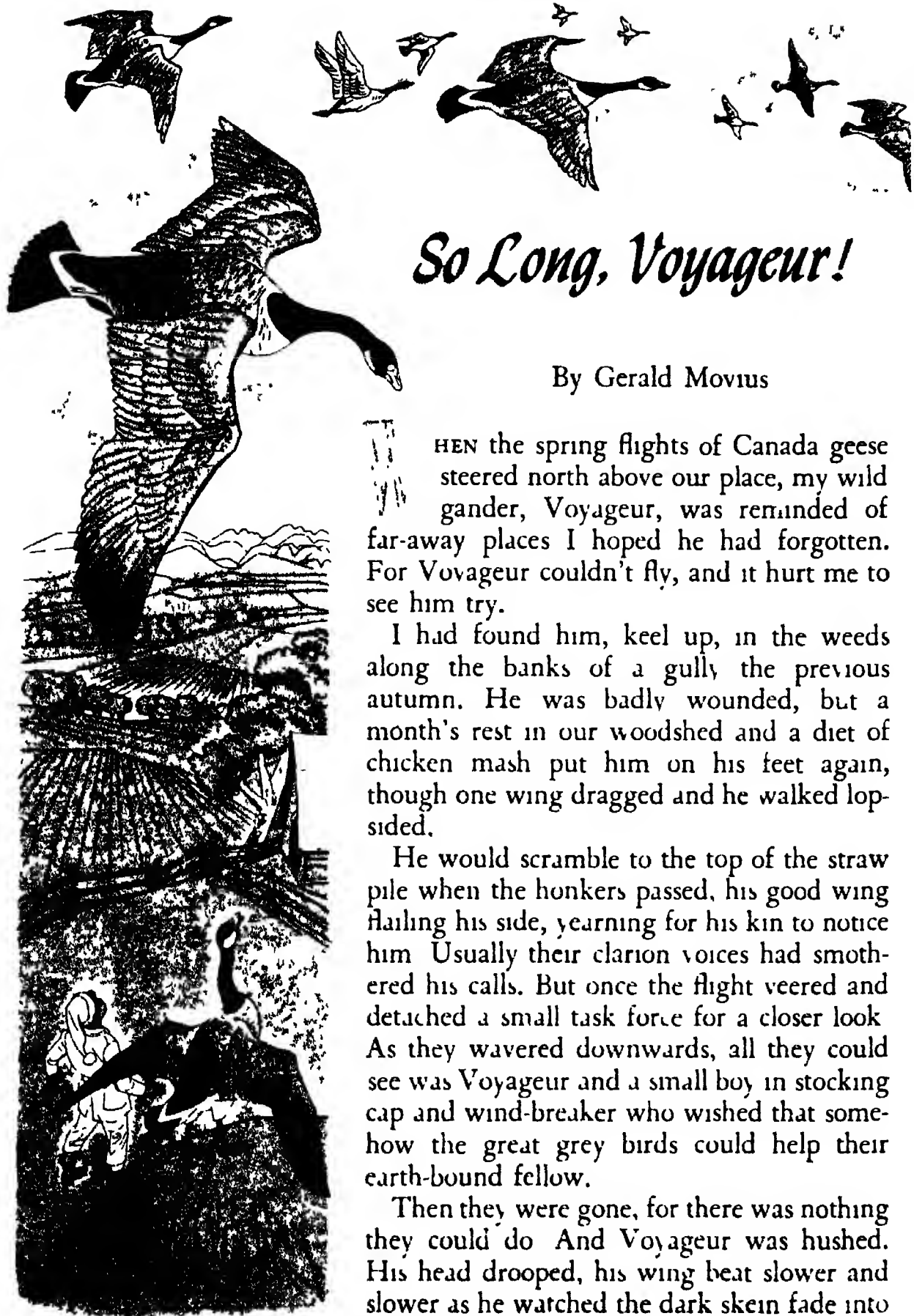
torical museum in Russia—unvisited, alas, by the Russian people. Here are the thrones of the czars the ivory throne of Ivan the Terrible, and Boris Godunov's throne of thin gold plate studded with 2,000 precious stones. Carefully preserved also (and unvisited) are the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where the czars were christened and wed, the Archangel Cathedral, where many of them lie buried; and the Cathedral of the Assumption, where from the 16th century they were crowned

The All-Union Soviet (the Communist parliament) meets—when it meets—in the Great Palace. Built by Nicholas I in the 1830s, it is a vast rectangular building of white stone, surrounding a court with a cathedral in it. Here the late czar's living-rooms are preserved meticulously, every ash tray, every pen and pencil, even the towels and blotting paper, just as he left them. Here also, in the Hall of St Catherine, with its regal ceiling supported by two pillars of solid malachite, is preserved the full tradition of the patriotic state banquets. These are made sumptuous with all the gorgeous old table service, the innumerable rich foodstuffs the Crimean wines and the vodka

The All-Union Soviet chamber is the vast Throne Room of St Andrew. Appropriately enough, the decrees and resolutions prepared by the Party leaders are read to the delegates, some 1,200 of them, from a rostrum placed where the czar's throne used to stand. The delegates sit in rows of fixed seats, each provided with a little desk as in a school-room. Like well-behaved pupils they absorb with reverent attention every word that is said or read to them. No one wriggles in his seat. They have been conducted from the gate to this chamber by guards who did not permit them to stray from the direct path. And their deliberations, or whatever is going on in their heads, are conducted under the eyes of other guards stationed at six-foot intervals along the walls. Additional guards are posted at each door, and at the end of each aisle stands an officer of the State Police. When the reading or speaking is finished they applaud with energetic enthusiasm, and when the vote is taken they vote unanimously. In a ten-year history of this superdemocratic parliament there is no record of one dissenting voice.

That gives us an idea what things will be like if the Kremlin succeeds in its ambition to rule the world.

"RESULTS!" exclaimed Edison to an assistant marvelling at the bewildering total of his failures—50,000 experiments, for example, before he succeeded with a new storage battery. "Results? Why, man, I have gotten a lot of results. I know several thousand things that won't work."



So Long, Voyageur!

By Gerald Movius

WHEN the spring flights of Canada geese steered north above our place, my wild gander, Voyageur, was reminded of far-away places I hoped he had forgotten. For Voyageur couldn't fly, and it hurt me to see him try.

I had found him, keel up, in the weeds along the banks of a gully, the previous autumn. He was badly wounded, but a month's rest in our woodshed and a diet of chicken mash put him on his feet again, though one wing dragged and he walked lopsided.

He would scramble to the top of the straw pile when the honkers passed, his good wing flailing his side, yearning for his kin to notice him. Usually their clarion voices had smothered his calls. But once the flight veered and detached a small task force for a closer look. As they wavered downwards, all they could see was Voyageur and a small boy in stocking cap and wind-breaker who wished that somehow the great grey birds could help their earth-bound fellow.

Then they were gone, for there was nothing they could do. And Voyageur was hushed. His head drooped, his wing beat slower and slower as he watched the dark skein fade into

the fabric of the rose and-golden dawn. After that he paid no more attention to the wild geese than did our chickens. It was as though he had decided to make the best of things.

The books say that Canada honkers are haughty and aloof. Voyageur was as sociable as a collie pup and as talkative as an old parrot. He was under my feet at chore time, stropping his neck against my overalls and, in sudden bursts of affection, shoving his bill into my hand and pretending to bite.

Voyageur liked everybody, especially such infants as then adorned the place. The baby chicks used his back for a sun porch or as an obstacle in their games of follow-my-leader. Turkey poults whose rattle-headed mothers left them straggling in a sudden rain could depend on Voyageur for emergency shelter. When Vinegar and Mustard were absent on important social matters, Voyageur baby sat with their kittens, and he mourned the accidental death of Mustard's kitten more than Mustard did. I found him with his long neck stretched protectingly across the limp little carcass making sorrowful noises deep in his throat.

The honker is monogamous and mighty fussy in his choice of a bride, but we hoped Voyageur would mate with one of our domestic geese. The offspring of a honker and a barnyard goose are the finest eating this side of Olympian banquet halls, and in those days the

railways snapped them up at fancy prices.

If Voyageur would co-operate, I figured, my fortune was made. Our virgin geese were willing. In his lean and elegant presence our lumbering Toulouse ganders looked like stodgy lout, whereas Voyageur was a symphony in black, grey and white, giving the impression of a young clubman turned out for a full dress wedding.

Tulip's affections were his for the asking. Liptoe trailed after him with a languishing air. Teresa fluttered every feather if he so much as brushed against her. Voyageur ignored their blandishments.

He appeared to have resolved on a life of monastic meditation when he astounded everybody by bringing home a bride of his own selection, a little goose from the Hatha way place a mile up the road. She was shy about the proposition, but he urged her ahead of him with his bill gabbling reassurances.

Voyageur must have done his courting in the gully where all the waterfowl in the neighbourhood cavorted, and he had chosen well. The bride was svelte and demure, and her frock of light grey and white feathers put you in mind of an eighteenth century lass. The Hathaways demanded and got five settings of chicken eggs in exchange for their bird, which I named Priscilla.

She chose an old barrel for a home, and I furnished the nest with

a glass goose's egg to keep them happy while I snatched her eggs as fast as she laid them, setting them under accommodating broody hens. The last ten eggs I let Priscilla keep for herself. While they were incubating no stranger could get within yards of the barrel without inviting Voyageur's wrath. He was barely civil even to me.

It was then he discovered that his wing had healed. He had gone down to the gully for a hasty dip and must have thought he heard Priscilla call him. He *flew* back, hurtling into the yard as easily as if his wing had never been damaged.

He landed with a bump, shook his head in surprise at his own achievement, examined the wing as if he had never seen it before and burst into an ecstasy of gabbles. His splendid eyes glinted with excitement. He danced on his toes with both wings aloft, raced to Priscilla and chucked her under the chin with his bill, then came running to me, pulling at my overalls.

From that time on he flew all over the neighbourhood. This could portend only one thing: Voyageur would leave in the autumn. Sure, I could clip his wings. But he was too happy. Voyageur with a crippled wing had needed me. With two good wings he needed nothing except his freedom. I hated to see the summer end.

Voyageur and I were in the yard together when I heard the pipes of the first southward flight. He quartered the sky to mark the course.

His body trembled. He took a running start and launched himself upwards. I said to myself "So long, Voyageur! So long!"

Priscilla took it with serenity at first. In their months together he had flown off for hours at a time. But now when night came she was uneasy. In two days she was a sick bird. We had had geese before who went into declines when something happened to their mates. Priscilla was alone in her anxiety, for she had formed no social attachments with our Toulouse geese and her goslings no longer needed her. She moped and rejected food.

But both Priscilla and I had underestimated Voyageur. Within three days he was back, the wildness gone from his eyes. The instinct of devotion was stronger than the migratory urge. He was completely himself once more, getting in my way at chore-time and showering attentions on Priscilla, who bloomed into health again.

It was the season of fun for our waterfowl. The cares of family life were over for the year. The Indian summer sun warmed the water, and there were young geese and ducks for the oldsters to whack over the head when they got too saucy.

It was also the hunting season, and I could hear the shotguns in the early morning hours. Now and then a goose would falter and spiral to the ground. It must have been in that way that Voyageur had first landed near our place.

THE READER'S DIGEST

I was glad Voyageur stuck to the safety of the gully, which was posted as out of bounds to hunters. That was why I could hardly believe it when I heard the slam of a gun close to our place, and the scream of terrified geese. There was a cold, sick feeling in my stomach as I ran to look. On the opposite side of the gully a man was running away; you could tell by his clothes he was a city dude.

Priscilla was dead. Voyageur was unhurt, though the hunter must have been aiming at him.

Voyageur was crouched in the grass beside Priscilla. Her feathers were soaked with blood. His long neck rested across her. He was silent and his eyes were glazed in misery.

I buried her in decency and honour, while Voyageur watched. As I tamped the last shovelful of dirt on the small grave he ran to me and thrust his bill into my hand, whimpering like a grieving dog. Overhead the honkers piped, and Voyageur looked up. I knew he was saying good bye.

"So long, Voyageur!" I said.

This time it would be for ever. There was no Priscilla to lure him back. There were only the sky and the muted voices of his own breed, and the northern wind that nipped at their sterns, urging them on to the southern resting grounds.

And then he was gone to join the distant flight.

So long, Voyageur!



Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing

FROM the announcement of a banquet sponsored by the Oregon State Bar Association. "Informal—Wives Expected—Guests Welcome."

On the cover of *My Baby Magazine*. "Have a baby? Read HOW TO GET FATHER TO HELP."

FROM the Blackfoot, Idaho, *Bulletin*. "We could go on indefinitely about the graces of hundreds of charming matrons in this town, all growing lovelier with time."

FROM an ad in the *Detroit News*. "Here is the world's tenderest fresh beef! It's cut to give you more meat-less bone."

FROM the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. "The union is seeking a ten per cent wage increase plus improved benefits and double time for any day in which the workers work."

FROM the account of a six-year-old's birthday party in the Santa Monica, California, *Evening Outlook*. "Other celebrants were Candy Parsons, 6, and Sandra Martyn, 5."

A world-famous philosopher
proposes a practical plan to avert war

TO TURN US FROM MADNESS

By Bertrand Russell

PEOPLE everywhere are deeply troubled by what seems like a fated and predetermined march towards ever greater disaster. Many have come to feel that nothing can be done to avert the plunge towards ruin. They see mankind driven on by angry gods, no longer master of its fate.

I think this view is lazy and superstitious. The misfortunes of the human race since 1914, and those much greater misfortunes with which it is now threatened, have been brought on not by fate but by human volition, by the passions of the many and the decisions of the few.

But if passions and decisions can do great harm, they can also do great good. It is therefore irrational

=====

BERTRAND RUSSELL, distinguished mathematician and philosopher, has written more than a score of books, including *An Inquiry Into the Meaning of Truth*, *Human Knowledge, Which Way to Peace?* and *The ABC of Atoms*. In 1950 he received the Nobel Prize for literature. The citation named him 'one of our time's most brilliant spokesmen of rationality and humanity.'

RUSSIA and the United States may be likened to two scorpions in a bottle, each capable of killing the other, but only at the risk of his own life. The basic fact is that the time in which this may happen is short. We shall need all the help and wisdom and resourcefulness we can muster. The atomic clock ticks faster and faster.

—Dr J. Robert Oppenheimer
in *Foreign Affairs*

to let our hopes be smothered by a sense of impotence.

In the world today there are two immensely strong forces. One is the hostility between Communists and non-Communists, the other is the wish to avoid another world war. These forces work in opposite directions, and have kept each other in uneasy balance in recent years.

In this situation it is easy to imagine a small, apparently trivial event that might unleash war. It is not so easy to imagine an event that would give added strength to the desire for peace. Yet I think such an event is possible.

How can it be brought about? Some people pin their hopes to a

Condensed from *The New York Times Magazine*

Soviet change of heart, but I do not see the rulers of Russia adopting the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in any near future. There is not much hope in argument designed to convince the other side of the righteousness of our own. However convincing such argument may appear on one side of the Iron Curtain, it loses persuasiveness in passing to the other side. Nor is one-sided appeasement a road to peace, since it only encourages the other side to continually more outrageous demands until at last a point is reached where resistance is imperative.

If the danger of war is to be lessened it must be by emphasis upon something about which both sides are *agreed*. I know of only one thing about which there might be general agreement on both sides—and that is that *a great war would be as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished*.

If I were an influential statesman I should advocate a conference of all the great powers to consider this one thing—the destruction to be expected in a new world war. No one at the conference would be allowed to suggest that one side was better than the other, or more likely to achieve victory. The sole business of the conference would be to draw up a statement of the sufferings to be expected among *all* the belligerents.

The hydrogen bomb must be considered not as an engine of victory

but solely as an engine of destruction. No good can come of the wrangles in which both sides at present indulge. "We have the hydrogen bomb," says one side. "So have we," says the other. "But we have more," says the one. "But you present more convenient targets," says the other. There is grave danger that sooner or later the wrangling will exasperate people to the point where they will say "Let us be done with bragging and put the H-bomb to the test!"

Any such procedure is suicidal. What I suggest is a conference in which weapons of war are considered strictly as leading to utter defeat *on both sides*. This is the only matter in which the interests of the two sides are identical, and it is therefore the only matter which can be considered by a conference without making the hostile feeling on both sides more violent.

Such a conference might generate on each side a belief that, since the other is aware of the inevitable evils of a world war, it is not likely to indulge in war unless compelled to. If once this belief existed on both sides, a general relaxation of tension would become much easier.

At present we of the West are persuaded that we shall never engage in a great war except in resistance to an attack; but we are not persuaded that such an attack is unlikely. I think that the same attitude probably exists in the Soviet Government.

It is this mutual distrust which causes the difficulty. It might be dispelled by having both sides make it clear that they will fight only in defence, that neither the governments and peoples of the West nor those of the U S S R and its satellites could survive the shock of total war, and that the hope of victory in war has become illusory.

I do not wish to see such a view prevailing on one side only, however, for then it becomes defeatist—and, terrible as a new war would be, I should still prefer it to a universal Communist empire.

The preliminary steps towards this conference ought to be taken by neutrals, who would draw up a document setting forth the likely results of war. Comments upon this document would be invited from both camps. If the neutrals do their work in the right spirit, it ought to be possible to get both camps to admit the justice of what they say. And if both sides admit this to the

neutrals, it is no great further step to admit it to each other.

It would be essential for the report of such an inquiry to be received with the widest publicity on both sides of the Iron Curtain. The report should emphasize the inevitable harm to practically every inhabitant of a belligerent country. I am not thinking only of such disasters as the obliteration of large cities but of the destruction of crops, the spread of disease.

I believe that this kind of investigation might turn men aside from collective madness, that both sides could be persuaded that nothing is to be gained by war, and that there is no harm in saying so. It would then be possible for both sides to have confidence that disputes would be settled by negotiation.

Mankind might then gradually awake from the nightmare in which we have all been living, and the downward trend of the last 40 years would give place to ordered progress.



Mixmasters

Two Hollywood children of oft-divorced parents got into an argument. As it became more heated, one said, "My father can beat your father."

"Are you kidding?" cried the other. "Your father is my father!"

Akron Ohio Beacon Journal

A FIRM in Unadilla, Georgia, stamps this on its statements: "Pay us so we can pay them and they can pay him and he can pay you."

Unadilla Observer is quoted in *Pure Oil News*

The Shirt Off His Back

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

HE most generous man I ever met is named Cameron O'Day Macpherson. It is often said that Cam would give you his shirt, and this is true. But there was one time in his life when he refused to do so, with rather remarkable consequences. I am probably the only person in our town who knows the story.

Our town is Cuernavaca, Mexico, the ancient city about 40 miles south of the capital to which the Emperor Maximilian and his wife, Carlotta, fled from Mexico City's sometimes intolerable pressure; Cuernavaca, bruised and broken by the revolution and restored now to a new architectural glory in which we take great pride.

We also take a genuine small-town pride in our cosmopolitan residents—especially in kindly Cam Macpherson, partly because he is

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM has written hundreds of articles and short stories, and a score of books and film scripts. Her most recent book is *The Inner Voice*.

wealthy but chiefly because he is so wondrously open-handed.

Cam lives in a great house that was built in the time of Cortez. He retrieved the palace from an almost ruined condition, and allowed it to retain enough of its scars to make it picturesque. It is the most thoroughly used house I have ever been in. Cam is for ever bringing in strays, both human and four-legged, adding them to his already large family.

One of the people he rescued was a starving painter. When the young man had been nursed back to health it was discovered that he had been a prize-winner at the Paris Beaux Arts school. In a few months he created a furore in Mexico's artistic circles and sold 60 pictures in as many weeks, heaping prestige as well as gratitude on his benefactor. By then Cam was busy with an indigent composer and a photographer without a camera.

Cam was only occasionally imposed upon by his protégés; he was

too much the canny Scot for that. "I have small use," he said, "for the man who asks, 'Please give me half your money because I have thrown mine away.'"

Once an old friend of his needed a loan and Cam knew there was no immediate prospect of this man's being able to repay it. But he gave the man the required sum, and said, "This is a gift. I am giving it to you on condition that you never attempt to repay it and never mention it again. But I want you to promise that if you can ever spare the money you will give it on the same terms to someone who needs it."

One evening Cam and I were indulging in one of the uninhibited talks through which we had built up our friendship. He mentioned that he planned to get up at five o'clock the next morning and drive to the airport to meet an old woman whom he did not even know, who was arriving to claim the body of her husband.

"That's awfully decent of you," I said. "Tell me, Cam, how did you get started doing all the things you do for people? You sometimes seem to be acting under a compulsion."

"I am," he said.

"Do you want to tell me what it is?" I probed gently.

For a while I thought he wasn't going to answer. Then he began to talk.

"It began a long time ago in the little town of Oil City," he said. "I was just a kid on my first job and it

was a tough one. My father, who built high-pressure oil and gas pipelines, wanted me to learn the business from the bottom up, and when I was 21 he jerked me out of the lap of luxury and sent me to Oil City to work on a slag heap. I didn't mind the hard work but I hated the grime and the loneliness.

"You couldn't live luxuriously on my pay, and there was nothing to do in the evening except play billiards, go to the one picture house or go for a walk. I walked because it was cheaper. One night, when I was taking one of my solitary strolls along the dreary main street, a man who had the lost look of the unemployed stopped me. 'Have you got another shirt?' he asked.

"I wasn't used to panhandlers, and recoiled instinctively. I barked at him, 'No, I haven't!' The man muttered something and darted away. I walked fast in the opposite direction until I was brought to a dead stop by a sudden thought: Of course I had another shirt, and I could have given it to him!

"Why had he wanted this shirt so desperately? I wondered if he was going to apply for a job the next day and was ashamed to show up in the soiled, shabby shirt he had on. The more I thought about it the more ashamed of myself I became, so I turned round and went looking for him. I walked the streets for hours, but never found him."

There was a silence before Cam

spoke again. "I have been looking for him ever since," he said. "The little favours I do for people are mostly an attempt to make up for the harsh turndown I gave that poor fellow."

MEXICO CITY has always drawn a great many businessmen's conventions, and it was not long after my evening at Cam's that an association of men's furnishings manufacturers held their big jamboree there. Such conventions follow a pretty well-fixed pattern—three days of meetings, speeches, banquets, then sight-seeing: a night in Acapulco and a day in Taxco, after which the members limp into Cuernavaca and collapse beside somebody's swimming pool before being hauled off to the airport.

There are more private swimming pools per capita in Cuernavaca than in Hollywood, and of course Cam had one. Beside it, at the tag end of this particular convention, lay half a dozen officers of the association. Among these was a Mr. Ben Blackman, the owner of the Everyman Dollar Shirt Company. He was a man of about Cam's age and size, and he wore a pair of bathing trunks which Cam had lent him. The day was fiery hot, and to escape sunburn Mr. Blackman draped his shirt round his shoulders. The sun became hotter, and Mr. Blackman discarded his shirt and plunged into the pool. When he came out, Cam's dogs had torn the shirt to shreds.

"You got another shirt?" he asked.

"Sure," said Cam.

"Do you know," said Mr. Blackman, "my asking you that question reminds me of something that happened to me when I was a kid, and absolutely broke. There was the chance of a job for me coming up, and I didn't have a clean shirt nor any money to buy one. So I stopped a young feller in the street and I asked him if he had another shirt.

"Do you know, he didn't have one! He was a decent looking feller, too, but maybe not making much money. Then as I walked away, do you know what happened?"

"I began to realize that the dirty, torn shirt on my back was not as important as the spirit inside my body. So I washed the both of them that night, and the next day I got the job, running a machine that made shirts to sell at \$3. In the next few days I got to thinking what a blamed outrage it was that a nice-looking kid, like the one who said he didn't have another shirt, couldn't afford to own *two* shirts. And that's how I got the idea for my Everyman Dollar Shirts. If it hadn't been for that feller turning me down maybe I wouldn't be where I am today."

Mr. Blackman slipped on one of Cam's shirts.

"Well, that happened a long time ago in Oil City," he added. "I don't suppose you were ever in that town, were you, Mr. Macpherson?"

The International Eisteddfod: a bond of music among peoples of many nations



A Rare Bit of Singing and Dancing

By George Kent

FOR 11 MONTHS of the year the little Welsh town of Llangollen is as grey and sleepy as a cocoon. Then in July out comes the butterfly—and for five days there is wild dancing in the streets and top-of-the-lungs singing by men and women dressed to the last silver button in their native costumes.

These are the days of the Olympic Games of music, the annual International Eisteddfod (pronounced es-teth-vod), when singers and dancers from Europe and America take over the town. Austrians yodel, Spaniards beat out rhythms with their heels; Irishmen fife; Dutch, Norwegians, Americans put their heads together in close harmony. And Welshmen, never loath to sing, roll out hymn-like tunes in the competition of nation against nation.

Last year about 2,000 men, women and children, representing 22 countries, competed in a great arena. There were 110 choirs, 22 dance groups and 500 soloists. Not one of them was a professional. The cash prizes they sought to win were of secondary importance. The contestants took away with them something far more precious—a warm feeling of fellowship with the peoples of other nations.

You could not fail to see it if you watched them say good-bye to one another on the last day. Ukrainians, refugee millworkers living in England, tore ribbons from their costumes and wound them about the necks of Dutch and Breton friends. Spaniards gave away their castanets. I saw a woman dancer put her exquisite tortoise-shell comb into the

hair of the gaunt old woman who had been her hostess. Then the train arrived and everybody was kissing everybody else and saying things in his own language.

Llangollen is a lovely place in the Berwyn Hills, about 200 miles north-west of London. It has an old ruined castle, a wooded canal and the frisky River Dee, from which fishermen take salmon within view of the high street.

The International Eisteddfod is entirely Llangollen's party. More than 300 men and women give all or part of their time every day of the year; and except for permanent office help no one is paid a penny.

Accommodation for visitors is handled by a committee of housewives, schoolteachers, shop assistants. With an attendance often exceeding 130,000, schools, churches and trade union halls are converted into dormitories, and every spare bed within 20 miles is commandeered. Throughout the year there are thousands of letters to type, pamphlets and pieces of music to tuck into envelopes—and thousands of telephone calls to answer. Anybody with an afternoon or evening to spare reports at the offices for work.

Men and women pot the loveliest flowers from their gardens and bring them to the huge eisteddfod tent on the town's only high-level five-acre tract, there to form a solid bank of living colour in front of the big stage. When the foreign teams ar-

rive, townspeople are at the station in London or at the docks in Liverpool to escort them to Llangollen.

Shopkeepers and hotel owners naturally make money out of the event: deposits of some £25,000 above average have been recorded in the town's two banks. But for the great majority money is not the incentive. Scores of home-owners, for example, refuse payment from their foreign guests. The show appeals to the idealism of the Welsh character and is done for the sake of "international good will."

This affair at Llangollen, now seven years old, is an exclusively musical development of the Royal National Eisteddfod, a purely Welsh institution going back 1,000 years. *Eistedd* in Welsh means to sit; *fod* is a place. Together they make a word for a meeting of people to listen to poetry, singing and the playing of musical instruments. Hundreds of eisteddfodau take place in Wales every year. Abroad, wherever Welshmen live there are others.

The International was the brain child of a 40-year-old Welsh newspaperman, Harold Tudor. The idea came to him, he told me, during the war. One day when bombs were falling and ack-ack guns chattering he heard a farm boy singing, undisturbed by the noise and danger.

The song outlasted the bombardment and it seemed to Tudor that here, symbolically, was an answer to the problems of the world. Music, the one language all peoples

understood, might make a chorus that would silence the guns for all time.

After the war Tudor enlisted the interest of Gwynn Williams, a composer and publisher of music, and together they talked to George Northing, chairman of the Llangollen Urban District Council. He called a meeting; Llangollen then and there decided to launch the International.

A little calculating showed that such a gathering would cost the town about £10,000, an enormous sum for Llangollen with a population of 3,000. The committee passed the hat. A garage owner tossed in £50; a housewife gave five shillings, a schoolboy a penny. Finally there was a fund of £800. Hardly enough—but the credit of Llangollen was good. Tudor and his associates sent out invitations.

For a discouragingly long time no foreign group responded. Then the first entry—from Kalmar, Sweden. Others came in a rush: from Belfast, Oporto in Portugal, from Florence and Milan, from Winschoten in Holland. There were 14 countries represented.

The committee put out an urgent call for chairs—enough to accommodate 8,000 people. In response came upholstered chairs out of parlours, sturdy oak ones out of kitchens, settees, milking stools. Pews were borrowed from churches, benches from the schools.

The first year was an enormous success, spiritually and financially.

Jack Bornoff, Executive Secretary of the International Music Council (UNESCO), has supervised the recording of a "musical documentary" of the 1952 Eisteddfod. The recording, made with the B B C's co-operation, is on two long-playing records, WLP 6209-1, of the Nixa Record Co., Ltd., 35 Portland Place, London, W 1.

The eisteddfod netted more than £2,000 from the sale of tickets, and it has continued to return a profit. In 1952, for example, the show cost £16,500 but cleared £1,700. The profit goes into a fund for improving the festival and into a sinking fund to erect a permanent structure as a gathering place.

Competition in the singing follows rigid rules. Listening to 100-odd choirs sing the same piece of music may sound monotonous, but it is astonishing how different it sounds when rendered by a group of London policemen and by Austrian shop assistants.

Evenings are pure entertainment: soloists and choirs sing, various groups dance, and always there is either a fine symphony orchestra or a well-known ballet company.

The great attraction at Llangollen, however, is the spirit displayed. On both sides of the footlights, these are simple people. Last year, for example, the Dutch singers were all factory workers, the French dancers vineyard hands from Tournus in the Burgundy region, the women's choir from Bergen, Norway. office

Fred Tomlinson, conductor of the Rossendale (Lancs) winning choir, was asked if he were a professional musician "Good heavens, no," he replied "I'm foreman in a slipper factory"

All got to Llangollen the hard way. The Dutch earned their expenses by collecting and selling waste paper. A choir from Lyons made the journey with money from benefit concerts. One from Plymouth sold rhubarb and gave bridge parties and rummage sales.

Of all this the audience is aware and intensely appreciative. Once listeners were casually informed by the chairman that Luigi Castolozzi, conductor of the Milan group, had sold his piano in order to defray expenses. The audience began to whisper and after a while there was £130—"to help pay the cost of a new piano."

In villages near Llangollen, where many of the contestants are quartered, the choirs sing again after the big tent has gone dark. They sing in churches and on river banks. In Cefn Mawr the Spanish singers of Almaden and a choir of local factory workers sang to each other until four o'clock in the morning. In Glyn Ceiriog the Schleswig-Holstein group strolled up and down the lanes singing while the Welsh at windows and in doorways responded. I remember particularly one Dutch group singing on a night that was so black you could not see the faces of the choir. Their con-

ductor donned white gloves, and it was thrilling to watch those apparently unattached hands marking the beat.

Last July's meeting was honoured by the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Long before the royal couple arrived the tent resounded with the singing of hymns. On the slopes outside, 25,000 more listened to the music through loudspeakers. Below, in the town itself, there are amplifiers so that the music from the Eisteddfod stage is audible to some 50,000 people.

To welcome the Queen there were ten choirs—over 1,000 voices—and when she made her way to the stage the massed singers rolled out Bach's "All Honour, Praise and Blessing." The song was taken up by the audience and by thousands outside the tent. Down in Llangollen buses stopped and activity in the shops ceased as people in the streets and houses added their voices to the welcome. It was the loveliest musical ovation the ruler of a people ever received.

Tudor's idea grows each year. Spain now has its own dancing eisteddfod. Visits back and forth among groups in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark are a development which may in time evolve into an all-Scandinavian musical assembly.

The wealth of high spirits that pours through the little market town on the Dee is creating a bond among peoples of different languages and backgrounds.

Knowledge of the way the "fingers" work may save your wallet

How Your Pocket May Be Picked

By Myron M. Stearns



IF YOU HAVE never had your pockets emptied by a total stranger, it was probably for one of two reasons—you do not look as if you had much money or you are just plain lucky. For pickpockets are plentiful, there may be a troupe within a few yards of you in any crowded spot. But you never see them, their freedom depends on escaping notice.

The one who does the actual stealing—called the "wire"—generally uses a folded newspaper to cover his hands in action. Even if you are standing next to the man being robbed you are not likely to notice what is going on. As the wallet comes out of the victim's pocket it goes, unseen, between the folds of the newspaper. Few people—except police experts—appreciate the almost uncanny skill of the professional pickpocket.

"Grift sense," the unerring ability to tell what the victim will do

next, is a pickpocket's most important asset. For example, a skilled wire may rest his forearm across the back of your shoulders in a crowd, lightly, as if to keep you from getting too close. Then he may touch, or "fan," the "impression" (the noticeable shape of your pocket-book through your clothing) to make sure of its exact position. If you become suspicious, the muscles along your spine will tighten, and he will feel this through his forearm. He also watches for a reddening of the skin below and behind your ears. By the time you grab for your pocket his hand is no longer there. Your money, you find, is safe, or so you think.

But the wire comes right back. His grift sense assures him that now he can rob you at his leisure. Even if you think you feel something at your pocket again, you'll be too embarrassed to grab towards your note-

case a second time; it would look as though you suspected the man behind of being a thief.

A pickpocket knows that in a cafeteria queue a man can be robbed quite safely. He won't drop a tray of food to grab for his notecase. Even if he starts to let go of the tray, a sharp "Look out! You are spilling your tea!" will distract him.

When a crowd is intent on, say, the climax of a horse race, an experienced wire may even make his victim lift his own arm to get it out of the way: a slight pressure will start it, and the victim will move it automatically wherever the wire wants him to. The thief's grift sense tells him how much the victim will do without becoming aware of it.

Sometimes at a country fair a "dip"—the underworld term for pickpockets in general—will jump on a box or chair to shout: "Look out for pickpockets!" Nearly every

man will search for his money to make sure it is safe—and the well-distributed thieves will see exactly where each potential victim keeps it.

Most pickpockets work in "troupes"; it is an apt name because they are all skilled actors. Typical of this expert teamwork is the functioning of a "jug troupe" that works near banks. One dip, generally respectable and elderly, goes to a bank and spends some time making out a deposit slip. Meanwhile, from the corner of his eye he watches the queue. When he spots someone making a fat withdrawal he strolls out of the bank just behind him.

As he reaches the pavement the dip wipes his forehead with his handkerchief. This is a signal to the wires that the man ahead of him is worth fleecing. Then the close-up dip tells the others where the sucker's money is by tucking the handkerchief into his own corre-

"A 'dip' or 'finger' is very skilled in lifting a 'poke' (notecase) from a 'pit' (inside breast pocket)," says Hugh Clevely, well-known crime writer. "One precaution against the latter is to have a button on your inside breast pocket, though this is far from infallible. Some of those boys could take your braces, and the first you'd know about it would be when your trousers started coming down! If you put anything in a hip pocket, especially in a crowded place, you are simply inviting the attention of one of the experts who specialize in 'whizzing the bottle' (robbing from hip pockets). What he will do is to slit your pocket swiftly and neatly with a 'chiv' (razor blade) and your wallet will drop easily into his hand."

"A word of warning from Hugh Clevely, President of the Sadder-and-Wiser Club. Don't carry compromising documents in your notecase. About three years ago, my pocket was picked. I lost a notecase containing £7. But I did not report this loss to the police. In fact, I should have been most embarrassed if they had recovered the notecase. In addition to the £7, it had four Irish Sweepstake tickets in it."

sponding pocket. The poor fellow hasn't a chance.

Perhaps the victim signals a taxi. The crooks act swiftly. As the man opens the door of the cab a hand grabs his arm. "This is my taxi!" a well-dressed man he never saw before declares indignantly. Before the victim has a chance to answer, a busybody sticks his nose in. "That's right!" he says vehemently. "I saw him signal first." (These two members of the troupe are "stalls.")

Whoever wins the argument, the man with the money loses his wallet. While his attention is on the strangers, a wire comes up behind and walks off with it.

Pickpocket troupes may have as many as five or six members. They operate at football games, at festivals, in the underground, near departmental store escalators, at bus and railway stations.

Between the members of a skilled troupe and the clumsy beginner there are years of development. Usually the pickpocket starts as a "fob worker," robbing the small change pocket inside the right-hand pocket of a man's jacket. It is the easiest pocket to reach without detection, but the small take is scorned by experienced fingers.

Some beginners start by specializing in robbing women. They may be "patch workers" (the "patch" is the side pocket in a lady's jacket) or "hanger bingers," who rob a lady's shoulder purse, or "hanger."

The "lush worker" operates only

on drunks. He may be the "sneak type," who robs his quarry in a tube or on a park seat. Or he may be the "rouster type," who pretends to be a Good Samaritan and helps an inebriated victim home, robbing him on the way.

The highest classification is the "pit worker." The "pit" is the hard-to-reach inside breast pocket of a man's jacket, where most wallets are kept. Usually the operator carries a coat over his arm as he comes towards you; brushing past, he raises the arm holding the coat, as if to fend you off. Beneath the shelter of that coat everything in your inside breast pocket leaves with him, and you haven't felt a thing.

In spite of their skill, however, most pickpockets are soon caught by the police and spend one term after another in gaol.

There are no sure ways to avoid having your pocket picked. But here are some common-sense points everyone should remember: Carry with you only what money you need and don't display it. If you're a woman, don't let your handbag dangle, hold the bag itself with your hand on the clasp. For a man, an inside pocket is safer than an outside one; a purse in a hip pocket is the easiest pickings. Above all, be suspicious in crowds. Move instantly when jostled. If you are unfortunate enough to be a victim there is one sure rule: *Tell the police at once.* • You may get your money back—and you help protect others.

Life in This Wide World



I HAD LEFT my portable radio at a little shop in Rome for repairs. When I called for it the elderly proprietor tried to explain something, but his English was halting. At last he pointed with a stubby pencil to the bill. He drew a line through the amount and put down a new figure which reduced it by half. Beaming at me, he asked, "*Stati Uniti*, no?"

I nodded and again he sought desperately for words. Then he wrote slowly on the bill, "America give, give, give I thank."

—DELFRE ALLEN (*Wilton, Connecticut*)

It is a well-known fact—in Brazil, anyway—that Brazilians like to decide things for themselves and avoid police intervention whenever possible. One day at a market in the centre of São Paulo I saw two men cursing and fighting. An interested crowd was watching when suddenly there was a cry of "Police!"

In no time the crowd had dispersed and the combatants started an amicable conversation while they patted each other's shoulders.

As soon as the policeman turned the corner, they pitched into each other with the same violence, while the same crowd reassembled to cheer them on.

—VERA VICHROVA (*São Paulo, Brazil*)

POLICE at the town of Bois le Roi near Fontainebleau were confronted with a sudden rash of "U.S. Go Home" signs which began appearing on the village walls—all of them only a few feet from the ground.

It could have been a Communist midget, but it turned out to be the work of three young children of American Air Force officers stationed at Fontainebleau. They were homesick.

—NEW YORK *Herald Tribune*

THE KOREAN LAUNDRESSES on our island do our laundry the same way their people have done for centuries: they squat down on the floor beside the tub and work in that position for hours. A U.S. Air Force clerk, who felt sorry for them, spent an entire evening laboriously constructing a large table for the washtubs. The next morning he called round to see how

the table, had improved working conditions

The table had been moved to the centre of the room, the tubs had been filled, and the women were industriously scrubbing away—squatting atop the table!

—CAPT BRUCE DAVIS, *U S Air Force*

WE LIVE in Lugano on the main highway to the St Gotthard Pass. Here the road divides deceptively, a new broad street leading to a remote mountainous region, while the narrow one is the main road. Many a motorist takes the wrong turning.

For some time now a white haired man on crutches—very feeble and very old—has been standing at the cross-roads, and if a driver swerves towards the wrong road he signals "halt" with his crutch, then gives a friendly explanation. He speaks four languages, for we are all polyglots in Switzerland, and an unending line of cars keeps him busy.

"I am good for something after all," he told me the other day with a radiant smile. "And I have even made some friends." Proudly he showed me postcards from Michigan, Sweden, Brazil.

So he stands there, in sunshine and rain, the helpless man with the helping hand.

—C C MARVILL (*Lugano, Switzerland*)

WHEN our ship was in the South Pacific, the condensers, which are essential for making fresh water, broke down. After days of strict water rationing in that hot, sticky climate we were all longing for a shower. Our skipper was equal to the emergency. Guided by the radar pips, he headed

the ship in a certain direction until an immense black raincloud loomed in sight. Then the loudspeaker blared: "All hands topside. Bring a bar of soap and strip down."

Our first pass under the torrent of rain got us soaked and lathered. The return run took care of the rinsing.

—PAUL BURNS (*Eureka, California*)

WHEN the Americans first took over the big new air base nearby, we wondered what had hit our sleepy little English town. On payday the boys raced each other the 14 miles from the base with money to burn and plenty of animal spirits to work off. For the locals, buying a beer became something of a hazard—you might get involved in a free-for-all. Gold diggers from miles round moved in to help the boys spend their money. Maiden ladies wrote indignant letters to the papers. Hunstanton was pilloried as a sort of latter day Babylon with an American accent.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, all was peace and quiet again. "Has Hunstanton been put out of bounds?" I asked a senior officer from the air base.

"Nothing so old-fashioned," he replied. "It's just that the men's wives are over from the States now." He paused. "Those wives are the greatest Air Police in the world."

—GRAHAM FISHER (*Hunstanton*)

WORKING as a chemist in various parts of the world I have experienced some things I would not have believed had I not seen them. The strangest occurred 14,000 feet up in the mountains of Peru.

One afternoon the mining engineer

handed me a bag of ore samples and told me it was important that Sample No. 20 be tested first. He was going away until the following afternoon and wanted a report ready by then. Pedro, my native assistant—a Cholo Indian—had gone home, a mile across the mesa, and I intended to leave a note for him in the laboratory, asking him to start the test in the morning. But I forgot about it, and next morning I rowed out on Lake Pun Run to shoot ducks.

About three miles out, I suddenly remembered the sample and started back pronto, against a strong wind. It was four when I got to the laboratory. Pedro was there, and I told him about the sample.

"She feenish, señor," he replied, and handed me the result.

"But, Pedro," I gasped, "how did you know it was a hurry-up sample?"

"Your *ánima*, he coming in and telling me."

I was bewildered, but when I told the mining engineer about it he laughed. "These *ánimas* are routine stuff with some Cholos. Literally, *ánima* means 'soul,' but with them it has a meaning all its own. I don't understand it. I'm merely an engineer."

And I'm merely a chemist.

—ROYAL DAVIS (Altadena, California)

WHILE a missionary among the headhunters of northern Luzon, I was one day riding along a narrow trail and, rounding a sharp turn, saw before me several of my female parishioners taking a shower under a roadside waterfall. Not wanting to embarrass them, I began talking loudly to my pony, proceeding slowly enough for them to scramble behind some bushes.

Instead, with one accord they cupped their hands over their faces and stood there glistening in their naked beauty. They apparently were working on the theory—justified in this instance—that I would not recognize them, and that if I did not recognize them they couldn't be embarrassed.

—CHARLES NORRIS

(Sagada, Mt. Province, Philippines)

A YOUNGSTER whom I was tutoring in physics didn't seem to comprehend the concept of weight at all—especially when I tried to convince him that a pound of feathers was exactly as heavy as a pound of iron. I finally gave up when he said, "You stand down in the courtyard and I'll drop a pound of feathers on your head, from the second floor. Then I'll drop a pound of iron. After that, if you say they weigh the same, I'll believe you."

—PAUL KÖHLER (Berlin)

Contributions Wanted

Following its inception in the September issue, "Life in This Wide World" makes its second appearance. Contributions are welcomed: to the first contributor of each item published, payment will be made at The Reader's Digest's usual rates. Anecdotes must be true stories, original or previously published. They should be typewritten and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Maximum length, 300 words, but the shorter the better. Address "Life in Wide World" Editor, The Reader's Digest,

THE BEST ADVICE I EVER HAD

By
Yehudi Menuhin
World-famous violinist

ELEVEN YEARS OLD, I was taking a violin lesson with Georges Enesco, my teacher, in his Paris studio. A deep-chested, powerful man with a rugged, gentle face, Enesco looked at me across the violin he held under his chin, and shook his bow. "To play great music," he said, "you must keep your eyes on a distant star."

At the time, I took this to mean simply, "Give your very best to every piece." As I grew up, however, I found that Enesco's words meant a lot more. They have helped me many times since, and not only in my musical career.

One night during World War II, I was at a Quonset-hut hospital in the Aleutians, waiting to play for some 40 wounded soldiers who had had no "live" entertainment for two years. As my accompanist sat down

at the battered piano, he discovered that half the keys on the aged instrument would not play. We tried one movement of a sonata, but could not go on.

This left me in a trying predicament. The violin is not ordinarily a solo instrument—it needs accompaniment to provide harmony. Our scheduled programme of gipsy airs and light pieces would be impossibly thin and weak on the violin alone.

Something inside me said, "Play Bach." Only Bach has written music containing its own harmony and counterpoint. But Bach is also difficult to comprehend, and my whole purpose in coming to this forsaken place was to please the wounded men. Any entertainments officer would have pointed out that an entire evening of Bach was hardly the ideal programme for homesick soldiers.

At that moment Enesco's advice—"Keep your eyes on a distant star"—flashed into my mind. The distant star now was faith that the music I believed in would feed the spirit of any human being, not just the cultivated few. I played Bach.

Those lonely men were far better prepared for this pure, noble music than a sophisticated city audience might have been. More deeply and directly than words, it spoke of pain and suffering, but also of calm and poise. Never have I had a more appreciative group, nor one more

deeply stirred. The intensity of the silence as they listened, their roar of approval at the conclusion, showed me that Enesco's advice had indeed stood me in good stead.

Once his words sustained me when nearly everyone, it seemed, was against me. Immediately after the war I accepted an invitation from the U.S. High Commissioner in Germany to play in Berlin. Jews from New York to Israel were outraged. They condemned me for agreeing to appear in a country where my people had been treated so shockingly (I knew exactly how horrible it had been, for I had just spent several weeks in DP camps, playing to survivors of Buchenwald and Belsen, who told me their stories.)

I suffered deeply under this criticism. Yet I felt that to give in to bitterness would be to fail the more distant goal—to bring Christians and Jews together again.

That night in Berlin I spoke to the audience. "Hatred caused the extermination of Jews," I said. "But to meet hatred with hatred is futile. Tonight I hope we can begin to understand each other through music we both love."

The programme received a tremendous ovation. For days after-

wards I received letters like this: "When I heard you, a Jew, playing Beethoven as we Germans know it should be played, I was ashamed of what we had let happen." I felt grateful again to Enesco's counsel for supporting me in one of the most difficult crises of my career.

You don't have to be a musician to benefit from my teacher's wisdom. I felt the truth of it when I visited Rockefeller Institute. Here, a scientist worked with quiet absorption developing antibiotics; there, another investigated a possible cure for tuberculosis; a third studied the effects of too much sugar in the blood. They were as dedicated as monks in a 14th century monastery, yet their lives were being fulfilled because their eyes were on the star.

Anyone who lifts his gaze to the thing that makes his work bigger than himself knows what I mean. Going through a restaurant kitchen once, I paused to watch the dishwashing machine. "This is the most important job in the place," explained the Negro helper tending it. "If we don't get the dishes real clean and keep the water hot enough to kill all the germs, folks will get sick."

He had his eye on the star.

IN THE British Museum one can see 75 drafts of Thomas Gray's poem, *Elegy* written in a Country Churchyard. Gray didn't like the first way he wrote it nor the second nor the third. He wasn't satisfied till he scribbled it over and over, 75 times.

—Carl Sandburg in *Household Magazine*

Behind the scenes in Persia—the true story of a widely misrepresented ruler and of his return to power



The Shah Joins the Revolution

By
Max W. Thornburg

TH AUGUST 19 last the young Shah of Persia and his wife, lunching in the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, were trying to avoid the curious glances from nearby tables. The Shah, newspapers were saying, had run away from his country—an unkingly act, the climax of a career of weakness and indecision.

Now the world is beginning to realize how wrong that judgment was.

Nobody who knows the Shah ever did believe that he was a coward. He daringly pilots his small

plane over Persia's rough, half-charted mountain country. His favourite sport is hunting wild boar on foot. He walks alone in the streets of Teheran, a perilous thing for a monarch. Once an assassin got close, fired five shots from a revolver before he was cut down. The Shah, blood streaming from his face, calmly stepped over the writhing body of the assassin and took competent command of the situation.

This was no coward. Why then did he leave his country?

The Shah had issued a decree dismissing Premier Mohammed Mossadegh. But Mossadegh had arrested the officer bringing the decree and turned loose the Communist bands of the Tudeh Party and the organized mobs of his own nationalist extremist followers. They were running wild in the city, shouting, "To the gallows with the Shah!"

MAX THORNBURG, industrial consultant, petroleum engineer and authority on the Near East, has been chairman of the board of engineers of Standard Oil of California, vice-president of the Bahrain Petroleum Company and the Californian Texas Oil Company, and adviser to the U. S. State Department. Mr. Thornburg makes his home on an island in the Persian Gulf.

General Fazollah Zahedi (today Premier) assured the Shah that this did not mean defeat. But now a change in government could not come peacefully. There would be bloodshed.

The Shah's advisers implored him to leave the country for a time so as not to be associated with the violence that was coming. Furthermore, in this showdown between the Shah and Mossadegh, the outcome would depend finally on the people. And it is a tradition in the Moslem world that, when a leader wants a decision from his followers as to whether they endorse or reject him, he goes away. It started with Mohammed himself. The Year One of the Moslem calendar is the Hegira, when Mohammed departed from Mecca to Medina, leaving his fate in the hands of his followers. The tradition has been followed many times since.

The Shah and his Queen, Soraya, flew to Bagdad, then to Rome. As soon as his departure became known in Teheran, crowds poured into the streets in a spontaneous demonstration of endorsement. There were all kinds of people: the ragged poor from the slums, well-dressed citizens from handsome villas, shopkeepers, professional men, beggars. They milled together in the broad avenues shouting, "Long live the Shah!"

Mossadegh ordered the army to disperse the crowds. But the army failed him. Soldiers broke ranks and joined the crowd. Truckloads of

troops entering the city turned over part of their arms to the first pro-Shah groups they met.

The fighting began. There was the rattle of Sten guns and rifle fire all over the city. From the start the day went against Mossadegh. One by one the key places fell: police station, Radio Teheran, the government buildings, Mossadegh's home.

This was not a coup. It was a popular revolution. When a reporter brought the news to the Shah's lunch table in Rome, the monarch said what was in his heart:

"Now the *people* have made me their Shah!"

SHAH Mohammed Reza Pahlevi succeeded to the throne of Persia in 1941, at the age of 21. Few monarchs have inherited rule over so much misery and corruption.

The population is about 20 million. More than four-fifths are peasants living in some 40,000 small farming villages. Their homes are mostly wretched mud huts. The landlords own the land, huts and tools—practically the peasants, too.

The landlords are of the feudal aristocracy, the "300 families." An owner in moderate circumstances may own 20 or 30 villages, a rich one 200 or 300. As a rule the owner never sees his villages—he lives in Teheran or abroad. His business is done by overseers.

Usually the peasant gets two-fifths of the crop. His tools are primitive, his methods centuries old. Almost

no peasant has enough to eat. Almost all are illiterate. Half the babies die at birth or soon after.

But statistics don't give you the picture. You have to see—as I have seen—a little girl of five, clothed only in a ragged cotton shirt, following her mother, equally ragged, through the snow. (The winters in Persia are bitter.) They are looking for dried dung for fuel. Not to heat the hut—that would be unthinkable extravagance—but to cook their miserable meal.

With most Persian families when winter comes the chances are against all the family being alive by spring.

Sometimes hunger forces the peasant off the land. He goes to the city looking for a job. There again he is up against the 300 families, who own the factories too. If he's lucky he gets work at 4s 2d. a day. He is especially lucky if he has children aged ten to twelve. That is just the right age for the rug factories. The small fingers are the right size for tying the knots. The child, or its parent, gets fourpence for each 1,000 knots.

The 300 families run the country. They or their men are the members of the *Majlis* (parliament) and have the administrative jobs.

As to corruption in office: one typical example describes it. A former government official arranged for his brother to get a large foreign-exchange permit. Ostensibly it was to buy water pumps for a city. As

the brother knew, the pumps had already been bought, at twice their value, through another official's nephew, and installed not in the city where they belonged but on a farm belonging to a prominent judge. So the brother sold the permit at black-market rates, put half of the proceeds on loan in the bazaars at two per cent per month and with the other half made a down payment on the governorship of a province where he knew that some big road contracts were coming up.

Into this muddle of evil came the Shah—inexperienced, unprepared, surrounded by intrigue—but he had a fixed purpose. He wanted to bring his people out of the misery in which they lived, and he wanted to make Persia a modern, constitutional democracy.

First he tried "social service." For example, with his sister, Princess Ashraf, he set up a rehabilitation centre for beggars. In three years it took 12,000 of them off the streets of Teheran, taught them trades. It still functions—heartening to see.

Then in 1946 he put a group of his most progressive supporters to work outlining a "Seven-Year Development Plan," to be financed entirely by revenues from the oil. The team was sparked by Abol Ebtahaj, governor of the National Bank, now a trusted expert in the World Bank in Washington.

As a consulting engineer, I was

asked to secure the services of Overseas Consultants, Inc., a New York group of leading American engineering and management advisers who had successfully carried out large-scale operations in many parts of the world. What they proposed was no less than the complete rebuilding of Persia: agriculture and industry, health and education.

The Shah persuaded his government to authorize a thoroughgoing survey of the Plan. This took two years and cost £525,000. The Plan was big, but practical. It did not propose huge hydro-electric projects. It proposed more village doctors, hospitals, schools; advice to farmers on simple but efficient farming methods. In industry no great steel mills or car factories were to be built; rather, small factories making needed implements for the local market.

Over the seven years the Plan would cost £228,000,000 Persia had the money—then. The oil revenues from Britain were still flowing in. The Shah exerted himself vigorously. Without his support it never would have been possible to get the initial appropriation through the feudally controlled *Majlis*. The bill was enacted in 1949.

I was appointed to head the work of OCI in Persia. The function of our organization was purely advisory. Executive decisions and expenditures would be made by Persians. The Shah's personal interest was intense. When I wanted to see him

he was never too busy to give me an audience. And he often called me in to tell me ideas of his own.

His knowledge of the living conditions of the people was rather remarkable. For example, the Plan's technical staff had developed a small, inexpensive paraffin heater for use in the peasants' huts. The Shah had one put in his office in the palace. After watching it he said to me one day. "The frame is good for cooking and heating. But in the cheese-making season I doubt that it will support the large, heavy cheese pan without tipping over. You see, the floors of the peasants' huts are not as smooth as this "

In the Middle East most high officials have never seen a peasant's hut except as part of the scenery.

The Plan might have succeeded—but then came the sudden ending of the oil revenues in 1950–51. This is not the place to go into the dispute between Mossadegh and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The whole thing was unnecessary, and it brought heavy loss to both Persia and the company.

When the oil revenue ended, the Plan folded up and the OCI experts went home.

Then the Shah turned to another scheme for helping his people. Of the big landowners, he is the biggest. From his father he inherited 1,000 villages, occupied by some 250,000 peasants. His farm acreage is perhaps three million. His plan: to distribute every one of those acres

to the peasants who tilled them.

It wasn't a give-away. Each peasant would receive title to an average of 20 acres on condition that he would develop it, paying for the land over a 25-year period about £30 a year. The first distribution was in 1951, when the village of Davodabad and its farm land were turned over to the inhabitants.

Later the plan ran into difficulties. It isn't enough just to give a man 20 acres of land. The Persian farmer needs the help of a bank—just as most farmers do. He needs advances on future crops to finance the purchase of seed, fertilizer, tools. And he desperately needs technical advice on how to improve his farming methods. To meet those needs the Shah hoped to get help from the United States.

Help was forthcoming—but not in the way it was needed. Aid funds were allotted to Persia, but initially, at least, they weren't spent to help the Shah's plan, or through Persian channels. There were triumphant demonstrations of what could be done with tractors and other machines, few of which could be obtained by the impoverished masses. U.S. aid agents became more realistic as time went on, but practical help was necessary at once.

The Shah and his organization went on doing what they could with what they had. More villages and farm lands were distributed to peasants. As a result, peasants of neighbouring villages, belonging to the

Mossadegh put an end to the Shah's social service plans for a time; but since his return to Persia the Shah has pressed on with his distribution of land. On October 25th, in the marble palace at Teheran, 32,000 acres of land were ceremonially handed over to 1,600 peasant cultivators. This distribution of former royal property, in the Takistan area north-west of the Persian capital, was financed by the Shah's land agency and the U.S. Point Four programme. To date the Shah has handed over to his people about 53,500 acres

landowners, became restive. They, too, demanded land. This brought the Shah increased hostility from the majority of the 300 families.

PRESENTLY the Shah ran into real trouble. Its name was Mossadegh.

Mossadegh's rule was government by mob. To induce the *Majlis* to pass his measures he would put a mob in the square in front of the parliament building, threatening the members' lives. It was as crude as that.

The Shah was opposed to all that the reactionary Mossadegh stood for. But above all else he wanted constitutional government. A constitutional monarch does not dismiss a minister who has the support of parliament. The *Majlis*, corrupt and cowardly though it might be, was the legal parliament—and it supported Mossadegh.

The two years and four months of Mossadegh's term of office were a nightmare for the Shah. He was

frustrated in all that he tried to do for his people. Even the land-distribution plan had to be scrapped; Mossadegh, playing for the support of the feudal landowners, forced him to end it.

The break came when Mossadegh, after a false plebiscite, dissolved the *Majlis*. Now he had gone beyond constitutional government. The Shah acted. He signed two decrees: one dismissing Mossadegh, the other appointing General Zahedi Premier. The successful popular revolution followed. In the foreign offices of the West there was vast relief. They had almost written off Persia to the Communists.

BUT NOW that the West has another chance in Persia what should be its policy?

Surely the first consideration must be to help the Shah keep in office a responsible government devoted to the economic and social betterment of the people. The present government may prove to be just that. Five of the cabinet members worked with my colleagues and me on the Seven-Year Plan. To my knowledge they are able, honest men.

Persia may need help in paying its bills for a time. For that the \$45,000,000 promised by President Eisenhower was well timed and should be ample for some months at least. In return Persia in due course should be expected to avail itself of its own resources by coming to a settlement with Britain on oil.

Such a settlement might come fairly quickly; or it could be delayed because of the strong anti-British feeling that Mossadegh and his extremists have built up. The first necessity of the Shah and his government is to stay in power. Therefore, in preparing for negotiations with Britain, they must keep constantly aware of the temper of the people, and avoid any abrupt action which might lead to their overthrow.

Over and above the oil settlement, however, there must be a change in the economic and social climate in Persia. The people must see some hope of escaping from their misery.

What would give the people hope is a broad programme of small-scale operations. New tools for one village. A good dirt road for another, to bring its products to market. A resident doctor in another. A school in another. And, above all, good technical advice on farming.* Such a programme can be carried out only through an organization set up by Persia for the purpose, like that for the Seven-Year Plan.

Such an organization would need more than "technical assistance" from abroad. It would need top-level advice on how to organize a broad programme—a programme which would offer the nations of the West another chance in Persia, strategic key to the entire Middle East. Perhaps the last chance.

* What can be done on this practical village level is now being successfully demonstrated by the Near East Foundation working in co-operation with the Persian Government.

Don't Be Afraid of "Don't"

By Donald A Bloch, M D

Chief Psychiatrist, Children's Service, National Institute of Mental Health

As told to Edith M Stern

PARENTS today have rightly turned their backs on the old, stern, arbitrary type of discipline which enforced continual unquestioning obedience on their children. But many have wheeled about too far; statements like "It's time to go to bed" or "That's enough dessert" have become take-offs for a child's arguments about why it isn't time or why it isn't enough.

This over-tolerant attitude is an effort to save the little ones from "frustration"—a fate considered worse than death. As a child psychiatrist I am strongly opposed to frustrating children. But children are not nearly as thwarted by controls suited to their age and to the occasion as they are by lack of the right kind of direction and discipline.

I don't advocate putting Ming vases and a hammer in the nursery, but I do maintain that a toddler can be taught that he must not go near fragile objects in the living-room. Instead of keeping the room strip-

ped like a barracks, parents need simply to say "Don't touch!" A child who never encounters opposition for sound reasons is being shielded from situations he may have a hard time facing later on.

Children are not born with a sense of right and wrong. It is something gradually absorbed as one grows up until, as a full-fledged adult conscience, it becomes an automatic inner signal that regulates behaviour. While children are little they need to be provided with a conscience just as they need to be provided with food and shelter. A child will become a more agreeable, likable person and therefore a happier one if, long before he is able to grasp such abstractions as justice and fair play, his mother simply makes him get off the swing and give Johnny a turn.

As a matter of fact, most youngsters are happy to obey parents who are fair, gentle and loving—unless

self-esteem is endangered, as when a boy is asked to do some chore that keeps him from playing outdoors with his friends, or when a teen-age girl is forbidden lipstick, although the rest of her friends use it.

Every parent has definite ideas of how his children should behave, and youngsters are bound to be aware of them. For example, Mother may tell little Robert, when he wants to explore her desk, to go ahead, but her tone of voice betrays the fact that she doesn't really want him to. So the boy, hearing permission yet sensing objection, doesn't know what to do. Despite the fleeting disappointment, he would be much better off knowing exactly where he stands with her by hearing her say clearly "Desks are for grown-ups and I don't want you to get into mine."

Another by-product of undirected behaviour is a confused state of mind. Going to bed, if not consistently regulated, can become a dilemma to a child. He is weary, but he does not want to miss any fun. A firm "Time for bed!" solves the problem he can't solve for himself.

A small child has to depend upon the decisiveness of an adult to keep himself in hand. Practically every normal child, at one time or another, will scream "I'll kill you," hitting out at his mother or father. If you give the youngster a whack or react to his outburst by shouting, "Don't you dare talk to me like

that!" you show him that you, too, are unable to control your emotions. If you ignore the outburst or cajole or bribe him into calming down, he fails to learn the limits of acceptable behaviour and also gets an exaggerated sense of his power.

If you calmly say something like: "I'm sorry you feel that way; now tell me what you're so angry about," you show him that he is not all-powerful, for you have not withered under his fury, and you have set the line beyond which he may not go. Kindly and strong, respecting his right to have feelings but firmly disapproving of the way he acts, you have not frustrated him—you have brought him relief.

Loving direction had been missing in the life of a delinquent boy I once treated, and when he was seven he had announced, suitcase in hand, "I'm going to run away." His mother had merely said, "Go ahead." She didn't really love him, he felt, for she didn't care what he did.

The incident is unhappily typical. When a child threatens to leave home he is really pleading "Stop me! Please love me enough to stop me!" A casual reaction to a run-away threat takes the wind out of a child's sails, but the dangerous forlorn feeling persists in his mind.

The ironic thing about over-permissiveness in rearing children is the fact that we don't set up a similar complete freedom of action as an ideal for ourselves; we don't

advocate anarchy as our way of life. We defend speed limits and other restrictions, and would feel insecure without them.

For children, a sense of wise guidance tells them that they are precious objects, loved and cared for. The other day I overheard Mary and Jeanne, two little girls in my neighbourhood. Mary asked, "Does *your* mother let you play in the street?" "She never says anything," Jeanne answered "Mine won't let me,"

Mary said, adding with obvious pride, "she's afraid I might get run over."

Even adolescents, although they would be the last to admit it, crave a measure of adult control. It's a striking fact that teen-agers, in their clubs, usually make more elaborate regulations for themselves than adults would make for them.

Another way adult authority bolsters children is that it often bails them out of situations from which they can't escape by themselves without losing face. If a grown-up makes two youngsters stop fighting, neither has the disgrace of losing.

In their zeal never to prohibit or inhibit, in the desire to make their children's lives more pleasant, over-permissive parents actually make them harder. If a child gets explicit instructions about what to do when his parents have company, he is

Lady Pakenham, *Daily Express* writer on children, and mother of eight herself, writes "Children *like* to be guided, for two reasons—(1) because they don't know all the answers themselves yet, and they know they don't know; (2) because our guidance proves our interest in them. Dr Donald A. Bloch, in his story of Mary and Jeanne, underlines this fact dramatically. My eldest daughter taught it me when she was only *ten months old*! Crawling under a damson tree she picked up a fruit and popped it into her mouth 'No,' I said firmly 'No, no, not in mouth' She took it out, then popped it back, but inviting me with a smiling glance to forbid it again 'No,' I repeated 'Out' Out it came. This exercise in discipline was performed a third time with immense zest. Then the damson came out for good!"

poised in the assurance he's doing what is expected. Reasonable rules, with wholehearted go-aheads as well as definite hold-backs, are more like guide-lines than strait-jackets.

As a child grows older, parental authority should gradually be relinquished. The scope of what a youngster may do and the manner of directing him need to be changed. Small children can't understand that too many sweets hurt teeth and digestion, and to reason with them is ridiculous; but for older children you should add an explanation. At mid-teens level you no longer tell them—you suggest.

Ask yourself, "Is what I am allowing—or prohibiting—helping my child towards self-mastery and getting along with others?" *Todoaway* with proper discipline is throwing out the baby with the bath water.

Towards More Picturesque Speech

There's nothing so shopworn as a last-minute Christmas shopper (Houston Chronicle)

A waiter's typical smile (Bertha Goodwin)
 . Her train of thought was wrecked by a flood of emotion (Cincinnati Enquirer)
 . . . As inseparable as ham and ego (quoted by Walter Winchell) . She spent her afternoon at the beauty shop getting curled ready to strike (Henrietta Plate)

Young ideas Grateful child, "I thank you from my bottom to my heart" (Dee Johnson) Little girl turning on radio, "I wonder what's the weather predicament for today?" (Cliff Johnson's Family)

Define Points Reducing—wishful shrinking (Richard Kinney) Trade secrets—what women do (Richard Armour) . . Girdle—accessory after the fat (N B Guyol) Strapless gown—when a woman won't shoulder the responsibility (quoted by Earl Wilson)

Old saws sharpened Blood is thicker than water—and it boils quicker (Burnley Express and News) . . The pioneers who blazed the trails now have descendants who burn up the roads (The Postage Stamp)

Edward Arnold, "If you look like your passport photo—you need the

trip" (San Francisco Examiner) . . . Marcelene Cox, "With three daughters, our problem hasn't been keeping the wolf from the door, but feeding the pack" (Ladies' Home Journal) Dizzy Dean to fan who wanted to take his picture, "I'm at your exposal" (Al Helford)

Enjoying the signery On a student's door, "If I'm studying when you enter, wake me up" (Oak Leaves) In a garage, "God Bless Our Women Drivers" (Motor Service Magazine)

Aside lines The Kinsey Report proves just one thing—women like to talk (Betty Reilly, quoted by Earl Wilson) I enjoy listening to the honk of the wild goose—except when he's driving a car (Builders) You know a man is successful when the newspapers start quoting him on subjects he knows nothing about (Oregon Wisconsin Observer) . Some people are like blotters—they soak it all in and get it all backwards (Hudson Newsletter) The best thing to save for your old age is yourself (Craig, Colorado, Empire Courier)

Some of these movies on TV are so old that they show bandits driving up in front of the bank—and finding a parking place (Bill Vaughan)

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of 3 guineas will be made upon publication. Contributions should be dated and the source must be given.

Address Picturesque Speech Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27, Albemarle Street, London, W.1. Contributions cannot be acknowledged.

"If I Had My Life to Live Over Again—"

I'd Pick More Daisies

By Don Herold

OF COURSE, you can't unfry an egg, but there is no law against thinking about it

If I had my life to live over again, I would try to make more mistakes I would relax I would be sillier than I have been this trip I know of very few things that I would take seriously I would be less hygienic I would go more places I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers I would eat more sweets and less spinach.

I would have more actual troubles and fewer imaginary troubles

You see, I have been one of those fellows who live prudently and sanely, hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I have had my moments But if I had it to do over again, I would have more of them—a lot more. I never go anywhere without a thermometer, a gargle, a raincoat and a parachute. If I had it to do again, I would travel lighter.

It may be too late to unteach an old dog old tricks, but perhaps a word from the unwise may be of

benefit to a coming generation. It may help them to fall into some of the pitfalls I have avoided.

If I had my life to live over again, I would pay less attention to people who teach tension. In a world of specialization we naturally have a superabundance of individuals who cry at us to be serious about their individual speciality. They tell us we *must* learn Latin or History; otherwise we will be disgraced and ruined and ploughed and failed After a dozen or so of these protagonists have worked on a young mind, they are apt to leave it in hard knots for life I wish they had sold me Latin and History as a lark

I would seek out more teachers who inspire relaxation and fun I had a few of them, fortunately, and I figure it was they who kept me from going entirely to the dogs. From them I learned how to gather what few scraggly daisies I have gathered along life's cindery pathway.

If I had my life to live over again, I would start barefooted a little earlier in the spring and stay that way a little later in the autumn. I would play truant more I would shoot more paper wads



at my teachers I would have more dogs I would keep later hours I'd have more sweethearts

I would fish more I would go to more circuses I would go to more dances I would ride on more merry-go-rounds I would be care-free as long as I could, or at least until I got some care—instead of having my cares in advance

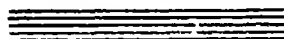
More errors are made solemnly than in fun The rubs of family life come in moments of intense seriousness rather than in moments of light-heartedness If nations—to magnify my point—declared international carnivals instead of international war, how much better that would be!

G. K. Chesterton once said, "A

characteristic of the great saints is their power of levity Angels can fly because they can take themselves lightly One 'settles down' into a sort of selfish seriousness; but one has to rise to a gay self-forgetfulness. A man falls into a 'brown study'; he reaches up at a blue sky "

In a world in which practically everybody else seems to be consecrated to the gravity of the situation, I would rise to glorify the levity of the situation For I agree with Will Durant that "gaiety is wiser than wisdom "

But I doubt that I'll do much damage with my creed The opposition is too strong There are too many serious people trying to get everybody else to be too darned serious.



Passwords

*I*N SPAIN it is common and accepted custom for a man to compliment a woman in the street These compliments range from a simple "Hello, you beautiful thing" to such complicated praises as "Long live the mother who bore you," "You're so pretty you could stop a railway train "

Spanish women are flattered by these gallant remarks, although they do not acknowledge them "I would be deeply offended if I went shopping and no strangers spoke to me," a woman in Madrid said

Spanish men are also pleased with the arrangement A Spaniard, asked what kind of reaction he got when he spoke to a pretty girl, said, "They mostly give you a big smile and then make believe they are ignoring you But, oh, you should see how they strut when they walk away!"

Seville has passed a law against this type of approach and anyone who speaks to a strange woman is liable to a fine Seville men get round this by putting their hands over their lips every time they see a pretty girl It usually breaks the girls up

—Art Buchwald in *New York Herald Tribune*

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

SPORTSWRITERS are allowed a freer choice of words than most other reporters, and this encourages a rich and varied vocabulary. The following words have been picked from sports columns in various daily newspapers. Check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) ACCOLADE (ak' ō lade)—A *recognition of or reward for special merit* B *a gradual increase of power* C *a loud cry* D *the noise of drums and cymbals*
- (2) CAPRICIOUSLY (că prish' us h)—A *in a changeable way* B *dishonestly* C *jokingly* D *weak-heartedly*
- (3) SIMULATED (sim' ū late id)—A *pretended* B *excited* C *attempted to win over* D *acted foolishly*
- (4) MANDATORY (man' dă tor rī)—A *strong* B *obligatory* C *abrupt* D *offensive*
- (5) INTRAMURAL (in tră mŭ' ral)—A *suburban* B *decorative* C *between towns* D *within the walls*
- (6) MECCA (mek' uh)—A *any temple* B *a small, high plateau* C *wasteland* D *a place of pilgrimage*
- (7) SUCCINCTLY (suck singkt' li)—A *concisely* B *clearly* C *sarcastically* D *wisely*
- (8) FOMENT (fō ment')—A *stir up* B *sparkle* C *become sour* D *boil*
- (9) TITANS (tī' tanz)—A *mountains* B *apes* C *kings* D *giants*
- (10) INESTIMABLE (in ess' ti muh b'l)—A *invaluable* B *world-famous* C *of little worth* D *honourable*
- (11) DELPHIC (del' tik)—A *heroic* B *ancient* C *prophetic* D *gambling*
- (12) REGRESSING (rē gres' ing)—A *declining towards a worse state* B *apologizing* C *yielding* D *trespassing*
- (13) POTENTIALITIES (pō ten shi al' i teez)—A *uncertainties* B *inherent capabilities* C *extraordinary powers* D *heavy burdens*
- (14) MOBILITY (mō bil i ti)—A *vacillation* B *strength* C *ability to move* D *the characteristic of being easy to get along with*
- (15) RUSSIAN (rŭs' ti lint)—A *cross* B *noisy* C *shining* D *merciless*
- (16) METER (may tŭă)—A *one's special calling* B *a measure or norm* C *a weapon* D *average*
- (17) LACHRYMOSE (lak' ri mōs)—A *enthusiastic* B *fearful* C *bitter* D *over-sweet and sentimental*
- (18) ENSURING (en sŭ' ing)—A *surrounding* B *following* C *moving towards* D *running from*
- (19) VAQUERO (vah kay' rŭ)—A *a victor* B *a cowboy* C *a Spanish farmer* D *a bullfighter*
- (20) ENSCONCED (en skonst')—A *surrounded* B *seated* C *honoured* D *settled comfortably*

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) ACCOLADI - A A touch on the shoulder with flat of sword when knighthood is bestowed Hence, recognition of special merit, reward, as, "It is rare for a jockey to receive such an *accolade*" The French *accoler*, "embrace," from the Latin *ad*, "to," and *collum*, "the neck"
- (2) CAPRICIOUSLY—A In a changeable way, in a fashion guided by one's whims, as, "The boxing promoter acted arbitrarily and *capriciously*" Through the Italian *capriccio* from the Latin *caper*, "a goat" When you act *capriciously* you are cutting "capers" like a frisky goat
- (3) SIMULATED—A Pretended or feigned, as, "The field trial was staged in *simulated* outdoor surroundings" The Latin *simulatus*, from *similis*, "like"
- (4) MANDATORY—B Obligatory, expressing a positive command, as, "Collins took the *mandatory* count of eight" From the Latin *mandare*, "to command"
- (5) INTRAMURAL—D From the Latin *intra*, "between," and *murus*, "a wall," and so "within the walls" When sports are conducted among students or classes within a college or school they are confined "within the walls"
- (6) MECCA—D Birthplace of Mohammed Hence, a holy place of pilgrimage, or, figuratively, any place that draws numbers of visitors, as, "St Andrews is the golfers' Mecca"
- (7) SUCCINCTLY—A Concisely, tersely, as, "Povish stared in astonishment. 'Longest hit I ever saw,' he said *succinctly*"
- (8) FOMENT—A Stir up or excite; as, "The goal-keeper *fomented* discord in the team" From the Latin *fomentum*, "a warm lotion."
- (9) TITANS—D A race of giants in Greek mythology Hence, people of gigantic size, as, "They were a team of *titans*."
- (10) INESTIMABLE—A Invaluable, above price, as, "The trainer was rewarded for his *inestimable* services" From the Latin *inestimabilis*, "priceless"
- (11) DELPHIC—C Relating to prophecies at Delphi, in ancient Greece Hence, prophetic, wise, as, "Jack Dempsey was supposed to watch him spar and then make the customary *Delphic* prediction"
- (12) REGRESSING—A Declining towards a worse state, going backwards, as, "After the Savold fight some experts thought Marciano was *regressing*" From the Latin *regressus*, "a going back"
- (13) POTENTIALITIES—B Inherent capabilities, possibilities, capacities, as, "If Arsenal play up to their *potentialities* their opponents don't stand a chance" From the Latin *potens*, "powerful"
- (14) MOBILITY—C Ability to move, as, "He plays better and has more *mobility* in the field" From the Latin *mobilis*, "movable"
- (15) RUTILANT—C Shining, glittering, rosy-hued, as, "Kearns has a *rutilant* personality" From late Latin *rutilus*, "red"
- (16) METIER—A A French borrowing meaning trade or profession, one's special field, as, "The indoor tourney was not his *metier*"
- (17) LACHRYMOS—B From the Latin *lacrima*, "a tear" Hence, tearful, as, "When Brosch finished his record round of 66 he received an ecstatic kiss from his *lachrymose* wife"
- (18) ENSUING—B Following, resulting as a consequence, as, "The village team did well in their first season, but in the *ensuing* years they deteriorated" Old French *ensuire*, from the Latin *insequi*, in, "on," and *sequi*, "to follow"
- (19) VAQUERO—B A cowboy From the Spanish *vaca*, "cow"
- (20) ENSCONCED—D Settled comfortably From *en-*, "in," and the Old French *esconce*, "hiding place" The crowd was safely *ensconced* behind the barrier.

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	. . . excellent
18-16 correct	. . . very good
15-12 correct	. good to fair

A poignant incident in the life of a famous actress

IN MY DARKEST HOUR—HOPE

By Helen Hayes Outstanding U S actress of stage screen and radio

ON EVERY New Year's Eve the post brings me a gift that is done up in ordinary brown paper, yet is precious beyond price. It is from Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Frantz, Brooklyn. To understand the value of this gift you must know something about the Frantzes.

They came into my life in 1949, just after my daughter, Mary, had died of polio* and I was being tortured by the unanswerable question—Why? Mary had been so lovely and talented, so young and free from sin. Why had this happened to her? I could only feel that her death had been a cruel, senseless thing.

This was a self-destroying mood, for an artist needs the belief that life holds some beauty and mean-

ing. I could not create beauty or meaning on the stage if there was none within me. So to save myself I began to search for God. I read St. Thomas Aquinas, explored the life and works of Gandhi, read the Bible. But the search failed. My daughter was dead! That brutal fact overwhelmed me, blinded my heart.

All during this time I accepted no professional or social engagements and saw only my family and most intimate friends. But, in this self-imposed isolation, I became aware that a Mr. Isaac Frantz was telephoning almost every day, trying to get through to me. My husband finally talked to him and reported, "He has just lost a little boy with polio and he seems to think it would help his wife if she could see you."

"Oh, Charles—no! I have no strength to give her. I have barely enough for myself. I simply can't do it."

* Mary MacArthur, daughter of actress Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur, died at the age of 19 on the threshold of what promised to be a brilliant stage career. While appearing with her mother in a pre-Broadway tryout of a new play in which she was to make her New York debut, Miss MacArthur was stricken with a fatal attack of poliomyelitis.

"Of course, darling. That's what I told him."

But Isaac Frantz kept telephoning and we finally agreed to let him bring his wife to our home.

I steeled myself for the ordeal.

When they arrived in their Sunday best they were ill at ease, but they had a quiet dignity that surmounted their painful self-consciousness. Coming face to face with us was obviously something demanding all their courage. Charles and I tried to put them at ease.

Now I discovered the truth about their visit. It had been the husband's idea entirely and he had arranged it without his wife's knowledge. But he was so sure that a meeting would bring some comfort to his wife that he forced himself to ask it. As for his wife, she was appalled when she heard of the completed arrangements, but knowing how difficult it had been for her husband, and how important to him, she consented to come. Each was doing this for the other—in the moment of great need.

The Frantzes owned a tiny stationer's shop and obviously had to struggle for the necessities of life. Charles and I had never known anything but success, fame, luxury. And yet the four of us suddenly had one thing to share, the tragic loss of our children.

Mrs. Frantz soon began talking about her son in a most natural manner, and, before I quite knew what was happening, I had plunged

into a series of stories about Mary. Then a glance at Charles's surprised face made me realize that I was actually mentioning her name for the first time since her death. I had taken her memory out of hiding, and I felt better for it.

Then Mrs. Frantz told us of her plans to adopt an orphan from Israel, and for a moment I was shocked.

"You are thinking I am letting him take my little boy's place?" she asked gently, guessing my thoughts. "No one could ever do that. But in my heart there is still love and maybe wisdom, too. Should I let these dry up and go to waste?"

"I—I don't know, Mrs. Frantz," I said.

"No, my dear, we cannot die because our children die. I should not love less because the one I loved is gone—but more should I love because my heart knows the suffering of others."

While she talked I thought about my child. Mary had been a big and wonderful part of my life. Even though that part had ended, I was a better human being for having had Mary, for having hoped and dreamed and worked for her. Tragic that it should have ended, but how much better than if it had never existed.

These were the things that Mrs. Frantz was saying, in her own way. These were the things that I now understood. Then I thought how

ironic it was that I hadn't wanted Mrs. Frantz to come because I feared she would draw upon my feeble strength. It was I who drew upon hers!

When they finally rose to leave, I realized why my search for God had been fruitless—I had looked in the wrong places. He was not to be found between covers of a book, but in the human heart.

We never met after that. Charles and I invited them back a couple of times, but they were always busy with their shop and their new son.

I think they understood that our worlds were meant to touch but briefly.

On every New Year's Eve since then I have received from them a box of sweets wrapped in plain brown paper. Perhaps you can understand why it is so precious to me. For it was through these simple people that I learned humility, and God's pattern finally came clear. Now I know that when He afflicts the celebrated of the world, it is His way of saying, "None is privileged. In My eyes, all are equal."



Funny Side of the Street

Excerpts from Arthur Lansing's department in The American Magazine

The Secret Celebrating his 100th birthday, a man in Arcadia, California, declared he owed his longevity to being a bachelor. "Marriage is for women only. A man should have nothing to do with it."

Brotherhood In St. Louis, Missouri, a contractor, who held up a \$500,000 building job until a robin that had built a nest on the site could hatch her eggs, explained: "I'm no bird lover. I just respect a fellow contractor."

Always a Good Reason In Houston, Texas, a prospective juror, pleading that he couldn't serve because he had to stay on the job to operate a machine, was excused after he explained to the judge, who wanted to know whether anyone else couldn't operate the machine, "Sure, but I don't want my boss to find it out."

Lights Off In Indianapolis, the manager of the Essex House, a swanky block of flats, discovered in horror that the first two letters in the neon sign over the entrance weren't lighted, put in a rush call for an electrician.

P.S. In Jal, New Mexico, state police reported that on a traffic sign reading, "School Zone—Don't kill a child," somebody had added in a childish scrawl: "Wait for a teacher."

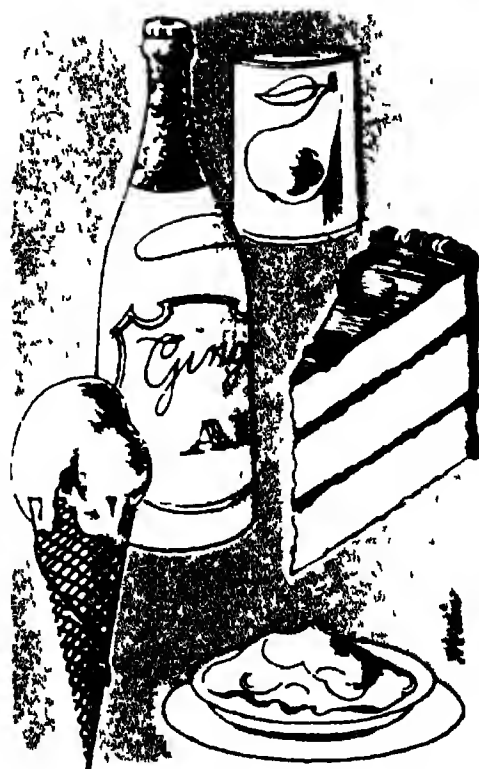
*The story of Sucaryl—sweeter than sugar
and better for you if you're overweight*

The New Non-Fattening Sweet

By
Dean Jennings

BECAUSE Michael Sveda smoked a cigarette 17 years ago in the chemistry laboratory of the University of Illinois, a new non-fattening sweet is being used in millions of homes today. Sveda had laid the cigarette down on the bench, and when he put it back in his mouth it had a sweet taste.

A post-graduate in the university, Sveda was curious to know where the sweetness had come from, he back-tracked on his day's work. Among some 20 sulphamic-acid compounds, which he had had on the bench, he finally found a dish of crystals which tasted extremely sweet. The substance was a new compound he had just synthesized. Since he didn't know exactly whether it had any practical value, Sveda merely noted the formula



and went on with his work.

Sveda's chemical, now produced by Abbott Laboratories under the trade name Sucaryl, is offering new pleasure and better health to a million diabetics and millions of others who are overweight.

Last year, after a long period of cautious sampling, some

400 American food manufacturers hit the market with products sweetened by Sucaryl. The results were spectacular. Estimates indicate that in 1953 Americans gulped down some 12 million cases of sugar-free soft drinks; five million cases of tinned fruits packed in Sucaryl solutions; three million cases of low-calorie jellies and jams, and a flood of other sugar-free food products such as sweets, frozen desserts, puddings and baked goods.

The secret of Sucaryl is simply this: unlike saccharin, the coal-tar-derived sweetener which up to now has had no competition, Sucaryl can be baked, boiled, used in pressure cookers or frozen without being damaged or losing its sweetness. It leaves no bitter after-taste, is fairly inexpensive, and can be taken indefinitely in large amounts without ill effects. It is about 30 times as sweet as sugar.

People who have just discovered it sometimes react dramatically. In the far-off desert land of Yemen, King Imam Ahmed heard Sucaryl mentioned on a "Voice of America" broadcast, presumably gave some thought to the over-stuffed members of his entourage and cabled an order for 65,000 tablets. The tablets were flown from New York to Aden, and eventually reached the King by camel caravan.

The new sweetener—a substance scientists have been seeking ever since it became evident that saccharin was unstable—is the result of monumental patience coupled with industrial know-how. When Sveda left the University of Illinois with his doctorate, he went to the Du Pont laboratories in Delaware—a place often scouted by Dr. Ernest Volwiler, now president of Abbott Laboratories. During one visit Dr. Volwiler heard of Sveda's neglected compound and took the formula back to his works.

Sample batches were tried on animals. When no alarming symp-

toms developed, a dozen company volunteers began a complex series of tests to determine the effect of Sucaryl on the liver, kidneys, stomach and other internal organs. One group used radio-active Sucaryl so that they could trace its progress through the body. Another group worked with physicians in half a dozen cities who tested the substance on diabetic patients.

One of the early volunteers was Dr. David Jones, of Chicago. A diabetic himself, Dr. Jones experimented with Sucaryl in his own kitchen, and the recipes he and Mrs. Jones turned over to Abbott formed the nucleus of the company's current recipe book.

Research on Sucaryl continued for nine years before the company was satisfied. The Federal Food and Drug Administration of the U.S. Government meanwhile spent two years on its own investigation. The Government agreed with Abbott's findings that the new sweetener could be used without any risk and okayed its unrestricted sale to the public.

The significance of Sucaryl's rôle in the health picture is obvious. Almost all doctors firmly believe that obesity is one of the gravest health problems. An insurance company's survey showed that among adults up to the age of 64 there were 50 per cent more deaths of fat people than of thin or average ones. Fat people are highly susceptible to diabetes, heart and circulatory disturb-

ances, kidney and gall-bladder diseases and other life-shortening ailments.

Dietary experts who have studied the problem suggest that the best diets are those which eliminate most of the sugars and starches, retaining the fats and proteins. It has already been demonstrated that the substitution of Sucaryl for sugar can have spectacular results. There are 120

calories, for instance, in an eight-ounce glass of sugar-sweetened ginger ale, but only seven calories when it is made with Sucaryl. A serving of vanilla ice-cream has 150 calories with sugar, only 50 with Sucaryl. Other dishes show similar calorie savings when sugar is left out.

It is now more than a figure of speech to say that dieters can have their cake, and eat it, too

In Case of Accident

Excerpt from Time

To DR. BYRON POLK STOOKEY, Manhattan brain and spinal cord specialist, has come many a case of paralysis rendered incurable by ignorant handling of the patient at the scene of an accident. He has given advice not included in any first-aid manual:

First, "never lift the head of an injured person until he has told you whether he can move his legs or hands. If he cannot move his legs, his back is broken. If he cannot move his hands, his neck is broken. In both cases, the spinal cord is injured. If you lift his head to give him a drink of water, or fold him up to carry him, you inevitably grind the spinal cord between parts of the broken vertebrae and destroy any useful remnant of the cord which may have escaped injury in the original accident."

When the back is broken, "gently roll the victim on to a blanket so that he rests face downwards. When the blanket is lifted, the victim's back sags, thus removing pressure from the spinal cord."

When the neck is broken, "gently roll the victim on to a plank so that he rests face upwards, and under no circumstances with the head tilted forward. This is the best position to prevent movement of the fractured cervical vertebrae."

If the victim must be carried by hand, four first-aiders "should form a team—one at the victim's head, another at his feet, the others at each hip. While those at the hip lift and carry, the others gently pull and carry. The traction at feet and head holds the vertebrae apart and prevents them grinding against the injured cord."

When the victim is unconscious,* "handle him as though his neck or back were broken."

'Constructive imagination' makes MIT a pilot plant for leadership

They Solve Problems Never Tackled Before

By David O Woodbury

GOOD MANY years ago I attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. We used to do a lot of talking in those days about the "frontiers of science" and "widening the boundaries of scientific knowledge." Recently I went back to see what the boys were talking about now, and I can report that the talk is the same—but the frontiers have changed. The old boundaries have been busted wide open, and the students and the teachers are way out there in an atomic, electronic, radar-controlled world that we used to dream about but never expected to see.

Part of that world, of course, was made by MIT graduates and MIT researcher-teachers. For the Institute has long been considered one of the world's finest training grounds for engineers.

There is no set policy of instruction at the school, but the fundamental note is research—finding out

something new on your own. The teaching staff makes a constant search for ways to inspire constructive imagination in the students.

Listening in on a geology class one day, I heard the instructor say, "Gentlemen, the concept of the rotation of the earth is a myth. What do you say to that?"

Immediately the room was full of snapping fingers and eager faces. A student leaped up and the argument was on. Not a word of formal lecture was spoken in that hour. But the earth's rotation got a workout that would last a long time.

I talked with the instructor afterwards. "They may not learn as many facts as by cramming books," he remarked, "but they certainly find out how to think."

The next day I visited what Professor John Arnold calls his Creative Engineering Laboratory—a long room filled with draft boards and strong lights. The students were grouped round a table littered with

fantastic sketches of creatures half bird, half man. They were hotly arguing the design of a washing machine to be used in a world where people breathe methane instead of oxygen, and where gravity is so great that water would burst the bottom of an ordinary tub.

"This project is Arcturus IV," Arnold explained. "Their problem is to design machines that will work on a distant planet. I give each group four weeks to invent workable devices—razors, motors, cars, cement mixers—for that special environment. But they have to prove that these gadgets will go and that our bird-men can handle them."

The group leader joined us. "We're in trouble, Mr. Arnold," he said. "Our anti-gravity material makes an electric motor so big it won't go in a washing machine."

"Sorry," Arnold answered. "You can't change gravity on the planet any more than you can here. But you might work out a super-iron that will make your motors smaller."

It was all they needed—a new avenue for their imaginations to follow.

"We try for two things," Arnold told me. "To work in unfamiliar surroundings, and to solve problems that have never been tackled before. That's what they'll have to do when they leave MIT."

Arcturus IV, now two years old, gained a quick reputation outside

the Institute. Several executives asked Arnold to try out his students on industrial frontier problems. Arnold looked their propositions over, chose those he thought would best exercise young imaginations, then started his students off. "Treat the problem as if you had never heard of it before," he told them.

Urged on by this challenge the boys have so far turned out a workable design for a gas-turbine car, a new typewriter keyboard that writes twice as fast as the standard one, and a new kind of hospital room, easier to clean and service and more comfortable to occupy.

Manufacturers are delighted to pay an average fee of \$1,000 per project, for student salaries and expenses. If the solutions to the problems are not immediately practicable it doesn't matter. What the sponsor pays for—and gets—is a wealth of fresh ideas and a glimpse at a new way to solve old dilemmas.

As you approach Mass. Tech, it stands waiting for you with deceptively quiet dignity. Its gravelled paths move with geometric neatness round a vast sequestered courtyard. But the moment you are inside, the calm exterior is forgotten. You are in a world of intense activity. Through hundreds of doors you see shirt-sleeved professors and students working together at desks and benches and machinery. The air pulses with incessant life, a blend of many sounds: the hum of motors,

the rumble of power plants, the hiss of air and steam, the sudden peeps and bleats of newborn devices tried out for the first time

On the hundred acres of grounds are 50 buildings, among them the great chunky structure of the Gas Turbine Lab, latest comer to the battle line of research. Soon after the war a group of MIT graduates, headed by Alfred Sloane, Jr., of General Motors, put up the money to build a national research headquarters for this young science of gas combustion, which includes jet propulsion. While the Mechanical Engineering department of the school were mulling over the plans, a delegation of students came to them and asked permission to do the designs themselves. "We're the ones who are going to use the lab," they argued plausibly.

The professors gulped. It was a lot of money to risk on youthful judgment. But why not? What was Tech for if not to teach by experiment?

The boys got the job, and completed the designs of building and equipment as a group-thesis problem. Their work was so good that the laboratory stands today as the last word in its field.

Tech students learn the hard core of scientific fact because they *want* to learn it. Courses are tough—in many a dormitory room a red banner with grey lettering shouts: "Tech is Hell!" A typical first-year student's week is loaded with 40 or

more hours of chemistry, physics, maths, military science and world history. But though the emphasis is on science, the aim is towards making well-rounded individuals. A student is required to take on six hours more of his own choice, from a long list of courses that includes languages, music and the arts.

From its modest beginnings in 1865, in rented rooms in Boston, with 15 students and six professors, MIT has grown to a student body of some 5,000 men and 70 women, and a staff of 1,500, functioning round a central core of 480 professors.

Abroad, even more than in the United States, Tech is looked upon as one of the finest scientific universities in the world. It has more foreign students than any other college in America—485 last year, from 67 countries. Canada heads the list, with Nationalist China next and India third. There are courses designed especially for foreign students. Professor Robert Harris conducts one in food technology in which students from Latin America can work out methods of improving crop yields at home.

During the war MIT became an emergency headquarters for advanced war research. Out of this work came powder metallurgy, computing gun-sights for jet planes, practical developments in radar. An all-important job was to teach military technicians how to use radar.

The Institute still does some \$10,000,000 worth of sponsored re-

search every year, and so many professors are working on researches of their own, sponsored or unsponsored, that a boy is sure to find the chance to break new ground. One student, for instance, is making special studies of friction for the American Brake Shoe Company, thereby earning his school fees. Others are assisting in the development of revolutionary new spectrographs, with financial help from Army, Navy and Air Force.

Or a student may join up with a teacher who is just starting to build his own invention commercially. There are many such small offspring under the wing of MIT, with such intriguing names as Ultra-sonic Corporation and Ultra-Mechanisms, Incorporated. Sometimes the students go into the new company on graduation, to find themselves in a tremendous new field.

One such venture was High-Voltage Engineering Corporation, started during the war round Dr. Robert Van de Graaff's electrostatic generator (the famous "lightning machine") which became a key device in the atomic-energy programme, and took Van de Graaff out of Tech altogether. But his as-

sistant, Dr. John Trump, stayed on, and he and his students have now come up with an important new cancer-fighting application of the machine.

But the core of Tech's success is its power to tap the student's hidden reserves of energy and imagination. Constant contact with experiment gives him the habit of vigorous attack upon *any* problem—a habit that serves him for the rest of his life.

The result is that a lot of MIT graduates are not engineers at all. Among the non-engineering graduates have been artists like Charles Woodbury (my father) and Daniel Chester French; bankers and economists such as Charles Hayden, Roger Babson and Stuart Chase; public figures like Charles Edison; aviators such as Generals George Kenney and Jimmy Doolittle.

When President Richard Morse of the National Research corporation was asked by a newspaperman if he had graduated from MIT with honours, he replied, "There are no honour students at Tech. You either graduate or you don't." If you do, a responsible job is awaiting you, a long way from the bottom of the career ladder.

Clouded Crystal

WHEN Alfred Kinsey, of Kinsey Report fame, graduated from South Orange (New Jersey) High School in the class of 1912, year-book editors put this wildly unprophetic line from *Hamlet* under his picture: "Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

gained

—Time

Scientists have only recently begun to understand the chemical magic of our digestive system

Your Body's Wizardry

with Food

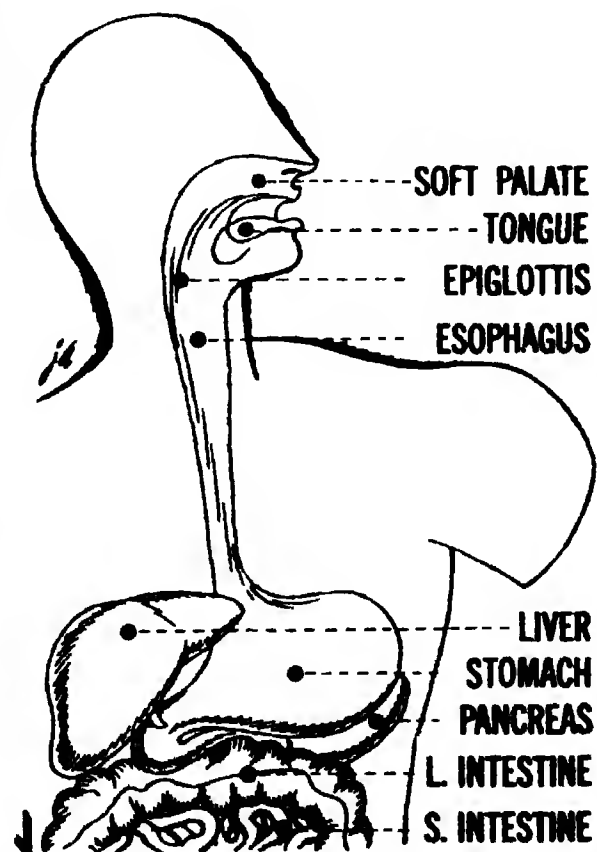
By J. D. Ratcliff

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM IS ONE of the supreme wonders of the body. It is tough and durable, completely automatic, and so complex that its workings are still not fully understood.

But for its brilliant chemical transformations, we should starve. It converts beef protein into the human protein needed for muscles and connective tissue. It changes vegetable fats and sugars into the totally different fats and sugars essential to life. It does in minutes jobs that would take hours in the laboratory, or perhaps could not be done at all. In most cases it gives a lifetime of faithful service and is still in good order at the time of death.

Lazaro Spallanzani, 18th-century Italian, was one of the first to probe the mysteries of the digestive tract. He built a tiny wooden cage and put pieces of meat into it. Then he attached a string and swallowed the cage. From time to time he hauled it up from his stomach, and noted that the meat was gradually dissolved.

A century ago an American Army surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, made direct observation into the stomach of Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian trapper. St. Martin had a gunshot wound in his stomach which failed to heal. For eight years Beaumont made observations—and



Condensed from Family

came up with the first idea of the steps in digestion.*

Any progress towards real understanding had to await development of radio-active isotopes, more advanced fat and protein chemistry, better knowledge of enzymes. In addition, elaborate devices had to be invented: balloons to be swallowed and inflated in the body to measure contractions of various organs; delicate electrical apparatus to chart rhythmic contraction of muscles; tiny beads to be consumed with meals to measure passage time of food. In the past decade or so research men have learned more about the human digestive system than was learned in all previous history.

Digestion starts in the mouth—with the chemical action of the enzyme ptyalin, secreted in the saliva. The body's 20-odd enzymes are master chemists which promote reactions without themselves taking part in the reactions. They are almost unbelievably potent. Some have been shown to work their wizardry in concentrations as low as one part in 100 million¹

The starch in potatoes or bread cannot be used by the body as such. It must be converted into sugar. It is ptyalin's task to start this conversion. Chew a piece of bread for a minute and you will note that it begins to turn sweet. That is ptyalin converting starch to sugar.

When food is swallowed, things

happen rapidly. The tongue pushes the food into the throat. The soft palate rises to seal off nasal passages. The lid-like epiglottis drops to close air passages to the lungs. Past these obstacles, food drops into the œsophagus, a nine-inch tube, and is propelled down the œsophagus to the stomach by waves of worm-like muscular contractions called peristalsis (Gravity plays little part in this. Grazing animals swallow against gravity, man swallows quite well standing on his head.)

The stomach has a capacity of one to one and a half quarts. It has a number of jobs. One is to churn and liquefy foods for the small intestine. For this task it produces three wave-like motions a minute.

The stomach is also a secretory organ—having the incredible total of 35 million glands¹. It produces rennet, which curdles milk, rendering it more digestible, and also produces hydrochloric acid and pepsin, which start the digestion of proteins. The wonder is that the stomach does not digest itself, since it is essentially protein. Possibly mucus secreted by stomach glands provides a protective barrier.

Water and other fluids pass through the stomach almost as soon as they are swallowed. Thin cereal may pass through in two or three hours, whereas a heavy meal may linger six hours. Stomach activity reaches a peak about two hours after we have eaten.

Our patient stomachs stand an

* See "The Window in St. Martin's Stomach," *The Reader's Digest*, November 1951.

enormous amount of abuse—heavy meals, rough and irritating foods and drinks. If the burden becomes too great the valve at the bottom of the œsophagus clamps shut, and food collects in this tube and gives a sense of “fullness.”

When the stomach has completed its portion of the digestive task, it begins to pass food through the pylorus. The pylorus (Greek for “gatekeeper”) is the valve between the stomach and the duodenum, which is the first (nine-inch) segment of the small intestine.

This small intestine is one of the true wonders of the human body. It is absolutely essential to life, yet as much as 15 feet of its over-all length of 20 to 30 feet may be successfully removed by surgery. It performs the ultimate task of the digestive process—breaking up of foods into their simplest components, and passing of these components into the blood for body building and repair. The small intestine's actions are both mechanical and chemical. It has an elaborate muscular system—indeed, one of the greatest problems of abdominal surgery is to get this organ to hold still. Its ring muscles squeeze shut to break food into small segments and promote mixing. A pendular action helps churn food, and peristalsis moves it along the tract.

If the inside of the intestine were smooth it would present a surface of only six square feet—not enough to absorb adequate food for our needs.

But it is rough, folded, and contains approximately five million “villi”—minute, hairlike protuberances. Owing to these folds and irregularities, the inner lining of the intestine presents an absorptive surface of some 106 square feet—an area as large as the floor space of a small bedroom. It takes three to four hours for a meal to pass through the small intestine. Thus, the peak of digestive activity isn't reached until eight or nine hours after a meal. The small intestine may be finishing breakfast while we are eating dinner.

Every organ in the digestive tract must see that conditions are right for the maximum performance of its enzymes, the secretions which break up fats, proteins and carbohydrates into their simplest building blocks. Stomach enzymes require an acid environment. The intestinal enzymes prefer the alkaline side. As food dribbles through the pylorus into the duodenum it must be rendered alkaline almost immediately. The pint-to-a-quart of bile from the liver that is emptied into the duodenum each day helps with this job. So does the pancreatic juice delivered in almost equal volume. In addition, the intestine itself secretes alkaline fluid. Curiously, considerable soap is made in the intestine—when fatty acids and alkalis combine. The sudsing action of this soap froths up foods so that they present the greatest amount of surface to the digestive process.

Thus, all foods are broken down into the essentials of life: glucose, amino acids, fatty acids and glycerine. The fatty acids and glycerine are picked up by the hairlike villi and passed into the lymphatic system. The glucose and amino acids are passed through the intestinal wall, picked up by the blood and carried to the liver.

Amino acids fed into the blood are picked up by body cells as needed. One combination of aminos will be needed to build hair cells, another for skin, a third to repair kidneys. The miracle is that each cell knows what it needs. With discriminating certainty it selects the precise combination of aminos needed for its existence.

When the small intestine has completed its work, liquid wastes pass into the five-and-a-half-foot large intestine. The chief job of this

organ is to extract water and solidify wastes. The large intestine is a sluggish organ, taking ten to 20 hours to perform its tasks. It has an enormous bacterial population. These bacteria manufacture some vitamins, and decompose proteins that may have escaped digestion.

The final body wastes contain virtually no useful food remnants—the body being such an efficient machine that it utilizes nearly everything that is eaten. Wastes consist mainly of dead bacteria, cells shed by the intestines, mucus and small amounts of indigestible cellulose—such as celery fibres, fruit peel or pips.

From start to finish in the digestive process, bafflingly complex organs must work in perfect harmony. It is not surprising that such a system gives occasional trouble. It is a wonder that it works at all.

Daughter Knows Best

MY DAUGHTER knew that if she was to start college in the autumn she would have to earn some money during the summer, but it was almost graduation time and she still hadn't begun to look for a job. Finally I asked her what she was waiting for.

"Mum," she beamed, "I've got a fabulous plan. I'll take care of the house this summer. I'll bet I can do everything you do and still be finished at noon, so I can spend the afternoons at the beach."

"But that won't earn you any money," I objected.

"Oh, I've thought of that. I found an ad in the paper last night. An estate agent is looking for an executive secretary. You've had secretarial experience, and they'd certainly rather hire an older woman than a 17-year-old. Besides, they'll pay you more."

"But you only need to give me what I'd earn if I were working there," she added magnanimously. "You can keep the rest for yourself!"

—Contributed by Sylvia Zucker

*Heart-warming romance and humour in
the story of an American newspaper-
woman who unexpectedly found herself a
Mexican's bride*



My Heart Lies South



TWENTY YEARS or so ago, when my city editor sent me to Mexico on a newspaper assignment, the Monterrey Chamber of Commerce dispatched a young public relations man to conduct me across the border with the dignity due to the paper I represented. The emissary, Luis Treviño, met me at the border town of Laredo, Texas. Tall and spare, with large, sad black eyes, curly hair, a fine beak of a nose, and a sparse black moustache, he was, he told me later, "the villain type." Although he bowed politely when we met, he was tired and hot and looked at the lady who was to be his charge with scant interest. For my part, how was I to

know that I was meeting my future husband?

Luis spoke excellent English. His father was a civil engineer who had worked for a time in the United States, and Luis had gone to school in Texas and Indiana. He eventually dominated English in all but two particulars: to this day he "cuffs" when he has a cold, and, owing to the negligence of his wife, the "coughs" of his shirts are frequently frayed.

We set out for Monterrey in a limousine provided by the Chamber of Commerce. I had my hair tied up in a scarf and was wearing a large black hat and sunglasses. Late in the afternoon, as the long violet

shadows crept across the plain, I took off my hat.

"Ah," breathed Luis.

I undid the scarf.

"So?" remarked Luis.

I took off the dark glasses.

"Wonderful," he decided, aloud. He looked at me soulfully.

"Shall I sing you a song about love?" he asked.

And he sang all the way to Monterrey.

As I went about gathering material for my articles, Luis arranged interviews and, when my limited Spanish made it necessary, interpreted for me. I should have realized that his interest was more than routine when he asked me to go dancing with him, and told me I would meet his mother.

That evening he called for me at my hotel and led me out to where a lady sat in a car. She was, I thought, in early middle age; in truth, she had just turned 60. She was very plump and firm, and an incredibly small fat hand manipulated her fan. Around her shoulders was a dark lace scarf.

"*Mamacita*," said Luis, using the affectionate diminutive, "this is Eleesabet."

Large eyes, wise and sparkling, looked me over slowly.

"I do not spik Eengleesh," she offered at last in a deep contralto.

In my careful Spanish I said that I was delighted to meet her, and black brows arched with surprise

and pleasure. She turned on Luis and gave him a short tongue lashing, fanning herself rapidly. Evidently he hadn't told her that the "mees" knew Spanish. She made a place for me in the car and asked me in rapid succession my father's name and age, my mother's name and age, where I had studied Spanish and if it were true that Chile Tem-play (Shirley Temple) was really a dwarf.

We deposited Mamacita at a cinema, where a nephew was awaiting her, and then went dancing with an engaged couple, friends of Luis's. I did not realize it but the die had been cast. Taking a girl to dance in company with an engaged couple — that means something serious!

Next day, phones rang in Monterrey, the news went round. Only I was in the dark.

That afternoon I was taken to call formally on Mamacita. While Luis played the piano, Mamacita whispered to me. "Luis is very good. Noble. I never had any problems with him. Just the piano, to sing with, this is his vice."

In the evening Luis called on me accompanied by his elder brother, Ernesto. We seemed to have little to talk about. But this call was part of the pattern Luis was faithfully following, though I did not know it. In the absence of his father, who was away on business, the eldest brother must meet Eleesabet.

The day I took the train for Mex-

ico City, Luis saw me off. He was speechless. I wondered why I felt so sad.

About 15 minutes after the train had pulled out it slowed down and stopped, and suddenly Luis burst into the coach like a tornado. He had driven madly and flagged the train. He kissed me thoroughly, and I thought in the midst of a turmoil of emotion, "Why, it's impossible! I've only known him a week!"

Luis got off the train, still having said nothing, but he looked very happy as he waved good-bye.

In his letters, Luis made it clear that I was engaged to him. A year later we were married in California, and returned to Monterrey to live.

How many times I was to dance in moonlit gardens with Luis, how often I would tell Mamacita the true age of the stars of the screen! Imperceptibly, a place at first new and strange takes on a beloved familiarity. There comes a time when unconsciously one's thoughts grow into a new design, and suddenly all that was quaint and exotic falls into place. Before long Monterrey really became "home."

THERE ARE modern homes in Monterrey, but I had fallen in love with Mamacita's old-fashioned Mexican house and I wanted a patio, barred windows and tiled floors. At last we found a little house which had everything I had been looking for. But marriage to a Mexican who holds to the old con-

ventions brought several things I had not been looking for.

During my first months as a bride I was busy learning the Mexican way of running a household. The Mexican husband of the old school turns over to his wife a carefully calculated sum, the daily *gasto*, for the purchase of food. At first my *gasto* was three pesos a day. Because of my inexperience with Mexican ways I barely made ends meet and was constantly in a tearful turmoil. What upset Luis was that I could not bargain.

The market men soon sized me up. The Mexicans simply pretended not to understand my Spanish, or began at a price several times higher than they were willing to settle for, and allowed me to beat them down a little. The Chinese fruit and vegetable men confused me by saying my lines as well as their own.

"How much are string beans?" I would ask.

"Fifty centavos. Very expensive. The man must be crazy," they would reply.

There was nothing to do but pay the 50 centavos or slink away.

Luis struggled to teach me the proper procedure. The strongest lesson was administered when I came home with the pineapple.

I had bought the blasted thing (after gritting my teeth and bargaining at length) for a peso. When Luis learned this he struck his brow with the flat of his hand (a gesture which means "God help us all!").

"They take advantage of your blonde hair," he said. "They think you are a tourist! Come!"

He strode into the market, with me a few abashed yards behind him. He went to the fruit stall and looked round carefully, then pushed a few pineapples with a disdainful finger.

The vendor hurried over and said sharply, "Don't touch, if you don't intend to buy."

"You've got fruit that ought to be condemned," snapped Luis. "I'll have to tell the inspector."

"What? Those beautiful pineapples! They're worth one peso and 20 centavos apiece!"

Luis gave a disgusted look and started away. The vendor ran after him with a lower offer. And so it went until at last Luis bought two pineapples for 40 centavos each and he and the vendor parted full of mutual admiration.

After that display of virtuosity I gave up and Luis turned the *gasto* over to the cook.

As time went by we began to need small household necessities. I found that I was expected to wheedle the money for each purchase when the moment seemed propitious, by coaxing and pleading and kissing. Mexican women like to go through this little formality, Mexican men adore the game. But I was a hard-headed foreigner. I stamped my foot and demanded an allowance. Luis explained that this was not sensible; I might buy more than I needed.

"You treat me as if I had been locked up all my life like a Mexican girl!" I argued.

"I am not a rich American!" he countered. Then he shouted the worst epithet he could think of: "You want to be *independent*!"

In tears, I went to Mamacita with my tale of woe. She laughed heartily, then said, "I feex." She wrote out a long list of small purchases, and then briefed me.

I bought the items, one by one, and signed a *vale* (a sort of IOU) for each, directing the collector to Luis's office. All afternoon a parade of boys with *vales* marched in to see Luis; he was kept busy paying for two quinine tablets, half a dozen hooks and eyes, one yard of white tape, and so on.

That evening he announced he would give me an allowance. Later, when I had learned all the weapons of bargaining—eyebrow lifting, eyes rolled heavenward, false starts away—I got the *gasto* back.

A MONTH after Luis and I were married, my sister-in-law Adela phoned me.

"Well, any news?" she inquired eagerly.

"Why . . . no," I said, wondering what she meant.

"Oh, too bad." Her low voice throbbed with sympathy.

That afternoon Mamacita, Aunt Rosa and sister-in-law Angelita came to visit me. They asked repeatedly how I felt.

"Why, I feel wonderful!"

The three faces fell.

"Not even a little nausea in the morning—or anything?"

At last I caught on. "No, I'm fine," I explained.

I was furious at this avid interest in my intimate affairs. I vowed that when I did have some "news" wild horses wouldn't drag it out of me.

But soon I learned that in Mexico being pregnant has all sorts of advantages. The more inflated you are, the more you are cherished. You wear your stomach prominently forward with a certain arrogance, and loving friends may stop you in the street to feel the baby leaping about.

There is a gesture which means you are expecting. With the right hand you stroke the air about two feet in front of your waistline. This is constantly employed by ladies who cannot as yet prove anything by measurements. A proud prospective father presents you to friends, makes the gesture and points at you. You are immediately kissed by all the envious females present.

Two months went by. Adela phoned faithfully. No news. Three months. Four. Mamacita bought Luis a tonic and Adela recommended that I take corn gruel in the mornings. A few months later when I discovered that there *was* going to be "news" I forgot all about being secretive; I couldn't go fast enough to see Mamacita and proudly make the special gesture.

My servants had drifted away after a few months, giving vague excuses. But when it became apparent that there was going to be an heir, they all came back eagerly—smiling, patting my protuberance affectionately—reassured that I wasn't one of those crazy foreign women who didn't want children. "The house was too quiet, too sad," they told me. "But now that there will be a *niño* . . ." Their eyes shone with anticipation.

MY FIRST SON, baptized Luis Federico, was called Guicho for short. He was a beautiful baby, pink as a rose, and he had pale golden hair. Mamacita reported proudly to all her friends and relatives that the little *gringo* was the most angelic-appearing child she had ever seen.

I scrupulously followed the advice of the American child-care books, which told me I mustn't cuddle the baby, that he must not be picked up every time he cried. Sometimes when Adela came to see me, she would find Guicho in his crib and my cat in my arms. This would almost cause her death of rage.

"Why haven't you got the baby on your lap?"

"The book says not to. And the book was written by the United States Government."

"Do you mean to say people can't cuddle their babies in the United States? They are ripe for a revolution," muttered Adela darkly.

She was right, of course; the

specialists have now reversed themselves on baby care. But I stuck to the rules with self-righteous firmness—until Guicho began the unholy circus of teething.

I hadn't slept for two nights. The baby was feverish, and cried constantly. At this point Luis's father dropped in to call. He took one look at the child's red, angry face, and at the dark bags under my eyes, then rushed out. In a short time he was back with a bottle of a clear liquid in which he soaked a piece of cotton-wool. He rubbed this on the baby's gums. Instantly there was a heavenly silence.

"You do this now and again, and don't be afraid if a few drops slide down his throat," he told me.

"What is it?"

"It's mescal, a kind of cactus brandy. It will numb the little gums and make him feel a pleasant glow. And, *hijita* (little daughter), take a little slug yourself."

MY SECOND CHILD, Enrique (or Wicky), had thick straight black hair right down to his eyebrows, a ferocious expression on his little apple-round face, and he was the colour of ketchup. Mamacita snatched up the tiny beet-red creature with a sigh of ecstasy.

"The first one is pretty," she said, "but this one is *gorgeous*!"

MEXICAN WOMEN have their favourite emotions, and these did not always coincide with my Anglo-

Saxon preferences. I learned this first when Luis's brother Roberto and his wife, Beatriz, became involved in an emotional crisis.

Beatriz had been arranging Roberto's bureau drawers and she came across a woman's glove. It was not hers. When Roberto came home, she snatched the cigar out of his mouth and screamed that she was leaving him, that instant! And she went home to her mother.

After the row boiled down to the fact that she had found the glove, Roberto had to get Mamacita as witness that the glove was hers, that she must have left it in the car one day and he had forgotten to return it. Mamacita brought the mate of the glove, to clinch things. Then Beatriz forgave Roberto, and fell on his neck weeping.

I talked this over with Mamacita, who hadn't been a bit surprised.

"But, Mamacita," I gasped, "it is dreadful to live this way. Don't Mexican husbands and wives trust each other at all?"

"Trusting is very nice and calm," said Mamacita, taking up her crocheting, "but not so much fun!"

"Mamacita," I said, hesitating a bit, "don't try to tell me you were ever so jealous!"

"I was much worse," she confided. "Once I followed my husband all day in a hired carriage. It cost me 100 pesos."

"And what did you find out?"

"That he had been telling me the truth." She threw her head back

and laughed heartily. "*Hija*, I experienced *all* the emotions that day in the carriage!"

"But I don't want to be this way, Mamacita," I told her. "In the United States, it is true, we feel jealous at times. But we're ashamed to show it. Here, even when you are just a little bit jealous, you exaggerate it!"

She leaned towards me confidentially. "But of course, *hijita*. One must exaggerate a little. The home is built round duties and emotions. The duties, anybody can take care of them. The emotions, these are more delicate. One must handle them like an artist. Jealousy pleases the men very much, *hijita*. You have no idea how important it makes them feel. Like Roberto and Beatriz. Roberto has had such a crisis in the nerves, such a drama about this glove, that Beatriz will have no fears that he may seek excitement anywhere else for a long time."

Nearly 50 years of successful marriage sparkled in Mamacita's big black eyes, as she smiled and dimpled at me. Then she said, "That is why I hid my glove in Roberto's bureau drawer."

ONE TIME when I was at the house of my friend Margarita, her brother, who had been in the United States, said. "American women are wonderful companions to their men."

"Well," commented Margarita

tartly, "thank God we still have two sexes in Mexico!"

"But, Margarita," he protested, "you do not understand. This friendliness between men and women is part of American life."

"If I were to meet a man who wanted me to be friends with him, I would never speak to him again!" exploded Margarita, in outraged womanhood. "Either he is lying and intends to trick me later or he is not a man! Friends indeed!"

"You refuse to understand!" the brother shouted. "In the United States people believe in equality between the sexes!"

"What an absurd idea," scoffed Margarita. "Everybody knows the woman is worth ten of every man, in everything except fighting and playing poker. And what woman wants to go to war or play poker?"

"It is written in the lawbooks that women may have the same rights as men," said the brother.

"Oh, men are so impractical," answered Margarita impatiently. "They never see further than their noses. Any woman worth her salt can make her mentolk love her so dearly that they will do more for her than the law says they must. And it is much more agreeable."

The idea in Mexico is that when women are foolish enough to make themselves independent nobody will look after them any more, and it is nicer to be looked after. No matter how brave the Mexican girl is (and I have seen one snatch off her shoe

and go after a rattlesnake with it), she will melt down into feminine frailty the minute a pair of trousers appears on the horizon.

Mamacita explained this to me.

"Men are not very brave, Eleesabet," she told me, "or God would have arranged that they bear the children. So it is up to the woman to make them practise being valiant, otherwise they would all drink themselves to death or have heart attacks whenever there was trouble. So let them, every day, do something that strengthens their will against pain or danger, it is good for them. And also," she added sagely, "the man who performs a brave act before a lady will love her very much, for she has seen him do it."

ONE OF the sweetest qualities of the Mexican family is the devotion to the old. In countless homes I found, pridefully displayed like a jewel in a case, an old lady or gentleman in the 80s. This is Grandfather or Grandmother, Great-Aunt or perhaps just somebody's godfather. It is unheard of that any person who has any connection with the family should be left alone, sad and bewildered, when the shadows of life are descending. The old are given the best of everything, warm affection and deference.

Even more shocking to Mexicans than sending one's *viejitos* (old ones) off to homes for the aged would be to send them to hospitals or sanatoriums when they become senile or

even slightly demented. No, this is when they need love and understanding. By their presence in the home, young children learn that we all grow old and feeble and foolish. And they are taught compassion and patience.

When I am aged and tiresome, and ring my bell for attention all day, and throw down my water glass in a temper, my Mexican sons will consult in soft voices. But they will be saying, "*Pobrecita de Mamacita* (poor little Mamma), she is nervous today. You run out and buy her some brandied cherries and I'll read her a whodunit." They will not be saying, "Do you think we could afford to rent her a room in the Shady Rest Home for Troublesome Old Ladies?"

Yes, in many ways, I have become thoroughly Mexican.

An American friend visited me, and for a time tried to share the life that had become mine. She thought it incredible that I had become part of the pattern of a life so alien to her. Once she listened open-mouthed while I answered the phone.

"*Bueno?*" I asked, as is customary, and, when the voice wanted to know who was speaking, I answered, of course, "Eleesabet."

My friend said, "Well, that does it. You can't even pronounce your own name any more."

"*Sea por Dios,*" I answered, which is good Mexican custom, too. It means, "As God wills."

A hitherto untold drama of the war

MYSTERY MAN OF THE A-BOMB

By John Gunther Author of "Inside Europe," "Inside Asia," etc

ONE DAY IN 1941 an American colonel representing the then top-secret atomic project walked into the New York office of a Belgian mine operator named Edgar Sengier, and asked if Sengier could help America to get some uranium ore from the Belgian Congo. The request, the officer said, was vital to the Allied cause.

Monsieur Sengier listened politely, and asked to see the colonel's credentials. When he was satisfied, he said that, yes, he would be able to deliver a sizeable quantity of the precious ore. When did the colonel need it?

"We need it at once," the colonel said. "I realize that's impossible, of course."

"On the contrary," Sengier said. "The ore is here in New York at this moment. One thousand tons of it. I have been waiting for you."

And thereby hangs a hitherto untold drama of the war. . . .

Edgar Sengier is one of the most important unknown men of our time. This anonymity is remarkable because, without Sengier, there would have been no atomic bomb—at least not in the summer of 1945, when the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs ended the war against Japan. Not only did Sengier produce the deadly and essential uranium for those first atomic bombs but, until comparatively recently, every atomic bomb made in the United States, every one tested in Nevada or the South Pacific has been made out of uranium from the mine his company operates in the Congo.

Edgar Sengier's story has never been written before—for several reasons. First, Sengier's own self-effacement. Recently I had dinner with him in Paris. When the evening was over, he said, "If you are going to write about me, try to keep me out of it." He meant, of course, that I shouldn't stress his personal

importance, or make him sound vain, which he isn't. The second difficulty is security. Many details about Congo uranium are still top-secret. If it were not for security, Sengier might long since have been a household name.

Sengier is a Belgian engineer, financier and captain of industry, aged 73. Quite apart from his connection with the bomb, he is one of the most powerful men in the world. He is chairman of the executive committee of the *Union Minière du Haut-Katanga*. High Katanga, in the south-eastern Congo, has uranium and vast reserves of the richest copper ore on earth. The Mining Union does an annual business of £70,000,000, and produces seven per cent of the world's copper, 80 per cent of its cobalt and five per cent of its zinc, as well as many other minerals. It is the main wheel in the *Société Générale de Belgique*, a holding company which combines enormous financial and industrial power.

The General Society, together with four other large Belgian financial groups, has immense influence in the economic life of the Congo, and has indirect political influence as well. If one wished to oversimplify, one could say that the Mining Union sparks the General Society, which in turn runs the Congo. Hence, Edgar Sengier, who runs the Mining Union, runs the Congo. He would deny this, though. He would say that the Belgian people,

electing their own government, run the Congo.

I began hearing about Sengier when, in preparation for a book on Africa, I started to do research on the Congo. I discovered that he was born in Belgium, and was educated to be an engineer. He spent five years in China with a Belgian company that had tramway concessions there. He was adventurous, tough, willing to take responsibility and extremely bright. When he was about 30 years old, he decided to move on to Africa, and that continent has played a great rôle in his life ever since.

The Mining Union was founded in 1906. The Congo itself became a Belgian colony in 1908. Elisabethville, capital of the Katanga region, was founded in 1910. Sengier arrived there in 1911. He, the Mining Union, Elisabethville and the Congo itself have all grown up together.

In the museum at Elisabethville I saw a block of pitchblende, uranium ore, on display. As big as a pig, its colour was black and gold, and it looked as if it were covered with a green scum. It came from Shinkolobwe, which is *the* mine, and a sign said "*Attention Bloc radioactif*!" Photographers are warned not to get too close, or the film in their cameras will be spoiled.

Sengier had been producing pitchblende from the Shinkolobwe since 1921. But in those days no one thought the uranium contained in the ore had any value. All the in-

terest then was in radium. In 1938, however, things began to happen. Sengier was approached in circumstances of the utmost secrecy and urgency by a British physicist who told him of the work German scientists were doing in the field of atomic fission, and of the possibility that an atomic bomb might be made out of uranium. It was of the most critical importance, he said, that no uranium should get into enemy hands.

Sengier, on his own responsibility, then arranged for the shipment of more than 1,000 tons of rich pitchblende ore from the Congo to the United States. "I did this," he told me, "without telling *anything* to *anybody*."

The ore reached America in 1940, and was stored in steel drums in a New York warehouse. Between its arrival and its eventual use by the atom-bomb project, however, some quaint episodes occurred.

Sengier, in dead secrecy, announced to the proper American authorities that the uranium was there. The State Department was so impressed that it wanted to move the deadly stuff to Fort Knox for safekeeping. But there was much delay, and a year passed before the American Government acted to take advantage of Sengier's foresight. By this time (such was the veil of

secrecy) some people had apparently forgotten—or had never known—where the ore actually was.

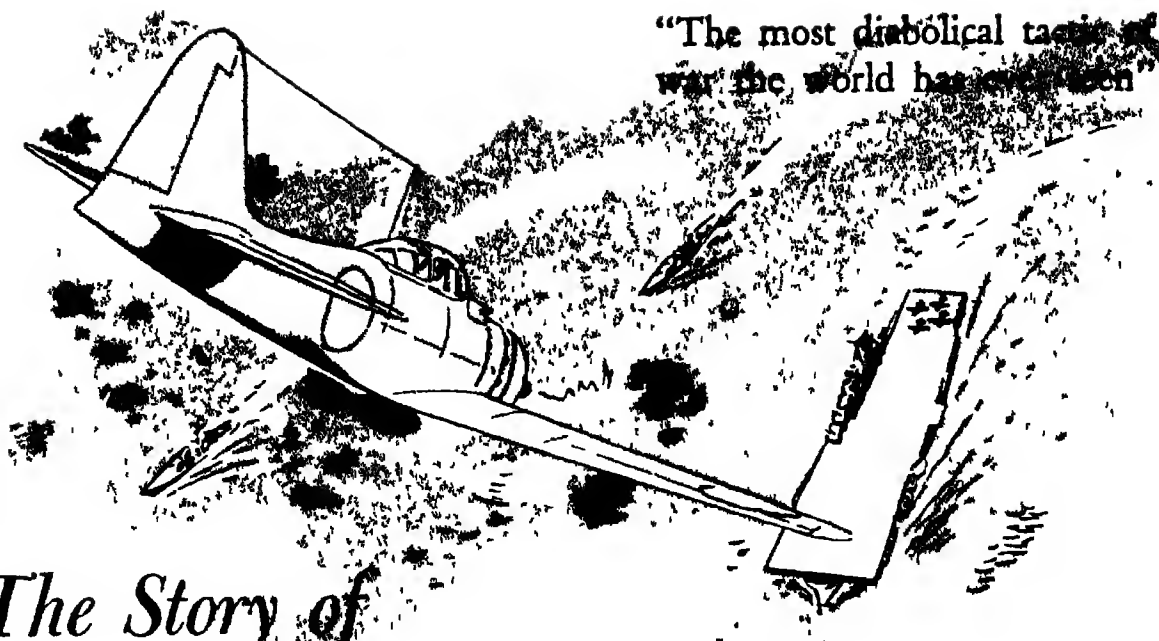
Then in 1941 the American colonel paid his historic call on Sengier in his New York office. Within an hour the officer walked out with a memorandum quickly drawn up on a piece of yellow paper, and signed by Sengier. The uranium essential to the success of the atomic project was now the property of the United States.

When Sengier visited the United States in 1946, General Leslie Groves, in President Truman's presence, awarded him the Medal for Merit. He is one of the few non-American civilians to receive this esteemed honour, and naturally he is proud of it. The reason for the bestowal was kept secret, the record was impounded in the White House. The language of the citation is purposely not specific. I have seen the text—it merely mentions Edgar Sengier's "wartime services in the realm of raw materials."

Sengier has also been made a Commander of the British Empire and a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honour. Although he is not much impressed by honours, there is one thing of which he is indeed proud. A new ore (composed of uranium, vanadium and copper) was recently named sengierite.

THE SHORTEST and surest way to live with honour in the world is to be in reality what we appear to be

—Socrates



The Story of the Kamikaze Suicide Missions

By Capt Rikihei Inoguchi and Comdr. Tadashi Nakajima,
Former Imperial Japanese Navy

Translated by Comdr Masataka Chihaya and Roger Pineau

On October 17, 1944, when the Philippines were in Japanese hands, an American force landed at the entrance to Leyte Gulf. Soon more than 100 U S carrier planes swarmed over targets from Luzon to Mindanao.

The Japanese fleet had suffered overwhelming defeat in the Battle of the Philippine Sea, naval air strength was at a low ebb. Everyone was aware that it would take a miracle to save the Japanese Empire from disaster. It was then that the desperate kamikaze idea was born.

ON OCTOBER 19, as dusk settled over Mabalacat Field, Luzon base of the 201st Japanese Air Group, a black sedan drew up in front of the command post and Admiral Takijiro Ohnishi stepped out. Commander of the First Air Fleet, he was regarded as the fore-

most exponent of aerial warfare. Now he summoned the 201st's staff officers into immediate conference and said.

"The situation is so grave that the fate of the Empire depends on the outcome of the *Sho* operation. |*Sho*—Victory—was the ironic

name which Tokyo gave to the operation designed to defend the Philippines against recapture.] A naval force under Admiral Kurita is to penetrate Leyte Gulf and there annihilate enemy surface units. The First Air Fleet has been designated to support that mission by rendering enemy carriers ineffective for at least one week. But our position is such that we can no longer win by adhering to conventional methods of warfare. *In my opinion, the enemy can be stopped only by crash-diving on their carrier flight decks with Zero fighters carrying 250-kilogramme bombs.*"

The listeners were electrified by the Admiral's words as his sharp eyes surveyed the crowded room. It was apparent that the purpose of his visit was to inspire suicide attacks.

When Admiral Ohnishi had finished, Commander Tamai, the 201st's executive officer, asked permission to consult with his squadron leaders on a matter so grave as this. He was confident that most of his pilots would dedicate themselves as human missiles when they heard of the plan. "They said little," he reported later, "but their eyes spoke eloquently of a willingness to die for their country." All but two volunteered.

It was decided that Lt. Yukio Seki should lead the attack. He was a man of outstanding character and ability, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Eta Jima. When told

of the assignment by Commander Tamai, Seki leaned forward at the table, supporting his head in his hands, his eyes closed. The young officer had been married just before leaving the homeland. For several seconds he sat motionless except for the tightening of his clenched fists. Then, raising his head, he smoothed back his hair and spoke in a clear, quiet voice: "Please do appoint me to lead the attack."

Shortly after sunrise on October 20 Admiral Ohnishi summoned the 24 kamikaze (divine wind) pilots and addressed them, his voice shaking with emotion. "Japan faces a terrible crisis. The salvation of our country is beyond the power of ministers, the General Staff and lowly unit commanders like myself. It is now up to spirited young men such as you." Tears came to his eyes as he concluded: "I ask you to do your utmost and wish you success."

Similar recruiting of kamikaze pilots was taking place at other air bases. At Cebu, all hands assembled at 6 p.m. on October 20. "Each volunteer for the 'special-attack' corps," said the commanding officer, "will write his name and rank on a piece of paper and insert it in an envelope and seal it. Enclose a blank paper if you do not wish to volunteer. You have three hours in which to give the matter serious consideration."

At nine o'clock sharp the senior petty officer pilot delivered an envelope to the commander's quarters. Inside were more than 20 signed

pieces of paper; only two were blank.

On October 25 the first successful kamikaze-unit attack was carried out; six planes took off at dawn from Davao in southern Mindanao and damaged at least three enemy escort carriers.

That same morning Lieutenant Seki also led a successful attack from Mabalacat. One of the four escorting pilots furnished a report of the action: "Sighting an enemy force of four carriers and six other ships, Lieutenant Seki dived headlong into one of the carriers, which he rammed successfully. A colleague crashed into the same ship, from which there arose a great column of smoke. Successful hits were also scored by two more pilots, one on another flat-top, the other on a light cruiser."

News of the kamikaze successes flashed throughout the navy. A total of 93 fighters and 57 bombers had been flown in conventional attacks that day, inflicting no damage on the enemy. The superiority of the suicide attacks was manifest.

Admiral Ohnishi was convinced that further employment of these inhuman tactics was unavoidable. He pressed this opinion on Vice-Admiral Fukudome, commander-in-chief of the Second Air Fleet. "Nothing short of all out use of special attacks can save us. It is time for your air fleet to adopt these tactics."

Thus the kamikaze tactics were

given full play, and young men volunteered freely for the opportunity to add to the intensity of the "divine wind." Reinforcements poured out from the homeland eager to take their turn in crashing upon enemy warships.

Time was running out, however. Day by day the situation round Leyte Island became more hopeless. As the tempo of the invasion increased, so did the intensity and number of kamikaze attacks. But the supply of planes was dwindling, and on January 5 the last large-scale suicide attack from a Philippine base was launched. Fifteen fighter-bombers struck the invasion forces at Lingayen Gulf, damaging one cruiser and four transports.*

Further Japanese defeats followed quickly after the fall of the Philippines. The mighty enemy invaded Iwo Jima in February 1945 and Okinawa in April, trapping Japan in a grip of death. This inspired kamikaze tactics on an unprecedented scale—even training planes were mobilized.

Now a new suicide weapon was proposed. A rocket-powered 1,800-kilogramme missile would be attached to a "mother" bomber. Within sight of the target the missile would be released, with a volun-

* American Navy accounts of the battle of Lingayen Gulf show that the kamikaze attacks were apparently more effective than the Japanese themselves realized. Not one but two cruisers were damaged, as well as an escort carrier and a destroyer. The threat was so great that U.S. carriers which had planned to attack Formosa on January 7 were retained to continue the attack at Luzon.

teer suicide pilot to crash it on an enemy ship. The group of pilots trained to man this weapon was called *Jinrai Butai* (divine thunderbolt unit). "Baka (foolish) Bomb" was the nickname it earned among the Allies.

Baka Bombs were used in the big attack on Okinawa on April 12. The pilot of the first missile to score a hit was remarkably composed. In his non-flying hours he was supervisor of a junior officers' billet. His last words before climbing into the mother bomber were "Keep an eye out for the new straw mats I ordered for the billet." He napped peacefully during the flight towards Okinawa and had to be awakened when the time came to start his flight to eternity.

In the Okinawa campaign alone there were more than 1,800 suicide flights. By the time Japan surrendered, a total of 2,519 men and officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy had sacrificed themselves.

A few hours after the Imperial proclamation of August 15, 1945, calling for immediate cessation of the war, the Fifth Air Fleet commander, Admiral Ugaki, chose the

same death he had ordered for so many of his pilots. He stripped the insignia of rank from his uniform and spoke to his assembled officers and men: "I am going to take off for a crash attack upon the enemy at Okinawa. Those who wish to follow me are requested to raise their hands."

There were more volunteers than there were planes available. Of the 11 planes that took off, seven—including Admiral Ugaki's—radioed that they were "diving on target."

That evening Admiral Ohnishi, who now was vice-chief of the Naval General Staff in Tokyo, penned a note: "To the souls of my late subordinates I express the greatest appreciation for their valiant deeds. In death I wish to apologize to these brave men and their families." Then he plunged a samurai sword into his abdomen.

Refusing medical aid or a *coup de grâce*, Admiral Ohnishi lingered on in agony until six o'clock the following evening. His choice to endure prolonged suffering was obviously made in expiation for his part in the most diabolical tactic of war the world has ever seen.

DAVID SARNOFF, president of the Radio Corporation of America, reminiscing about his early years in the radio industry, mentioned the strong competition he had had to face. "But I'm grateful to my enemies," he said. "In the long-range movement towards progress, a kick in the pants sends you further along than a friendly handshake."

—Leonard Lyons

The amusing struggles of a noted humorist with the formidable intricacies of the French National Library

My Book-Hunting Adventures in Paris

By Cornelia Otis Skinner



SOME people, when confronted with certain involved Galic customs, will comment righteously, "We do this better at home." I prefer the more moderate view that we do it differently. I'd never dream of suggesting, for instance, that our way of running a public library in America is actually better than the French way. But I can honestly proclaim that the technique of obtaining reading matter in Paris's *Biblio-*

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER simultaneously conducts varied and highly successful careers as actress, author and, in private life, wife of Alden Blodget and mother of Otis Skinner Blodget. In addition to following her famous father, Otis Skinner, as a distinguished figure on the American stage, she is the author of several books and writes all her own dramatic material—monologues, character sketches and historical solo-dramas. •

thèque Nationale differs as widely from that of, say, New York's Public Library as *escargots* differ from hamburgers.

Last summer I had occasion to do some research in this great book repository. As the massive grey wall of the library loomed in sight I felt awed and purposeful. French-respect for scholarship was manifested by a street sign saying, "SILENCE! BIBLIOTHÈQUE!" I found myself walking on tiptoe and about to say hush to a passing bus.

A main entrance led into a spacious courtyard flanked by 17th-century buildings that looked like former palaces. An arrow pointed to a public entry across the court and a severe no-smoking sign warned that it was defence absolute to fume under pain of immediate ex-

clusion. The chill of this reception was mitigated by a warm welcome from the *Bibliothèque* cat. This weedy little tabby keeps watch at the *Bibliothèque* entrance, arching her back for whoever will pause to stroke it.

After paying respects to the cat, I went up the steps and into a marble foyer. The words *Salle de Travail* emblazoned over a doorway indicated the reading room, so I walked confidently in. Not very far in, however, I was stopped by a voice of unquestionable authority, issuing from a man wearing that indefinable semi-uniform which denotes the public functionary.

"Your permit, madame," he said.

"My permit?" I echoed. But yes, he repeated, one must exhibit one's permit to get out books. He made it sound like a permit to carry concealed weapons, but my meekness melted his red-tape-bound heart. In softened tones he told me that if I would address myself to the *Bureau* which found itself out in the foyer one would occupy one's self of me. I thanked him and went to get myself occupied of.

A door marked *Bureau* led into a small passageway, dark, airless and jammed with permit seekers. Through a glass partition one could see into the inner office, where an applicant was talking earnestly to a lady who made long and serious notations in a ledger. The queue advanced at snail's pace. Meanwhile, we all eyed one another in the hos-

tile manner of patients in the waiting room of a throat specialist.

At long last my turn arrived. Without looking up from her ledger, the lady in the inner sanctum said good day, madame, and what was it about, madame. Madame said it was about a permit. Did I wish to obtain a permit, she asked, and I answered with the French equivalent of yes if it was all right by her. She gave me a form to fill up and at the same time asked what I wanted the permit for. "To read," I said. "To read what?" she asked, and I said, "Books." She wrote down the French equivalent of "printed matter." Then she asked my profession and I came out rather grandly with "actress," hoping to impress her. She gave me a quick, appraising look; obviously the only impression made was that I was lying.

Next she stunned me by asking the name of the university from which I had received my degree. Actually I have never in my life received any legitimate degree, although over the years certain colleges have generously bestowed on me some totally undeserved honorary ones. I thought specifically of three, and naming them created the impression that mention of my profession had failed to produce. In tones of respect she then asked for my passport.

Her respect was short-lived. "But this is not you!" she exclaimed. At first I thought she referred to my

picture and felt rather flattered until I saw she was pointing to my name, which, on the passport, was my married one. I had used my professional name on the form. I tried to explain, but she cut me off by handing me a fresh form to fill up while she made irritable erasures in her ledger. Sheepish, I watched her write, "Mme Blodget, *artiste de théâtre*."

All this was taking up time. I glanced nervously through the glass partition at the waiting line-up. Their expressions denoted the "Aaah!" and "Voyons! Voyons!" of Gallic exasperation. But the lady continued to make cabalistic notations in her ledger which, after the passport incident, I felt must be of an incriminating nature.

Eventually she handed me my permit and I took it into the *Salle de Travail* and gave it to the uniformed guard. He read everything on it, nodded pontifical approval and handed me a cardboard plaque on which was stamped the number 238. There's no selecting one's own seat in the *Bibliothèque*. My allotted place was 238, and there I must sit even if the man on my right reeked of garlic and the lady on my left sneezed like an atomizer.

Presiding over the *Salle de Travail* is the *Contrôle*, three impressive individuals who sit on a raised platform behind a golden-oak structure that looks distressingly like a police desk. A man in the centre is flanked by two indomitable matriarchs

wearing black dust coats. These are the oligarchs who file all permits and seat numbers before readers embark upon the perilous venture of looking up books.

This rite takes place in a room marked *Catalogues Bibliographiques* which, as I was informed, finds itself in descending the stairs to the left. The room may find itself but it was days before I found myself wise to its workings. On my initial visit I came upon rows of weighty volumes, handsomely bound and marked "Authors." Of the books on my reading list, one was by Wilhelm and another by Willy, but there was no volume for authors whose names began with the letter W.

At a nearby desk a kindly-looking man with the flowing moustache of an early Gaul seemed to be vaguely in charge. I told him my predicament. Ah no, he explained ruefully, the handsomely bound books extended only to the letter M, obviously one looked up other authors in the next room in the volumes less handsomely bound, a condition he appeared to deplore. I made a thinking-of-it gesture and went off to search. Willy I found, but there was no trace of the works of Wilhelm. I returned with the news to the kindly Gaul. Ah but he said, still ruefully, what was the publication date of the desired books? All books published since 1935 are listed in the filing cabinets *là-bas*, either on the right or on the left.

Tracking down author and title is only the beginning of the game. Next came the fun of filling out the request slips. These, some green, some grey, were stacked on handy writing counters. I selected a green one and sat down to study it. A perforation divides it down the middle. On the left half must be put one's name and address, one's seat number, the date, the listing of the desired literary work, the date of its publication (the French are nuts for dates) and something called a *tomaison* which has to do with number of volumes. On the right of the perforation all the above information must be repeated, plus the name of author, title of book, place of publication with, of course, its date and something called a *format*. This, it warns, "must also figure below in the stack listing when, in the catalogue, it precedes the letter of the series."

This last injunction I decided to figure out in my own good time. What immediately stymied me was that item about my seat number. I knew where the seat was, so I hadn't thought to memorize the number. This meant that I had to slink back to the *Contrôle*, confess my delinquency, and stand on one unhappy foot after the other while the matriarch went over the files of everyone who had come in that morning. Finally she came across mine and told me my number was 238 in tones so loud a few nearby readers glared and emitted those

hissing sounds which are French for "Shut up!"

Eventually I returned, cowed, to *Catalogues* and took my problem of the *format* to the kindly Gaul "Monsieur," I began, "*je suis bien stupide* (I am very stupid) . . ."

He smiled charmingly and gave a shrug which could have meant "Madame exaggerates" or "Madame doesn't express the half of it."

The *format*, he explained as to a backward child, indicated the appearance of the book in question. My impulse was to ask how the hell you'd know until you saw it, but instead I said, "Oh." Further explanation informed me I must copy off from the filing card numerals so small that deciphering them required strong light and my glasses held at a much increased magnifying angle. I returned to the counter and copied off everything except an ink stain.

In addition to all else, there was now (repeated twice) *Paris 10, faub, Montmartre (1915), fol 160 p fig, portr, planche en coul, carte, Fol 1h 4 2737*. I took this up to the Gaul, certain he'd give me complete approval. He gave me instead a sorrowful look. "But you've done it in pencil, madame!"

I returned to the writing counter. The pen there was barnacled with generations of ink and the nib was splayed like a pickle fork, but I managed to make out a new slip, which I triumphantly submitted for

inspection. I almost burst into sobs when my Gaul again shook a rueful head. "But, madame! Your seat number is 238, yes?" I agreed that it sure yes was. "But you have made this out on a green slip!" He was as incredulous as though I'd made it out on a laundry slip. Occupants of seats numbering 1 through 181 use green slips, all others use grey. I returned to the counter once more.

Request slips are deposited at the *Contrôle* desk in a square can into whose maw, amid grinding noises like a garbage disposer, they disappear and apparently journey down into the subterranean labyrinths of Paris. There certain Jean Valjeans search out the requested volumes, send them by unseen means up to smock-clad attendants who make periodic deliveries to the readers. Meanwhile, you sit and wait.

There is something about this interim which is disturbingly like waiting in a classroom for the passing of examination papers. My seat was directly before the *Contrôle*, whose members took on the aspect of proctors. I was afraid to glance at what the people on either side were reading for fear I'd be called up for cheating. The wait seemed interminable, and I regretted not

having brought with me some postcards of the Eiffel Tower to send home.

At last an attendant came along with our section's allotment of books. He set down one of mine, then reproachfully handed me back my request slip for the other. In one place, he told me, I had neglected to write today's date. "Couldn't someone have written it in?" I asked in a whisper. He answered in anything but a whisper that it must be in the applicant's own writing. So I said, "Oh," and wrote "6/28/53." By the time *that* book appeared, I had been in the *Bibliothèque* ten hours.

After this first initiation things went more easily, with only minor complications to keep the routine from becoming humdrum. My proudest moment came one day when a bewildered Frenchwoman asked *me* how to make out *her* slip. And my most endearing was after my final visit as I went out across the sunny courtyard—the sight of the kindly Gaul of the *Catalogues Bibliographiques* solemnly undoing the paper wrapping of his meagre lunch and sharing a generous chunk of his ham sandwich with the little library cat.

Food for Thought

IN ATLANTA, Georgia, woman has an ingenious method for conquering the "battle of the bulge." When she goes to the kitchen for a snack and opens the door of the refrigerator, the first thing she sees, pasted inside the door, is a picture of herself when she was fat.

—Hugh Park in *Atlanta Journal*

HOW TO RELAX

By Joseph A Kennedy

HOW TO RELAX

By Joseph A Kennedy

Most of us, in practically all our everyday activities, are driving with the brake on. That brake is unconscious tension. We have worked and played in a tense condition for so long that we regard it as more or less normal. We do not notice the clenched jaw, the tight abdomen, the constricted muscles. Yet the resulting fatigue burns up our energy, impairs our skills and even dulls our sensory appreciation of the world about us.

Tension is excess effort trying too hard to do things that should be done automatically. It causes muscles to jam and contract. Make a conscious effort to speak correctly and you stutter or become tongue-tied. Let the accomplished pianist think about his fingers and he is likely to make a mistake.

Most of us put forth too much ef

JOSEPH KENNEDY has taught his methods of relaxation to pilots at the Preflight School at Athens, Georgia, where he was head of the Rehabilitation Department, and to overwrought business executives at Bill Brown's famous health camp in Garrison, New York. He has been a director of physical education for schools, for the U S Naval Academy, and, at present, for the Y M C A in Atlanta, Georgia.

*The art of overcoming tension
is the key to happier living*

fort for the task in hand. Our muscles work better when we speak our orders quietly than when we shout them. In order to see perfectly, for example, the eyes must make numerous minute movements, scanning the object under observation. This scanning is an automatic reflex, it is no more subject to your will than is your heart beat. But when you stare—make a conscious effort to see—the eyes become tense. They do not scan as they should and sight suffers.

Nor is the damage done by tension limited to the body. When muscles are tense, contracting without purpose, a feeling of confusion is relayed to the brain. Why is it that a poised man whose ideas reel out effortlessly when he is in his own study suddenly finds his mind a blank when he is attending an important board meeting? Because tenseness, resulting from making too much effort, has jammed his psycho-motor mechanisms.

- Tension tends to become an un-

conscious habit, muscles tend to stay constricted. How, then, can you become conscious of unconscious tension? How can you relax?

First, by locating the tension in your muscles. For example, you are probably unaware of any tension in your forehead at this moment, but there is a good chance that some is there. In order to recognize it, consciously produce more tension wrinkle your forehead into a frown and notice the feeling in the muscles. Practise sensing the tension that you thus consciously produce. Then, tomorrow, stop working for a moment and ask yourself, "Am I aware of any tension in my forehead?" You can probably detect the faint sensation already there. One student told me, "When I started to relax, I discovered layer after layer of tension of which I had been totally unaware."

Once you learn to recognize tension, relaxation can be learned. The way to do this is first to produce *more* tension in your muscles. Don't *try* to relax! A muscle tends to relax itself. Consciously tense a particular muscle, then stop. The muscle relaxes and will continue to relax automatically if it is not interfered with.

The muscles of the brow and forehead need special attention, for they are closely associated with anxiety and confusion. With the brow relaxed it is practically impossible to feel worried. The next time you have a problem to solve, make it a point to keep your brow relaxed and

see if the problem does not seem less difficult.

The jaw is one of the most expressive parts of the human body. We grit our teeth in rage, clench our jaws in determination. When your jaw is tensed, your brain, which is constantly receiving nerve messages from your muscles, reasons something like this "We must be in difficulty, we must have a terrible job to do." You then become conscious of a feeling of pressure.

As soon as you relax your jaw muscles, however, your brain says, "Ah, we are out of difficulty now," and you get a feeling of confidence. So every time you feel anxious or experience self-doubt, notice that you are contracting your jaws. Then stop.

The hands are the main executive instrument of the body. They are involved in almost everything we do or feel. We throw up our hands in hopelessness, shake our fist when we are angry. When hands are kept tense, the whole body is geared for action. Learn to relax your hands when you find yourself in a tight spot or when something irritates you. It will take the pressure off and give you a feeling that you are master of the situation.

If you were expecting a blow in the pit of the stomach, you would instinctively tense the abdominal muscles for defence. And if you habitually live on the defensive, your subconscious keeps your stomach muscles continually tensed. Thus,

another vicious circle is set up. The mid-brain receives defensive messages from the abdominal muscles and this keeps you feeling insecure. Learn to break the circle. When you feel anxious or worried, stop and relax your abdomen

If you try to control your anxieties mentally, you will probably only make yourself more nervous. But you *can* control your key muscles

Learn to relax your muscles quickly at mid-morning, just before lunch and in mid-afternoon. Sit down and "jelly" yourself into the most comfortable position. Or lie on your back on a bed with your arms at your sides. Then check your key points for tension: brow, abdomen, jaw, hands, and so on. Tighten each, and then let go, allowing the muscle to relax by itself.

Breathing furnishes a valuable control for toning down the degree of excitement throughout the entire body. When we are emotionally tense, we say we have something on our chests. When a crisis is past, we say that we can breathe easier. But it works both ways. If we can learn to breathe easier in the first place, we shan't get so tense.

It will help you to learn to breathe correctly if you recognize that the body has two separate breathing patterns. Nervous breathers breathe high in the chest by expanding and contracting the rib box. They also breathe too fast and too deeply. This particular breathing pattern was

engineered for emergencies. It is the way you breathe when you are out of breath from running a race. Your chest heaves as you take in great gulps of air. Your muscles need oxygen fast, and this is the way to get it. Nervous people are so used to reacting with emergency behaviour to simple, ordinary tasks, that they use this emergency breathing mechanism all the time.

Non-emergency breathing is belly breathing. It is done more from the diaphragm, most of the movement is in the lower chest wall and the upper abdomen. As the diaphragm smoothly contracts and lets go, a gentle massage is applied to the whole abdominal area. The abdominal muscles relax. It is virtually impossible to feel nervous and tense when you breathe habitually from your belly.

If you find yourself breathing nervously and fast, keep right on—but breathe like that because you *want* to. Take as many as 50 to 100 of these deliberate nervous breaths, thus bringing your breathing under the control of your will. This conscious control will in itself cause the feeling of nervousness to diminish. After a time you will find that it is an effort to keep breathing fast, and a relief to let yourself breathe more slowly.

One of the most malicious causes of tension is hurry. You can hurry while sitting down, apparently doing nothing, or while waiting for a bus. Many people feel hurried because

they think there just isn't enough time. They would do well to heed Sir William Osler's advice to his students when he told them to think of how much time there is to use, rather than of how little.

Whenever you feel a sense of hurry, deliberately slow down. Everyone has his own best pace or tempo for doing things, and when we give in to hurry we allow external things and situations to set our pace for us. The great Finnish runner, Paavo Nurmi, always carried a watch with him in his races. He referred to it, not to the other runners. He never hurried but insisted on running his own race,

keeping his own tempo, regardless of competition.

A basic cause of tension is putting too much emphasis on the ultimate goal, trying too hard to win. It is good to have a clear mental picture of your goal, but your attention should be concentrated on the specific job at hand.

And when that job is done, remember there will be something else to do tomorrow. So relax! Life is not a 100-yard dash, but more in the nature of a cross-country run. If we sprint all the time, we not only fail to win the race, but we may not last long enough to reach the finishing line.

Cartoon Quips

HOME-COMING HUSBAND to wife "I got a rise! Now we can afford last year's taxes." —*The Wall Street Journal*

ANNOYED GIRL to date "Let's go some place where we can each be alone." —*Joker Magazine*

SMALL BOY to father scowling over report card "Naturally I seem stupid to my teacher. She's a university graduate!" —*Collier's*

FATHER of obstreperous youngster to wife reading child-psychology book "Does it say where we're to apply this free hand we're supposed to give him?" —*King Features*

MAN IN RESTAURANT, trying to cut tough steak, to wife: "I see what the waiter meant when he recommended their *pièce de résistance*."

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

ONE SWEET young thing to another. "I don't know whether he's a perfect gentleman or just not interested in me."

—*The American Weekly*

ONE STENOGRAPHER complaining to co-worker "That handsome young executive asked me if I had a date for this evening. When I said no, he piled all this work on my desk!"

—*News Syndicate*

HUSBAND TO WIFE "How do you expect me to remember your birthday when you never look any older?"

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

WIFE TO HUSBAND "Instead of buying me an expensive birthday present this year, why not give me something you've made yourself—for instance, money."

—*This Day*

*Business will have to hustle to fill
the needs of America's huge—and
unexpected—population growth*

THE GREAT BABY BOOM

Condensed from Time

THE UNITED STATES, which was buying baby food at the rate of 270 million cans in 1940, in 1953 bought it at the rate of 1,500 million cans. In the same period the U S toy industry has grown from an \$84,000,000-a-year stripling to a \$900,000,000 giant. These are the measuring sticks of the Great Baby Boom—the greatest in U S. history

U S Census Bureau projections had indicated a population gain from 1940 to 1950 of only eight million. The actual gain was 19,500,000—to 151,700,000. And now the United States has topped 160 million. In the last year or two the number of births had been expected to fall because the depression generations of the 1930s, far smaller than those of the booming 1920s, were coming of marriageable age. How-

ever, the fewer couples have been counterbalanced by the fact that high incomes and steady employment are leading them not only to marry younger but also to have more children

By 1975 the United States will need to set a "fifth plate" for every four persons now consuming. To produce the necessary food every five acres of U S. land must produce as much as six acres today

The population growth is further stimulated by America's greatly decreased mortality rate (those over 65 will number 16 million by 1960, compared with 12,500,000 now). Moreover, as the babies of the Great Baby Boom reach marrying age, there is likely to be a new population explosion which will make that of the 1940s and 1950s look small by comparison.

ANYONE can do any amount of work, provided it isn't the work
he is supposed to be doing
— Robert Benchley,
Chips Off the Old Benchley (to be published by Dennis Dobson, London S W 1)

CERVANTES—
*Author of the World's
First Great Novel*

By
Donald Culross Peattie



IN THE CENTRE of Spain, the part called La Mancha, the plain lies like a huge page open to the sky. It seems empty, save for a few villages, a few shepherds and their flocks. But if you are acquainted with the most-read work of fiction in the world you will not find this place empty. For you, too, it will be crowded with the more than 600 characters who troop across the pages of the first great novel ever written, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

There on the plain you can see the very windmills, centuries old now, which the knight took to be giants. Filled with splendid fury to do fine deeds, he spurred his old nag on to charge them, only to be tossed on his head. "Tilting at windmills," we call it to this day, when anyone zealously attacks an imaginary enemy. And the wonderful mad knight's name has also become part

*The story of Don Quixote
and his maker*

of our language, for any man may show a streak of the "quixotic." The windmill incident is only one of hundreds, some slapstick, some sadly true, some truly sad, which fill this "bible of humanity." And through all these adventures runs a vein of philosophic wisdom which was life's one real reward to the author, Miguel de Cervantes.

You can hear his laughing voice in his own description of himself at the time he was writing this classic: "Of aquiline features, chestnut hair, smooth and unruffled forehead, gay eyes, nose that is crooked but well proportioned, a beard silvered now but golden a mere 20 years ago, big moustachios, little mouth, only six

teeth and they in bad shape and worse arrangement, complexion light, somewhat heavy in build, and rather slow on his feet."

He came into this world, of which he was to see so much, in 1547, in the fine old university town of Alcalá de Henares, near Madrid. The family soon drifted on, however, to Valladolid, Seville, Madrid. For Papa Cervantes possessed a coat-of-arms and little else; his profession of apothecary-surgeon brought him few patients who paid. Miguel's first recollection was of seeing his father snatch up household gear and rush with it to the pawnbroker, then the sheriff came to clap Papa Cervantes in a debtor's prison, leaving his daughters, Andrea and Luisa, and their two little brothers to weep with hunger.

Somehow the boy Miguel got schooling. He may even have attended the University of Salamanca, working his way as valet to rich undergraduates. A novelist, though, learns his trade from life itself. And in the city streets Miguel learned it as it comes, harsh, unexpected, vivid with experience. In the theatre, where he spent what money he could scrape up, he learned what life is when it is turned to art. He discovered the power of make-believe, and how it can create a truth greater than actuality. All he had, at 22, was dreams, and these were now of glory.

He made his way to Italy, where Spain maintained large garrisons,

and there enlisted in the army. At last he was well dressed, in a uniform gaudy as a rooster's, and for the first time he ate regularly. These years in the service colour many a later page, when the old soldier remembers with relish the fine old inns, the gurgling Italian wine, the pretty girls.

And he knew war itself. It was the Turk then who was the aggressor, and all Christendom stood in peril. A mighty Turkish fleet, in 1571, was sweeping westward through the Mediterranean. Selim II, Turkey's sultan, meant to tear the Cross from St Peter's in Rome and raise the Crescent there. Spain sent her ships under Don Juan of Austria (half-brother to her king, Philip II), to join those of the Papal States and Venice, in one of them sailed young Miguel de Cervantes.

At Lepanto, off the coast of Greece, the fleet of these allies met the Turkish Navy in the bloodiest sea battle ever yet fought. Eight thousand Christians perished, 25,000 Turks, as ship after ship went down, while the soldiers fought cutlass to cutlass on the reeling decks. When the battle first was joined Cervantes lay below, tossing with malarial fever. He dashed on deck; a moment later two shots hit him in the chest, a third shattered his left arm. Yet he was with the first to board the nearest Turkish vessel. The Crescent that day sank in a bloody moonset. It was Spain's finest hour, and Cervantes' proudest.

Leaving Italy in 1575, Miguel set sail for Spain with high hopes. In his pocket he had a letter of recommendation from Don Juan to King Philip, which he trusted to bring him some good government post. But the luckless voyagers were overhauled by Moorish pirates and carried off into slavery in Algiers. There, though his maimed hand spared him the galleys, Miguel became the property of Dali Mami, a renegade Christian turned pirate. When this crafty master read the letter praising Cervantes, he concluded that his prisoner was a man of importance, and ordered him to send to Spain for a large ransom.

As the months dragged by, Miguel saw his fellows die in dungeons, he saw girls exposed for sale in the markets. He witnessed floggings and flayings, and beheld the dangling corpses of those who had tried to escape. Through it all he was the support and leader of his fellow captives. He fought off their despair, he organized, more than once, a break for freedom. Each time he was defeated, but when he was sentenced to death his own courage rescued him. For, cruel though these Moslem tyrants were,

they admired utter bravery and, when Cervantes stood before his master with folded arms and lifted chin and defiantly took upon himself all blame for the plots to escape, he won his life. But not until he had suffered five years of captivity could his family in Spain scrape up enough to rescue Miguel. And when he finally went forth it was with a testimonial signed by Moors as well as Christians that never had a prisoner stood so unbowed.

Thus in 1580 Cervantes at last kissed the soil of Spain—and learned how soon the world forgets a maimed veteran. While he waited vain years for preferment, he tried his hand at writing. But in the attempt to be elegant his book was only artificial—a “pastoral” called *La Galatea*, about stilted shepherds and coquettish shepherdesses, which brought its author just enough money to buy a suit of wedding clothes and settle 100 ducats on his bride.

The girl, Catalina de Salazar y Palacios, was young, and she brought a dowry consisting of several olive trees and vineyards, a few beehives and a share of the family farm implements. A good catch for



some young peasant. But Catalina's husband was nearly twice her age, and meant to scribble. He took her to Madrid where, in the bohemian company of actors, writers and producers, she was miserable. As their marriage slipped into failure Cervantes hovered, a dizzy moth, round that dazzling candle, the theatre. His plays made just enough money to encourage him to write others. Then on to the stage strode a young writer, Lope de Vega, who in 24 hours could turn out a box-office hit. Cervantes was crowded out of the theatre, hurt and jealous.

Then, he says, "I hung up my pen," to take any employment offered. That proved to be the job of the best-hated fellow among us—the tax collector. He was also engaged to gather supplies for the great Armada which King Philip was readying to fight England.

But Cervantes soon found himself behind gaol bars. The trouble was that he could not do arithmetic, perfectly honest, he had got his accounts in a muddle. Though released, he was fined 6,000 reals. Then, worried about carrying large sums in collected taxes, he deposited these with a Sevillian banker—who immediately went into bankruptcy. Cervantes went to gaol again.

Here he learned the jargon of thieves, and heard the confessions of murderers. Looking through the bars, he sent his thoughts out over the hot white roads of Andalusia. There he had met the world going

by—strolling players, princes of the Church with rings on their velvet gloves, exiled Moors returned in disguise, venturesome girls in boys' clothing, boys from the country running away to town, horse-trading gipsies, hard-drinking muleteers—all companions of a mile or two on the road, a page or two in the book that was growing in the heart of Cervantes.

When released from prison, he was ready for his great life work. And Spain was at last ready to listen. For she, too, had learned. The Armada called "invincible" had sunk to the bottom of the sea; with it had perished Spain's romantic faith that she was destined to save the world in her way. Time now to cauterize with the fire of pure laughter the wound in her pride. Time for a fantastic old knight to come riding out of La Mancha's horizon, behind him his fat servant, Sancho Panza, on a donkey. Out of the shadows round a poor writer of 58 came this pair, and trooping after them hundreds of other characters—none all good or all bad, but all human.

Don Quixote is an old skin-and-bones who has read so many novels about the age of chivalry that he has come to believe he is the last knight in Christendom, and must go forth from his village to right wrongs, rescue maidens, slay giants. He sets forth in rusty armour, on a gaunt horse he fondly thinks is a fiery charger. To the deluded but valor-

ous Don all he beholds is translated into romance—a pug-nosed wench is a beauteous damsel, a country inn is a castle, a flock of sheep is a Saracen host. Though Sancho sees things as they are, he follows loyally, picking up his master each time he tumbles.

When he started this tale, Cervantes meant only to ridicule the foolish chivalric romances that all Spain was reading. But the world is so full of follies that the author soon spurred his knight on. Self-deception, false grandeur, sentimental optimism—one bubble after another is burst by the lance of laughter. On and on flies the pricking quill, while a household of women clatter and chatter beyond the door. These were his two ageing sisters, his faithful niece, his difficult daughter, and Catalina, his wife, loyal to the husband she never understood.

Not even they, not even the creditors knocking at the door could distract Cervantes, for his story had run away with him. The Don now begins to command our admiration as well as laughter, and we love him for his crazy nobility. Sancho the servant, whom we first assumed to be only a lout, proves to be a fellow worth listening to, salty with good-hearted sense. They are, we discover, two sides of the same person—the dreamer and the down-to-earth—and that person is you or I.

Don Quixote was first published in 1605, and its fame sped over the land. The public clamoured for

more, and Cervantes promised a sequel. Even while he was at work on this, he learned that a sequel to *Don Quixote* was already on the bookstalls and selling briskly. Its author, who called himself Avellaneda, not only jeered at Cervantes for his poverty but besmeared the stolen characters of the Don and his squire with filthy writing. In a rage Cervantes drove his pen to finish a true sequel, which turned out to be as good as the first and better.

Today the two are printed as one volume that stands among the great treasures of Western culture. Many artists, among them Goya, Hogarth, Fragonard, Doré, Dalí, have been proud to illustrate the tale. *Don Quixote* has ridden on to the stage, into opera and the films.

Not that either fortune or personal fame ever came to Cervantes in his twilight in Madrid. When French diplomats inquired there about the author of *Don Quixote*, they were told that he was just an old soldier, poor and known to few. They discovered him in a house in the Calle del León, where he came to the door on gouty feet to receive his distinguished visitors with old-fashioned Castilian courtesy. On April 23, 1616, it was death that knocked, Cervantes was laid in a grave that is now forgotten.

Yet for ever there rides onward a gallant old man who levels his lance at all that is false, his shadow lengthening across Spain, across the world, across the centuries.



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Kavanaugh MacDonald

HAD I TAKEN Signe to a marriage counsellor when she first got it into her pretty head that I was the man Heaven intended for her, I am sure I would have learned that she was *not* designed for a job as serious as matrimony. But our courtship was such a deliriously impractical affair that we never sought advice, and it is my good fortune that we didn't.

Not that Signe has changed. She still can't cook. She can't, or won't, keep house. She can't add—and will for ever believe that all there is to household financing is the down payment.

Yet Signe and I have been married for nearly ten years, and I cannot imagine a more satisfying marriage. We have a home which, though modest, is one of the mer-

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THE AUTHOR, who is a Canadian journalist, is using a pseudonym.

riest in the neighbourhood. We have three lovely and uncomplicated children. And our adventures have been such that when I sat down to think them over tonight my eyes began to mist.

Is she so very beautiful then? Yes, she is. But it would take more than her dark-blond hair, her lovely figure and country-fresh beauty to make me forgive the chronic disorder of her house and her way of life. When I come home from work I can be fairly certain that there will be a pile of dust at the head of the stairs where the sweeping was not finished. There will be dishes in the kitchen sink, a loaf of bread that has been left open-ended all day, and so on and on.

I have argued fruitlessly about these things many times—and about the clutter in our living-room. Signe collects almost everything that doesn't cost money: stones, butter-

flies, wildflowers, birds' eggs and Heaven knows what else. These collections adorn the bookshelves, the piano, the living-room table. I have never met anyone else to whom souvenirs meant so much. Every trip we have made, every year of each baby's life, every household event of any importance must have its souvenir, and that souvenir must be in the living-room.

I once suggested that she take a few bushels of these things to the attic. She said, "But why have souvenirs if they aren't where they can remind you?" For that I had no answer, and the collecting goes on.

In our first years together, when I came home and found the house looking like Tokyo after an earthquake, I would explode with indignation. Signe would listen with such apparent contrition that she would have me almost persuaded. Then she would venture her excuse—she and the children had gone swimming, or gathering wild strawberries, or to the woods for trilliums. Her excuses never bore any resemblance to an argument—Signe never argues. On those earlier occasions I invariably ended the session as embarrassed as a hound encountering a rabbit that will not run.

I have not entirely given up on the housekeeping lectures, but now my efforts spring from habit rather than hope. "Suppose my boss or the school headmaster or the minister should drop in on us now," I say. "How would you feel?"

It is a foolish question. These three and countless other people of our town drop in at our house almost constantly—because they like it. They enter without invitation (preceded by only the faintest formality of knocking), throw the accumulation of toys or children's coats or magazines from the chairs, and stretch out their legs as if they were on a seat at the seaside.

There is the old bachelor from two streets away who is for ever bringing us fish. Signe set aside a corner of the freezer for his use, but the best fish, he always insists, are for her.

There is Mrs. Mercer, the little old lady who had to move to a small apartment in which she could not keep her Persian cat and Springer dog. Signe found her crying because she had to part with them. The animals have been at our place ever since—and Mrs. Mercer with them a good bit of the time.

Then there is Mr. Powley, who brings the comics every Sunday morning and reads them to our children. He gets in the way when we are rushing to get the children scrubbed for Sunday school and his cigar is strong enough to mothproof the room, but Signe is always delighted when he comes. "He likes children," she explains. "He had two boys of his own, and lost them in the war."

There are others. The baker who drops round with his family of an evening, the excitable little

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woman who comes every time she has a squabble with her husband. The list could go on and on.

To Signe, everyone means well. Evil is something she has yet to meet, apparently. Last winter she bought some plastic dishes from an enthusiastic door-to-door salesman for \$1 a dish. A week later I saw the same brand of dishes in town for 65 cents apiece. "Those at the store must be seconds or thinner or something," said Signe. "That man at the door wouldn't have charged me more for the same thing!"

Even if I had proved to her that the two sets were identical, I'm sure she would have suggested that the man got his prices mixed up. It would be beyond her belief that anyone might want to take advantage of her.

And that includes the Army. It was the Army that brought on our one big quarrel—and in me produced a great awakening.

We live on the edge of the town and a neck of the Army testing ground comes within a stone's-throw of our back garden. This camp had been here for years without giving us cause to notice it. So I was surprised one hot August evening when I came home from the office and found an ack-ack gun on a jeep staring me in the face. The captain who was driving the jeep said casually, "Hot night, isn't it?"

I agreed, whereupon he said good night and drove back to camp.

I asked Signe to explain. "They were having manœuvres," she told me, "and it was so hot I thought they'd like some cold buttermilk." She laughed. "The eight of them drank six quarts!"

"Six quarts!" I spluttered.

Her face fell. "But I didn't buy it out of the grocery money, darling," she explained. "I took it out of the ginger pot."

That was the place where for two years Signe had been stowing away dribblets of cash for the playroom she has always wanted us to build.

"Look, dear," I said, "you've got to consider your reputation. If some of these old women round here find out you're playing host to the Army, what will they say?"

She didn't make up tales about other women, she said, so how could she know that other women might be eager to do that about her? "I saved some buttermilk for you," she added. "It's awfully good." That was the end of my sermon.

There was no ack-ack gun in my lane the next afternoon, nor any soldiers. But there were six empty buttermilk bottles on the sink.

"They bought it themselves this time," Signe told me blithely. "They're very nice boys."

"That captain especially," I said.

"He is," she said. "He's been in Korea, you know."

The third night there were eight buttermilk bottles, and I got ready to lay down the law, but just then the captain came. How would we

like to come over to the camp cinema tonight? he asked. Bring the whole family.

It's hard to tell a man off when he's so genial. Besides, Signe was already starting to scrub the children's elbows for the event.

I have to admit I didn't have a bad time that night.

Two nights later the captain and a couple of his boys brought the film projector over and put on a show for the whole neighbourhood on our lawn. A few nights after that he brought over a Highlander, kilt, pipes and all, and paraded him up and down the lawn to the delight of Mrs Mercer, Mr Powley and a dozen others. In short, the captain had become one of the club.

While I could never quite seem to find the way to say so, I didn't like it. The captain and his boys would come at the slightest excuse—to borrow a pen, to borrow a record, to lend a record, to get darning thread or a needle. They mowed the lawn, took Mrs Mercer's Springer out for exercise, baby-sat, trimmed the lilacs.

"Do you realize how little privacy we have now?" I asked Signe one night. "It's your fault—you make them feel so damned welcome!"

"But they're lonely," she said.

About a month later we came to the parting of the ways. My work had taken me out of town for a couple of days, and when I got home I scarcely recognized the place. The whole back porch had been remod-

elled, extended and covered. It was the playroom.

Signe threw her arms about me. "The Army boys did it for me!" she said. "The captain got the plywood from some wreckers. All I had to buy was the two-by-fours and tar-paper!"

The scene that followed is something I'd rather not recall. Whose home was this anyhow? I demanded. Why wasn't I consulted? Suppose I couldn't afford the job just then—why should she advertise my poverty? Besides, who wanted the room covered with tar-paper? I had always wanted shingles.

I didn't eat dinner at home that night. I went down-town to cool off.

When I came back three hours later the house was empty. All the privacy a man could ask for—and the most desolate house I had ever seen. There was a note saying that the children were with Mrs Mercer. No hint as to Signe's whereabouts.

I walked round the house trying to find relief by noticing all the things that were out of place or untidy. It didn't help much. "She'll be over at the camp," I told myself. "Saturday-night dance." So I went over to the camp recreation hall.

She was there all right, and she was dancing. I sat down at a table in a corner and waited.

The captain must have been watching for me, because he came to my table almost at once. "I was waiting for you," he said.

He took out a cigarette and looked at it a long time "So you're sore. I'm sorry I didn't see that we were getting on your nerves "

"I came to take my wife home," I burst out

"Look," said the captain, "you're one of the damndest fools I've ever met! I'm sorry you didn't like the playroom. My boys chipped in three bucks apiece for that plywood, and four of them gave up a trip home to help put the room up. Signe wanted to surprise you, and we wanted to do what would make her happy. Do you think there was something else we had in our filthy minds?"

I didn't answer

"Look at the men here," he went on. "They've been all over the world, and have seen every mean, ugly thing there is. Some of them have spent half a lifetime doing their bit to straighten out the mess some stinker's meanness has caused. And then one day they run across somebody that hasn't an ounce of selfishness. And a bunch of swell kids. Is it any wonder they like to hang around your place?"

"Give us a world full of people like that woman and you could plough up every damned army camp in the world and put it in potatoes! You're the man that's got her, and you're belly-aching about it! I know it's tough having to

share her like you do, but you can't keep a woman like that entirely to yourself any more than you can copyright a hunk of sunbeam!"

Somehow I had forgotten my wrath. I merely looked across the floor at Signe and started for the door

The captain said, "Don't worry about her. Go home and think over what I've told you. I'll bring her home. She's not happy here tonight, anyhow."

So I went home to think it over and to take another lonely walk round the house looking at all the junk, the stones, the plastic dishes. What was all this disorder? I asked myself. Perhaps it was only evidence of one so wholeheartedly absorbed in a life that was full and good and interesting that she simply hadn't time to bother filing the pieces of it into pigeonholes

The captain brought Signe back about midnight. As he had observed, she wasn't happy. She wasn't happy until I finally got up enough courage to apologize. Then, once again, she became the woman everybody loved

The captain returned the following Monday to see how we were getting along. In the late afternoon next day he brought the buttermilk boys over to finish the playroom, while the Highlander paraded in the back garden with his pipes screaming triumph

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*This young war veteran's unconventional religious fellowship demonstrates dramatically a vital rôle for Christianity*

# What I've Learned at Gordon Cosby's Church

*By Catherine Marshall*

Author of "A Man Called Peter" \*

FOR SOME TIME I had been hearing in Washington about an unusual man—and an unusual group of people—who together are pouring fresh vitality into Christianity. My investigation began nearly two years ago, and it has been going on ever since. That is how I know the stories that follow, of difficult human problems solved, of discouraged men and women returned to usefulness, are true.

The man is Newton Gordon Cosby, minister to a tiny, vital congregation. His Church of the Saviour bears no resemblance to a conventional church,

it is merely an old brownstone house, round the corner from Washington's Embassy Row. Nor is Gordon Cosby himself a conventional minister. He is a 36-year-old war veteran, with a most unministerial crew cut and a youthful sense of humour. For most of the members of his congregation this is their first

experience of religion; and many did not come to it until they were in desperate need.

Every Wednesday and Friday evening church dinners are held in the brownstone house. The first night I attended, there were about 50 present, with eight at our table.

The young minister turned a dis-



\* See The Reader's Digest, October, 1952

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arming snile on me "I hope you won't be shocked at our membership," he chuckled "Steve, there, was one of our typical problem children He was an alcoholic and a drug addict "

And this is Steve's story One day in February 1949 he was at home suffering from a hangover; he happened to hear a young minister speaking on the radio and the talk impressed him Still in the haze of intoxication, Steve telephoned the minister A visit to the Rev Gordon Cosby's church study followed that same afternoon

It marked a turning point in Steve's life Behind him were 20 years of heavy drinking, five of drug addiction Four times he had tried to commit suicide, once he had almost died in gaol from respiratory collapse, alcoholic convulsions and delirium tremens Today, Steve is completely divorced from alcohol and drugs

He now makes a living for his wife and two children by selling pianos. And along with pianos Steve distributes Christianity "You have to give away Christianity in order to keep it," he explained to me. "Nobody can stay around this church long without wanting to pass on to other folks in trouble the help he's received."

How did Steve's cure come about?

"I had been courting death because I couldn't find life," Steve told me. "The first thing that attracted me to Gordon Cosby was that he

didn't sound pious The second was that nothing I could tell him shocked him And third, he seemed to care about me in an outgoing way Most of the love I'd known had been the clutching type "

Cosby conferred with Alcoholics Anonymous, which had been trying to help Steve Then for two months the pair met in the little chapel of the Church of the Saviour at nine o'clock each morning Together they prayed and tackled the problem of "no drinking," one day at a time

Also at our table were Sam, a young scientist and oceanographer Phil, who is in the diplomatic service, Ben, who drives a bread van, Betts, an interior decorator, Karl, who had spent 40 years as a sailor, many of them as a drunken sailor Almost all of them were people who had had "past" lives from which they were freeing themselves It was like a modern microcosm of the people who once gathered round Jesus of Nazareth—tax collectors, tradesmen, fishermen

The frankness with which they spoke about their old lives was revealing when one's past is forgiven by God and wiped out, no emotional trauma about it remains

Becoming a member of this church is difficult, candidates must take at least a year of group study and pass four courses Christian doctrine, Christian ethics, Christian growth and Bible study. This emphasis on severe standards grew out of Gordon Cosby's conviction that church

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membership these days is often too casual and easy. He feels that we need to honour God by loving Him with our intelligence, and to deserve Him by working to improve our lives. About 150 people are in varying stages of preparation for membership. So far, in seven years, only 67 people have made the grade. Even these members re-appraise each year the total commitment of their lives to Christ.

I asked Gordon Cosby how he had come to embark on this unusual experiment. The idea, he said, developed out of his war experience. After he had graduated in 1942 from the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, he served one church for a time, and then sailed for England in 1943 as chaplain in the U.S. 327th Glider Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division.

"I knew," he said, "that if I intended to bring the great truths of a healing Christianity home to modern men and women I had to get first hand knowledge of our civilization's greatest disease—war."

He got that first hand knowledge; his division saw D Day on the beaches of Normandy. During 33 continuous days of fighting in France, during the epic Christmas 1944 siege at Bastogne, the young chaplains went unarmed into battle with their men.

For rescuing 47 wounded men in one day and joining an assault company within 30 yards of enemy positions Cosby was twice decorated.

"Few soldiers were able to take months of campaigning like the Bulge or Bastogne without cracking up in some way," Gordon Cosby says. "A fair percentage of those boys had received everything their churches at home had to offer. Yet the spiritual resources just weren't there when they needed them most."

Gordon Cosby began to strengthen his men by building from within. His task was to help build small groups of soldiers to share Christian experiences in discussions and weekly prayer services. The men responded in an amazing way. Attendance at Sunday services doubled, then trebled.

In these years in Europe the guiding principles of Cosby's new church were hammered out, one by one. It would be non-denominational and inter-racial. It would not compete with any denomination, but would reach out for the unchurched. It would require certain minimum disciplines for membership, including study to ensure a literate Protestantism, and tithing—giving a minimum of one-tenth of one's income to the church. Most important, the small group idea, which had put so much power into religion among Cosby's GIs, would be carried over into the church.

These nurturing fellowship groups are now the nerve centres of the Church of the Saviour and a great part of the secret of its amazing vitality. Their members—rarely more than 12—study and pray to-

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gether once a week, share one another's joys and shoulder one another's problems.

Seven years ago there were six members of this church, with receipts in hand of \$30. Last year the budget was \$50,000. The church owns the 25-roomed Washington house and a 175-acre Retreat Farm for youth work in Maryland. Twenty per cent of the budget goes for help to others.

"How," I asked Gordon Cosby, "can 67 members do all that?"

"When God gets people's total lives," he answered, "of course He also gets their purses. None of our people are wealthy. But we have 75 individuals giving from ten to 30 per cent of their incomes."

You feel the outgoing friendliness of the group as soon as you enter the door. There is an easy-going camaraderie. All the members call their minister "Gordon." Yet he has the abiding respect of his people because he practises what he preaches and lives solely for other people.

In the beginning, Gordon put half his salary back into the work, and he continues to contribute a substantial amount. He puts in about 18 hours a day, much of it in personal counselling.

"Even one person and the quality of his living," Gordon Cosby told me earnestly, "makes a vital difference in the kind of world we're going to have in the future. Each of us counts. That's God's message. He teaches us that what we are and

what we do matter to Him and to the world. For example, I think of Meg. Surely she was worth saving."

Meg, the product of an unhappy broken home, quit secondary school after her second year. There followed ten years of a life so immoral as to be amoral. Men came and went. She drank heavily. There was an illegitimate baby, then finally marriage. Meg thought that marriage might change her. It didn't. She spent every Saturday night in a down-at-heel dance hall leading teenagers astray by her example. Her many extramarital adventures helped drive her husband to attempted suicide and a period in a psychiatric ward.

Then Meg came in contact with the people of the Church of the Saviour.

"At first I thought those people were crazy," she told me. "Then I didn't care what they were. I suddenly wanted what they had."

Gradually she got what they had. With the help of Gordon Cosby and the other new friends she made at the church she learned the healing forgiveness and the limitless strength of God. Forgiven and restored, Meg looked out on the world with new eyes. Her habitual gutter-snipe profanity died in her. Her marriage was saved.

The old cliché, "You can't change human nature," has its point. *You* can't change human nature, *I* can't change human nature. But God can, if we help Him.



## WEASELS IN THE CORN MEAL

*By Joseph Henry Jackson*

WHEN Marta came to us, complete with impeccable references, we knew we had a treasure. Her greying hair was neat, it framed a pink, plump, confident face. One child in the house, she said comfortably, was nothing, she took to our cat instantly, and it took to her.

Very early in the game my wife began to adjust herself to Marta's conversation, and was not as startled as she might have been when Marta told her that she had found weasels in the corn meal. It was good to know they had been discovered and promptly dealt with. "I got rid of 'em," Marta said briskly, "every single sanitary one!"

There remained one small worry. My mother-in-law, who had said, "I'll never be found with my feet under a son-in-law's table!" and meant it, lived down the street in her own bungalow. It would be Marta's duty to clean for her once a week, and on Tuesdays and Fridays to see that nourishing dinners were cooked there. On the first Tuesday, my wife took Marta to the bungalow, introduced her and left. It would work out or it wouldn't.

Marta came back smiling. She was frank about the little shingled bungalow—it was kind of ramble shack, she said. But the old lady was sweet, she put Marta in mind of that famous painting of Hitler's mother. It was nice to do things for people who didn't mind lending a hand, my mother-in-law had helped Marta wrench out the cups after the coffee, which showed she had her heart in the right end.

It was a pleasure to discuss things with her, too, she never went off on a tandem the way so many ladies did. They had much in common. Strawberries gave them both whelps all over their arms.

One thing had bothered Marta. The old lady ought to eat more. After that first day, Marta started carrying special dishes over to the bungalow. One night she took my mother-in-law the sweet in which she took the greatest pride—her Baked Elastic.



## THE READER'S DIGEST

We found that we were getting less and less of Marta's time. She was always just stepping over to see how things were, she said firmly that the old lady had told her to drop in for a snag whenever she felt like it. In the end, as might be expected, we lost our treasure.

It began when Marta reported that my mother-in-law had given her an old evening dress—black velvet, covered with Seagram's. The gift led directly to evening dances at the city's most popular Social Ballroom. There Marta met a man, and from that moment romance had the upper hand. She hadn't known him from Adams, she told us, but he had met her once before in southern California. They agreed that they really liked Los Angeles better. He was returning to his old job there, and he wanted Marta to go with him as his wife. She would have liked to stay with us, particu-

larly with my mother-in-law, but anybody knew that it was silly to cut off your nose in spite of your face.

In six short months, Marta was her own woman again. Perhaps it was because, as Marta had told my wife, he was a man who liked to step out, a great one for burning the camel at both ends. Or because he was the kind that carried things to the inch degree. Whatever the reason, she sent us a postcard telling us she had gone back to work for her old employers, the Trotts. She thought of us often, though, especially my mother-in-law, who had been a garden angel to her.

Despite her eccentric conversation, Marta was the best cook we'd ever had or are likely to have, and for a simple reason. Marta had been taught right. As she said, she knew the principles of homey cooking.

### *Where There's a Wife*

WHILE I was working in a departmental store, a young woman came in one day with some charge slips and asked me to send them to her husband. "We had a tiff," she explained, "and he moved out. When he sees these, I'm sure he'll come back."

"Sending your bills to him doesn't seem exactly the way to make him forgive and forget," I said dubiously.

"Oh, it isn't the bills," she replied with a smile. "It's what I bought."

I looked at the slips a second time and read  
2 Old-Fashioned glasses  
2 steak knives  
1 perfume  
1 bra and panty set  
1 nylon nightgown

There was a reconciliation, I learned later.

Contributed by L. A.

*The author of "The White Tower," an epic of the Matterhorn, returns a quarter of a century later to the scene of his climb*

## Middle Age Meets the Matterhorn

*By James Ramsey Ullman*

ALL IT a sentimental journey. In 1927, aged 19, I had climbed the Matterhorn during summer holidays. It had been one of the great experiences of my life. For years I had hoped that some day I would come back to it with one of my boys. And now, an even quarter of a century later, I was going to try it again—with my son Jim, aged 19.

The train crept up the steep Swiss valley towards the village of Zermatt, and the massive battlement of the Matterhorn came into view, its black tang clamped against the sky.

"I think it's grown some," I said to Jim.

The Matterhorn is more than a mere mountain. It is a monument and a legend. By the usual climbing route, it is not a "difficult" mountain. Indeed, it has been climbed by youngsters of 12 and oldsters in their 70s. To the guides it is known prosaically as "the meal ticket."

Still, it boasts a name and a lure matched by few other peaks in the world. This derives partly from its savagely spectacular appearance, partly from its equally spectacular history. Few human adventures can match the drama and tragedy of its first ascent, when Edward Whymper, after five years of trying, finally reached the summit in July 1865, only to have four of his six companions fall to death on the descent. Scarcely a year passes that men are not killed on it.

In 1927 I had climbed the Matterhorn on my second day in Zermatt; but now, in my middle age, I could no more have done that than have



## MIDDLE AGE MEETS THE MATTERHORN

swum the English Channel Fortunately, we had three weeks for our venture, of which the first two were to be used for lesser climbs and conditioning Jim, who had never climbed a mountain before, needed experience as much as I needed dekinking

We broke ourselves in easily on the paths upwards through a bright sub-alpine world of forests, meadows and rushing streams towards the bases of the peaks We ate chocolate and drank fresh milk at dozens of trailside inns We walked up past tinkling herds of cows, sheep and goats to the Alpine Club huts at the edge of the glaciers

Every Alpine district has its so-called "practice mountain" Zermatt's is the 10,000-foot Riffelhorn, and there we headed, after a few days, for our first real climbing Roped to our guides, we worked our way up and down over increasingly difficult routes The rocks bulged and nudged, finger and toe holds shrank alarmingly But it went well Jim did a normal amount of scuffing, slipping and sweating, but got where he was supposed to get and seemed to be enjoying it So far, so good, I thought contentedly, as we walked down towards the village

And then it happened A sharp pain shot through my right knee I stopped, flexed and rubbed it, resumed walking The pain was worse By the time we got back to Zermatt I was a cripple.

That was the beginning of the Great Collapse, for the next week I hobbled about the village, visited the doctor, went to bed with incantations and compresses Jim was patient, sympathetic—and obviously bored stiff I fretted and swore.

The doctor finally decided that what ailed me was rheumatoid arthritis (a nice senile disease, I thought grimly) and began a series of cortisone injections The shots worked—almost magically After the first, I got to the pictures without limping After the sixth and final shot, I could walk and climb as well as ever

Jim and I started up the Matterhorn gradually, with our guides, Emil and Alfons The first day we climbed only to the Schwarzsee Hotel, some 3,000 feet above Zermatt, on the second, to the Belvedere hut, 2,000 feet higher Around us, at the Belvedere, were only great tumbled boulders and the white sweep of glaciers Above was it—4,000 feet of rock pyramid tiering into the sky

In the Belvedere were three Austrians who had spent three nights and two days marooned by a storm in a tiny Solvay hut half-way up the peak The mountain had closed in on them, toyed with them—and let them go What they had been through showed in their faces. The others in the Belvedere were, like ourselves, on the way up. There were perhaps 20 of us altogether, in parties of two, three and four.

# KEROSINE

*a part of village life*

*Condensed  
from the Burmah-Shell News*



FOR half-a-century now the Kerosine lamp has been the friendly light burning quietly in the fastness of millions of Indian homes. As an illuminant Kerosine was first used in Asia around 1880, nearly 30 years after it had made its debut in the United States. To-day the dubbee (as the Kerosine lamp is popularly known) is the chief prop of village life in India.

Kasheli is one among thousands of such villages. It is about thirty miles from Bombay. The life in this village is just like any other village - quiet, peaceful and yet busy. For the villagers in Kasheli the cock's crow proclaims another working day. The dubbee burns for a brief period to light up the morning twilight, and Radhabai, a typical housewife, begins her day in the fields, weeding, sowing or harvesting, while her husband, Mahadeo Kamat, works in a sweetmeat shop.

Once a week--or every day if there is a Kerosine shop nearby--the villagers buy their Kerosine requirements. This is usually done at the end of the day when the villagers have earned their daily

wages. And so Radhabai wends her way, bottle in hand, to buy Kerosine.

Madhu is the Dealer. He is well known to the whole village. On the steps of his shop are two drums (4 gallons each). "Chukker" is Radhabai's favourite brand--she will not change it for anything. She is 40 years old, and "Chukker" has been used in her home for as many years.

Having got her requirements, Radhabai walks back to her hut and cleans her dubbee and trims the wick. Fresh Kerosine is put in which burns throughout the night.

The choice of Kerosine depends on a host of factors. In Kasheli the villagers use soot together with cow-dung to plaster their huts, and burning red kerosine helps them obtain this soot.

Kerosine has many uses in the village. Sometimes it is applied to heal a cut or wound, sometimes a few drops are sprinkled on damp cow-dung cake or firewood to set them alight easily.

Thus the dubbee and the Kerosine that gives life to it, holds pride of place in thousands of villages like Kasheli--giving light and warmth to the huts.

Burmah-Shell, one of the three major oil companies, distributed during 1952 in India 192,000,000 gallons of Kerosine.

At four the next morning Alfons woke us. There was little talk. Breakfast took five minutes. Then we were outside, roping up—Emil and Jim together, Alfons and I. It was cold, but not bitterly so. Scarves of mist wove round us but, above, the peak rose clear against the night.

“Ready?” asked Alfons

Off we went. With me, in the still darkness, went the memories, the hopes, the dreams of 25 years.

As we climbed up, up, up, gaps soon opened between the various parties. For the first half-hour I had considerable auxiliary exercise waving the others on past me. And then there were no more to wave. Jim and Emil and the rest were soon out of sight above. “Come on, move,” I told myself. And move I did. But at exactly the same pace as before.

“A short rest, Alfons?”

“In a few moments we will be at the Solvay hut.”

(Ten-minute interval.)

“Alfons, how about—”

“We are now almost there.”

The sun came up, bright but without warmth. And then suddenly there it was—a tiny cabin, on the lip of nothing. Alfons opened his pack. We ate some chocolate and drank tea laced with red wine. Then we started off again.

It can't get any steeper, I thought. But it did. It got steeper and steeper. “A little faster, perhaps,” Alfons suggested. I went slower. “Lean out more,” he said, “and

you will see better.” I leaned in, so as to see as little as possible.

Far for the Matterhorn, from Belvedere to summit, is usually reckoned at four hours. (In 1927 I had done it in exactly three hours and 54 minutes.) The speed record, I knew, was an incredible hour and a half. What the slowness record was I did not know, but it was obviously being threatened.

My legs no longer ached, but they seemed to have a pace of their own, beyond which no effort of will would drive them. And now, as we got higher, altitude began to have its effect. I had to stop every 20 or 30 paces and draw deep draughts of nothing into my lungs. I no longer bothered to call up to Alfons for a rest. I simply stopped.

Finally we reached the shoulder of the Matterhorn, a delicate snow ridge between the precipitous north and east faces, beyond which the summit knifes into the sky. Here begins the most difficult part of the climbing, and for the next half-hour Daddy was strictly not “doing it for fun.”

For a pitch of perhaps 300 feet there is a series of fixed ropes, up which you must pull yourself over steep and almost holdless rocks. The first rope went all right, the second not too badly, but by the third my arms were bars of lead and each breath was a major convulsion. My mittens slipped on the ice-glazed rope. I took them off, and my hands began to freeze. I put them back on



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and slipped again I needed rest. I *had* to rest But on the ropes you couldn't rest You had to keep pulling, or else

"You see," Alfons called down cheerfully, "it is child's play "

A few yards to the right, I knew, was the point from which Whymper's four companions had fallen 4,000 feet to their deaths "Will you *please* think of something else," I told myself savagely I thought of my arms and lungs I thought of the black, bitter taste in my mouth I thought "Am I out of my mind? What am I doing here anyhow? I should be sitting in a nice warm room at a nice solid desk, writing a book Dear Lord, just get me down off this horrible heap and I'll never climb anything again "

Then the ropes were behind us I looked up and thought "Not much farther . . ."

For hours Alfons and I had climbed in absolute solitude But now suddenly we were in the midst of a crowd—the rest of the climbers coming down For ten minutes there was much manœuvring and sidling, as we passed on the narrow freeway of the ridge Then Jim appeared, grinning He and Emil had made it to the top in the traditional four hours and had waited for me for 45 minutes "Then it just got too cold, Dad," he apologized

I grinned back Or at least I hope I did Then we squirmed past each

other, and he was gone. Alfons and I were alone again We put one hand above the other, one foot above the other "Not there," said Alfons, "there " I put it there. It was steep—terribly steep—and then not so steep and then not steep at all The snow under my boots was level When I looked up there was only the sun and the sky and Alfons turning with outstretched hand But I could not see his face, because suddenly, to my astonishment, my eyes were filled with tears.

WE HAD TAKEN just over five and a half hours to reach the summit. But it was not of hours I was thinking—it was of years—as I stood, for the second time, on that slender snow crest in the sky For a moment I was 19 again Not in my legs Not in my arms Not in my lungs But deep down beneath them, where I live And I know now, as I knew then, that I wouldn't exchange those moments for many in my life

That night, back at the hotel, Jim and I had a quiet, congratulatory drink Beyond the window the stars were bright, and the old heap stood up huge and black in its glory.

I raised my glass "Well, here's to seventy-seven," I said

"Seventy-seven?" Jim repeated.

"Nineteen-seventy-seven. With your kind co-operation. That's when we do it with my grandson."



# Man of the Family



*A condensation from the book by*  
**RALPH MOODY**

*"A story you will not forget," writes the New York Herald Tribune of this poignant account of a small boy's determination to be the "man of the family" after his father dies. The book is a sequel to the author's best-seller, Little Britches, condensed in the January 1951 Reader's Digest. "It is everything that Little Britches was," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "a heart-warming, frank, completely delightful narrative."*

*"Man of the Family" copyright 1951 by Ralph Moody is published by Peter Davies London*





## MAN OF THE FAMILY

WHEN Father died in 1910 Mother was left with practically no money and us five children. We had recently moved from an arid little ranch into the nearby town of Littleton, Colorado. I was 11 years old. Mother said to me, "Ralph, you are my man now; I shall depend on you."

It didn't seem to me that the man of a family should go to school. I wanted to work, as Father had, and make a living for the family. My brother Philip was eight and Hal was five, so they were too young to get jobs. Grace was 13 and Muriel was ten, but they were girls.

We had brought our mare, Lady, with us from the ranch. With her, I was sure I could find plenty of ways to make us a living—ploughing gardens, hauling things, riding range maybe. Then, of course, I already had my rabbit business, and our hens. I wanted to tell Mother right then about not going to school any more, but I felt it might be better to wait.

While I was getting dressed next morning I decided to go up to see Mr. Cooper, who had a big cattle ranch where I had worked the sum-

mer before. He had paid me \$20 a month, and had told me he'd give me work whenever Father didn't need me at home.

When I told Mother my plan she took hold of my hand and said, "Ralph, Father worked himself to death taking care of us, just because he never had proper schooling. I don't want you to do it." Then she swallowed and tried to smile. "It must be 15 miles up to Cooper's ranch. You'd never be able to go back and forth every day, and I must have a man at home nights."

I hadn't thought about Mother needing me at home nights. So I went to school.

But I kept trying to figure out some kind of business I could start around town. I was so busy thinking about it one day that I nearly got run over by half a dozen wild long-horn steers.

Stockmen driving their cattle either north or south had to take them right through Littleton in order to cross the Platte River. The stockmen hated Littleton. The cattle never would stay on the highroad, but kept turning off at the cross streets, or running into unfenced

gardens. It would take nearly a whole day to get some of the big herds through, and you could hear the cowboys swearing all over town.

This day, as soon as I saw those wild steers, I got an idea. I ran home, put the bridle on Lady, and, whistling for King, our black collie dog, went streaking up the lane bareback. I came out on to the River Road just as the foreman turned the leading steer down towards the bridge. He was talking to Sheriff McGrath, and I worked Lady up towards them slowly so as not to panic the leading steer.

When the sheriff saw me he called, "Come on over here, Little Britches. This here's Sid Gibson." Little Britches was all the name lots of people knew me by.

"Right sorry to hear about you losin' your paw," the sheriff said. "What you and your maw aimin' to do for a livin'?" Cal'lated you might go back to work for Len Cooper."

I said, "I'd like to, but I can't. Mother needs a man at home nights." Sid Gibson looked round at me kind of funny, and I saw the sheriff wink at him.

Just about then one of the cowboys on the next corner started hooting, and a dozen steers dodged past him. They went tearing up the alley behind the livery stable. King and I got to the corner before the steers did, and after we'd driven them back to the highroad I went back to where I'd left the foreman and the sheriff. The foreman was

swearing like a mule skinner. "A man's got to carry half a dozen extra hands to wrangle a herd through this damn town. Hundred dollars all shot to hell in a hand-basket!"

That fitted right in with my idea. I figured I might get a stockman to pay me to help him through town. I knew I wouldn't have any trouble getting ten boys to help me watch the cross streets for 25 cents a day.

As soon as Sid said "hundred dollars," I crowded Lady right up close to his horse, and hollered, "I'll bet I know how to save you \$90!"

Sid shoved his hat back on his head and grinned. "All right, cow poke," he said, "fire away." So I told him what I'd figured out.

As soon as I'd finished he said, "Little Britches, you've made yourself a deal. I'll be drivin' back this-a-way 'bout October 10."

Then I kicked my heels into Lady, and went to school as fast as I could. At noon I talked to the other kids. All the boys—and even some of the girls—wanted to work for me.

When I got home Carl Henry's chestnut team was tied out in front. Carl had been one of our neighbours when we lived on the ranch. Mother and Carl stopped talking when I came in, and I could tell something was up from the look on Mother's face.

"Draw up a chair, Son," she said. "Carl and I have just been talking about his lovely Jersey cows. He tells me that one of them would

## MAN OF THE FAMILY

give us all the milk and butter we would need. You could take care of a cow all right, couldn't you?"

Of course I could take care of a cow. So I said, "Well, I'd thought we might get a cow this fall, after I'd earned some money. There's plenty of grass and clover along the river. I can cut it for hay, and haul it home with Lady. By fall I could get enough to last a cow and Lady all winter."

Mother cleared her throat, then leaned over and put her hand on my knee. "Carl and I have been talking about trading Lady for the cow," she said. "You see, Son, keeping Lady would be quite an expense. She should have grain every day, and Carl says the cow won't need any during the summer."

It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. A lump as big as a cantaloupe came up into my throat and I couldn't say a word. I didn't cry, but my eyes stung. And I couldn't look at either Mother or Carl.

"Maybe this would work out better," Carl said. "You know I lost one of my horses this spring, and I'm going to need another during haying. But how would it be if you just loaned me your mare and I loaned you my cow?"

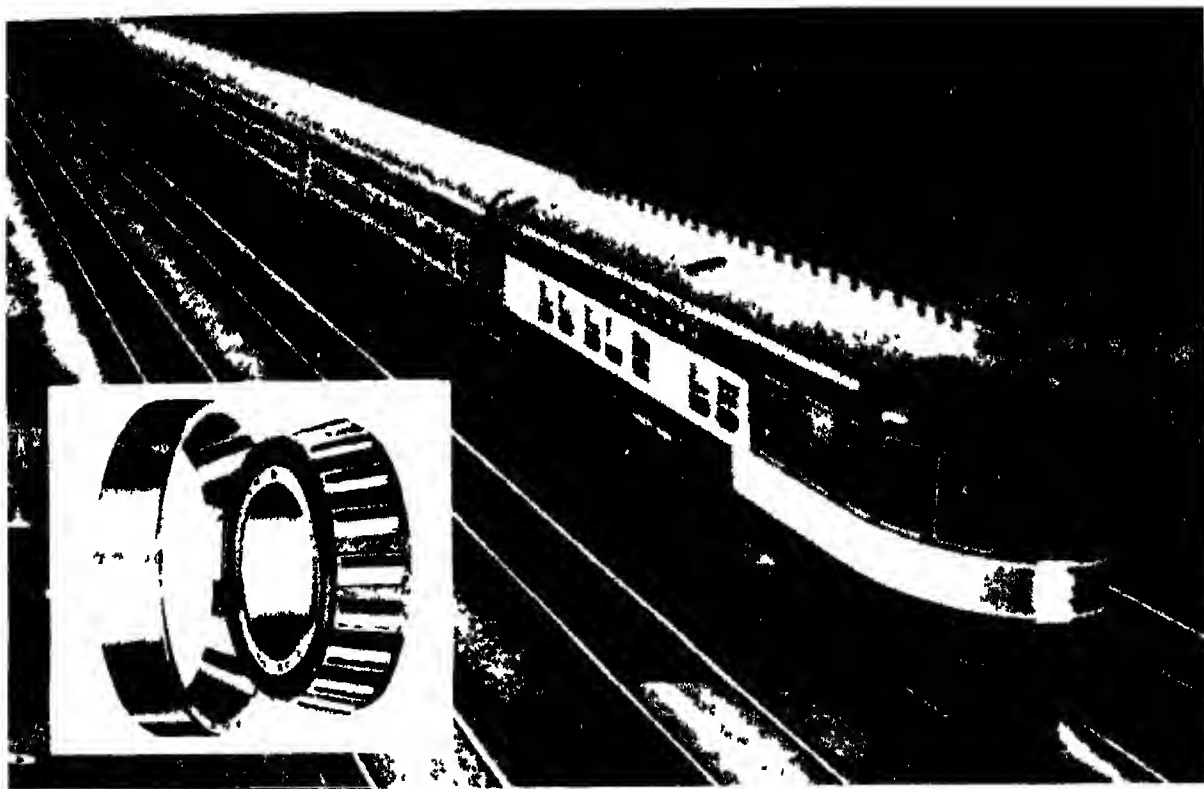
I had been so scared of losing Lady for ever that anything else sounded good to me. I stuck my hand out towards Carl and said—as well as I could round the lump—"It's a deal." Then I ran out to the

barn as fast as I could. I gave Lady a quart of the hens' cracked corn, and I curried and brushed her till she was as smooth and shiny as velvet. Then I went off; I didn't want to be there when Carl took Lady away.







MOTHER knew how to cook really good things to eat—from just common groceries. One Monday when I came home after school I saw that she and Grace had been cooking all day. The food was all laid out—piping hot—on the table, and the kitchen was hotter than Tophet.

"Ralph, I am giving you a very responsible job," Mother said. "We've got to begin making our own living, and we must make it through things we can do at home. Do you think you could go from door to door with these samples of food and see if we could get enough orders to make it worth while?"

I nodded, and Mother went on, "You can take them in Hal's little wagon, pull it up to the back doors and ask the ladies if they would like to try your mother's cooking. I'll write the prices down. Baked beans 15 cents a quart. Brown bread, five-pound lard pail size, ten cents. Doughnuts ten cents a dozen, and apple pies 20 cents each. That may sound high for an apple pie, when they're selling for only ten cents in the stores, but you point out to them that my pies are larger and have a lot more apple in them.



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## MAN OF THE FAMILY

Mother heated a plank in the oven and put it in the bottom of Hal's wagon to keep everything warm. Then we loaded the cookery into it

I didn't get home till way after dark, and it didn't look as if I was any good as a salesman. Mother asked me if I'd had any trouble, and I was so mad I didn't know what I was saying. "Yes, I had plenty," I almost hollered, "and I don't like to do business with women. They're piggy and stingy and cheaters—most all of them. I only got \$3 30 worth of orders, and they ate up all the doughnuts and more than half of the beans and brown bread. And the ones that ate the most said it was too dear. And that fat old Mrs. . . "

That's as far as I got. "There, there," Mother said. "You're all tired out and hungry. Why, it seems to me you did pretty well for your first day. We only have to sell \$20 worth a week. It's half profit and that will give us \$10. That's all we need to live on." Mother rubbed her hand up and down on the back of my neck. "Now you sit down," she said, "and let me warm up your supper before you milk our new cow."

Our new cow was a good one. Her back wasn't any higher than my head, and we named her Duck-legs because her legs were so short. Her bag was so big it came within a foot of the ground, and she gave about 12 quarts at a milking. We couldn't use it all, so we decided to sell the extra for five cents a quart.

I had a lot more luck finding milk customers the next morning than I'd had selling beans and brown bread. Grace had written out some coupons—"Good for One Quart of Moody's Jersey Milk"—and put them in little packs of 20 each. All I had to do was to get a dollar and give the customer a pack of coupons. It worked fine. By ten o'clock I was all out of coupons, and had \$8 to take home to Mother.

The next day when I went out with some more cookery samples I had a lot more luck too. I got a lot of orders. When it was nearly dark, I stopped to figure up how much, and it came to \$16. I was afraid Mother'd kill herself if she tried to make any more cookery than that, so I ran home with the orders as fast as I could go without tipping the wagon over.

That night Mother took her Wedgwood sugar bowl down off the clock shelf—that was where she always kept the money—and counted the money over twice. Then she said, "Mmm, mmmm. My! Only \$9 85! I didn't realize we were quite so close, but the material for those samples took more than I planned on. And \$8 of this doesn't really belong to us yet. It won't until we've delivered all the milk for the coupons. . . "

Mother sat pinching her lip for a moment, then she went on. "I'll have to go down and see Mr. Shellbarger at the store the first thing in the morning. If I show him all these

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orders, I'm sure he will give us credit until Saturday. But, Ralph, you'll have to stop in and pay him just as soon as you finish your deliveries, we are *not* going to run up any grocery bill!"

So after I made the cookery deliveries on Saturday I stopped in and paid the grocery bill. Mr. Shellabarger was big and fat, with a red face and a white moustache. After he'd marked the bill "Paid," he looked at me over the tops of his glasses, and said, "You gotta dog at home? I give you some scraps." He went into his meat box and brought out a package as big as my head.

There was only \$2.15 left after I paid the bill, and I hated to go home and tell Mother. She didn't feel bad about it, though. We were all standing by the kitchen table, where I had poured out the money that was left. Mother stooped down and put her arms round the whole five of us, the way a hen puts her wings round her chickens when it starts to rain. "Don't you see?" she said. "All our groceries for the week are paid for and we have money left over!"

Then Mother opened the scraps Mr. Shellabarger had given me for King. "Why, Ralph!" she said. "You've picked up someone else's package."

"No," I told her, "I didn't. He put it right in my hands."

"But it's all little chunks of good red meat," Mother said. "He didn't intend it for King at all. Oh, everybody is so good to us!"

ONE MORNING Dutch Gunther and I were walking to school together. We were a little late—and it was a lucky thing, too. When we were going past her house, Mrs. Roberts came out and called to us. She said a stockman had telephoned to say that a herd of cattle was moving north on the highroad.

I put my fingers between my teeth and whistled as loud as I could for King. Then I told Dutch to get the fellows together while I went out to make a deal with the drover.

I had to get a horse somewhere. The first one I thought of was Eva Snow's Pinto, that she always drove to school with an old buggy. I'd never seen anybody try to ride him, but I didn't think about that as I ran to the schoolyard. I just thought that Eva'd be glad to rent him to me for 25 cents.

Pinto still had his harness on. When I ripped it off and piled on to his back he went crazy. Before we were out of the schoolyard I went flying, but I held on to the halter rope and managed to get on again. Then Pinto crow hopped, but he didn't buck any more, and when I smacked him with the halter rope we took off down the highroad lickety-split.

The railway ran beside the highroad. The herd had broken down the barbed wire fence between the road and the tracks, and I could see cattle coming into a railway cut in a high hill. Three or four riders were among them, swinging ropes and



swearing so loud I could hear them above the bawling of the cattle. They were trying to turn the herd back, but weren't having any luck.

When I kicked Pinto through a hole in the fence and rode up to the trail boss with King at my heels, the trail boss yelled, "Get the hell outta here with that dog before you stampede the stock!"

I was so excited I yelled right back, "You won't have any stock to stampede if you don't get them out of this cut before the mail train comes through! It's about due!"

I'd been trying to think what Father would do if he had cattle in that kind of fix. By this time I knew, so I hollered, "Don't try to turn these steers back! Send your men over the hill to cut 'em off at that end, then drive these out this way!"

He started bellowing like a bull in a cattle chute and waving his arm for the men to follow him over the hill. I rode Pinto up on to the track where King and I could head the cattle down off the grade as they came through the cut. Less than two minutes after the drivers brought the last cattle out of the cut, I saw the mail train coming.

When the train went by, sweat was pouring off both the trail boss and his horse. It wouldn't be right to put down what he said about those cattle, or fences, or the railway, or Littleton. I waited till he'd cooled off some, then I told him about having ten boys to help me,

and that we'd see his herd safe through town for \$10.

"It's a hold-up," he hollered. Then he grinned at me, and said, "I reckon I already got \$10 worth of good outta you, but you ain't goin' to get it till your outfit sees me clean through town."

We had a dickens of a time. By the time Dutch and I got back there with the boys, cattle were scattered along the highroad for a couple of miles, and had broken through fences in a dozen different places. It was almost three o'clock before we had them rounded up and headed into town. And I was scared half silly. By then the cattle were drier than road dust, and I was afraid they might stampede for the river.

Just as we came into town, school let out. I saw kids come boiling out of the schoolyard, and sent Dutch kiting down there to tell the bigger ones to get on the river side and help us. The girls were best of all. I guess those cattle had never seen girls before, and they were afraid of them. All the girls had to do to head them off was to flap their skirts—and they did a good job of flapping. There were over 900 cattle in that herd, and not one of them got away. By six o'clock we had them all through town and headed west.

When the drive boss shook hands with me there was something hard in his hand. "You done all right," he said. "Some of them boys is goin' to make cow hands." Then he winked at me, and said, "Them

girls is all right, too. Bein' you, I'd see they got a treat. Same deal for you and me in October?"

I said, "Yes, sir." And when I took my hand away there was a \$10 gold piece in it.

We took it up to Shellabarger's store and broke it. I thought some of the boys ought to get more than 25 cents, but Dutch said it would only spoil them. But he did let me give him half a dollar for being my foreman.

We decided on lollipops for the girls. They were five for a cent, and Mr. Shellabarger passed us out the whole box without even bothering to count them. Then I took Pinto back to the schoolhouse and gave Eva half a dollar for using him.

When I got home I gave Mother the \$6 I had left and told her how I'd got it. At first she just looked at the money as if she didn't believe it was real, then she broke down and cried like she often did when she was real happy.

Father had always patted Mother on her shoulder when she cried. I tried to do it the same way, and she stopped sobbing. Tears were still running down her cheeks, but her face was smiling when she looked up. "Do you realize, Son, this is as much money as lots of men earn in a week? We'll put it right away towards the rent." Then she hugged me against her so hard it made my ribs hurt. "Oh, Ralph, I don't want you to have to be a man yet—but I'm so proud of you!"

SOON after school closed that summer, Sheriff McGrath said to me: "Whyn't you go to pickin' cherries? Ernie Ballard's goin' to start Monday mornin'. You go see him an' I'll put in a word for you."

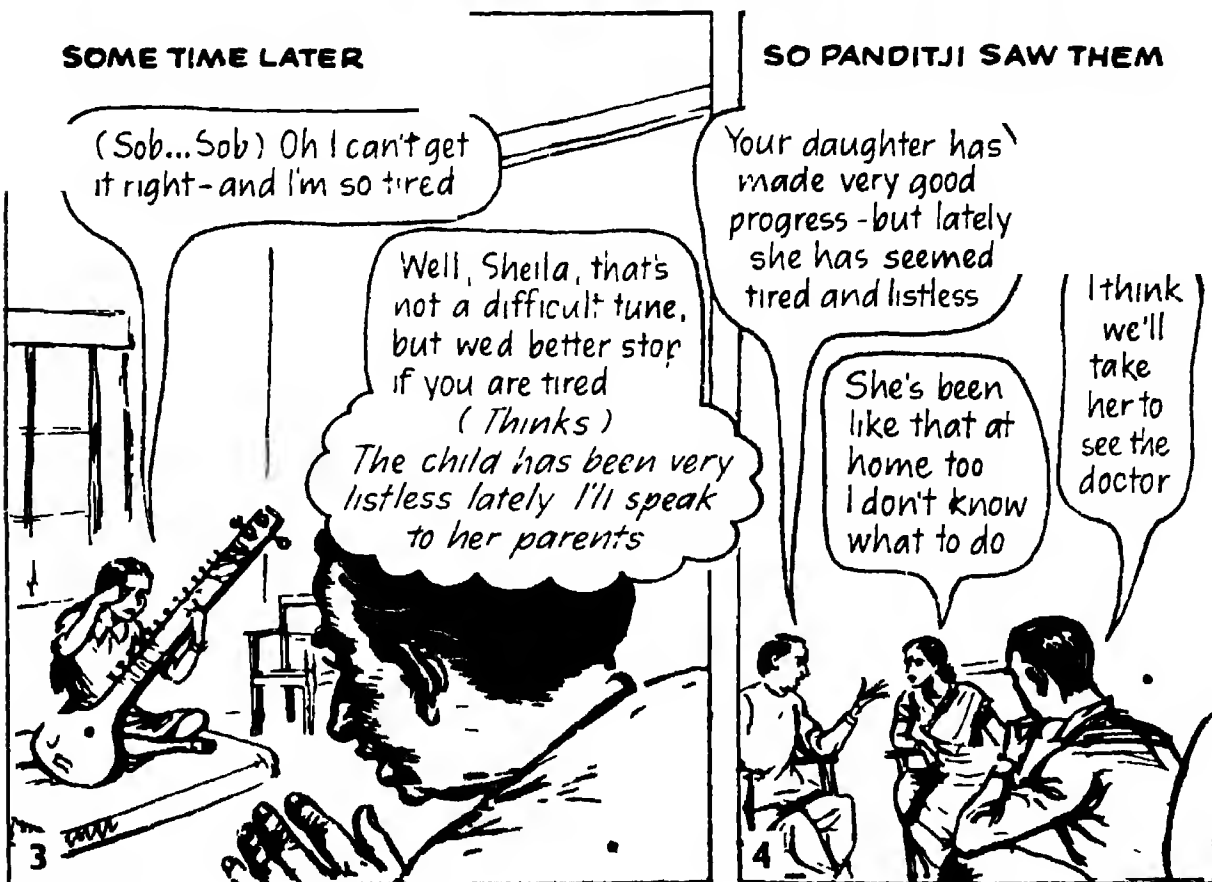
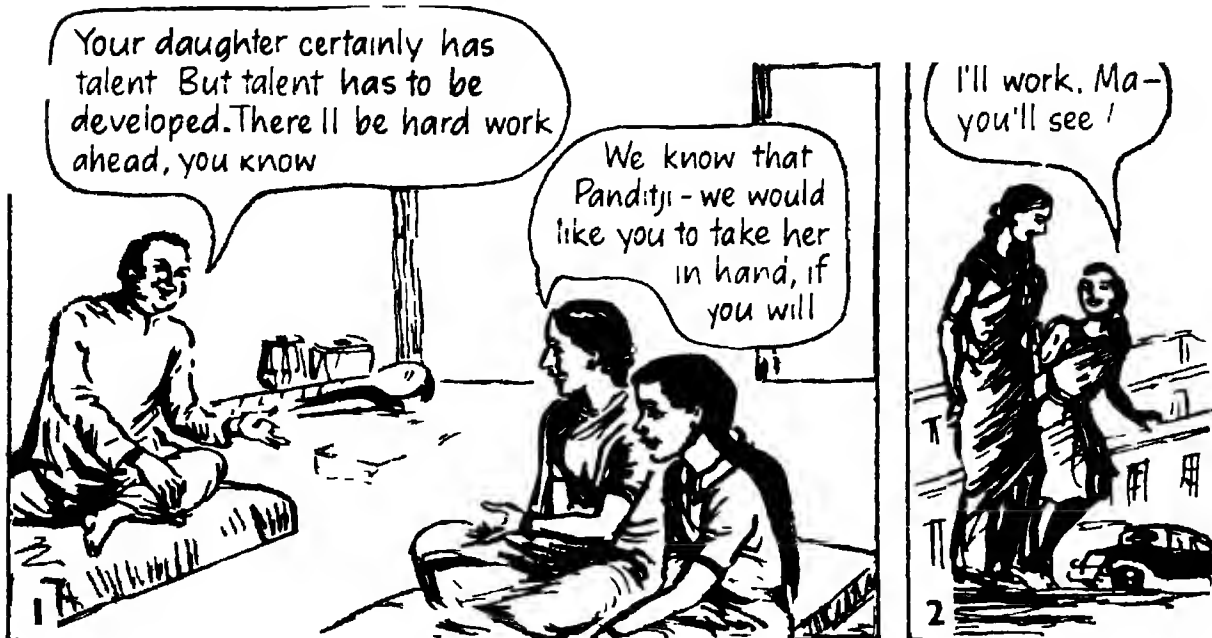
Ernie Ballard was foreman on Gallup's ranch, up on the hill east of town. I tried to get jobs for all of us, but Ernie said he didn't want any flock of little kids breaking down his trees and eating six cherries for every one they boxed. But he'd let me try my hand because the sheriff said I was a steady worker.

I didn't do too well my first day at Gallup's. I wasn't tall enough to reach the high limbs, and all the ladders were too heavy for me to move around. I only picked six boxes of cherries all day, and some of the other pickers filled as many as a dozen. But after I went to bed that night it came to me all in a flash what to do about the ladders.

The next morning I was up by half-past four, and made myself some stilts like Father had once fixed for Grace and me on the ranch. I put leather toe-loops on the footrests, and tacked on straps to fasten above my knees. Then I nailed an old belt to the top ends, so I could buckle it round my chest and leave my hands free for chërry picking. After half an hour's practice I could walk with them pretty well.

Ernie Ballard didn't like the idea of my stilts at first, said he didn't want any monkeyshines. I had to

# talent alone was not enough...



### THE DOCTOR TOLD THEM

Growing children use up energy very rapidly, and if their food does not give them sufficient nourishment to replace used-up energy they become tired and listless. Give Horlicks to Sheila every day for the body-building and energy-creating nourishment she needs.



5

### SO SHEILA HAD HORLICKS EVERY DAY



6

### AFTER SOME TIME

Sheila practices a lot these days and still seems to have energy for other things as well.

I'm so glad she's got back her energy and enthusiasm.



7

### LATER THAT YEAR AT THE MUSIC CONFERENCE

The gold medal for sitar playing goes to Miss Sheila Rao.

I knew she'd be a success.

She's wonderful.

Horlicks will always be a part of my daughter's training.



8

### Why the doctor recommends Horlicks



"Quite apart from the fact that active growing children need extra nourishment to keep pace with their energy requirements, the trouble is that their ordinary meals often do not give them adequate nourishment to keep them fit and healthy. That's why I always tell parents not only to watch their children's diets but to make doubly sure that they get sufficient nourishment by giving them Horlicks. Horlicks is just what children need because it contains the body-building nourishment of rich, full-cream cow's milk *plus* the energising extracts of wheat and malted barley."

## HORLICKS

*gives extra nourishment*

HL 3687

*restores energy*

show him how well I could manage the stilts and how high I could reach. So he let me try using them. I picked 14 boxes of cherries that day.

That night, when I was ready to leave, Ernie said, "Any other of you kids at home that can walk on stilts as good as you can?"

I said, "Sure, Grace is better on them than I am." He told me to bring her along.

I made Grace's stilts the same as mine, and she could soon use them fine. Grace was better at most everything than I—except horses. Even her first day she picked 16 boxes of cherries to my 15. By Friday night Ernie Ballard was so pleased that he said we could bring Philip and Muriel with us on Monday.

They got shorter stilts and we all worked together. Grace and I picked from the higher limbs while Philip and Muriel picked the lower ones. Then we'd all move the ladder around so I could go up and clean the very top of the tree. We picked one tree at a time, and we picked it clean.

All together, we picked nearly 450 boxes. When the trees were all picked Mr. Gallup gave us a cheque for \$50, and ten boxes of cherries to take home to Mother for canning!

Because they'd never earned any money before, we let Philip and Muriel draw straws to see which one would give the cheque to Mother, and Muriel won. When we got home Muriel went running up the steps, flapping the cheque in her

hand and squealing, "Look what we got, Mother; look what we got! *Fifty dollars!*"

For about half a minute Mother looked stunned. Then she put both her hands over her face and began to laugh and cry all at the same time.

Grace made her sit down and put a cold towel on her forehead, but she was still catching her breath when, finally, she said, "Oh, children, you don't know what a load this takes off my mind." Then she smiled, and drew us all in close to her. "Father must be proud, *proud*, of the way his children are taking care of their mother. . . . And I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll all go down in the morning and put this right in the bank. Won't it be wonderful to have money in the bank?"

Strawberries followed right after cherries. And I didn't have to ask Ernie if the others could pick. He wanted them to. We were the first pickers that Ernie started, and we made the last picking of the season. We couldn't make quite so much money a day as we did on cherries, and it was a lot harder work, but the strawberries lasted longer. Mr. Gallup paid us every week, and the cheque would be for \$21 or \$22.

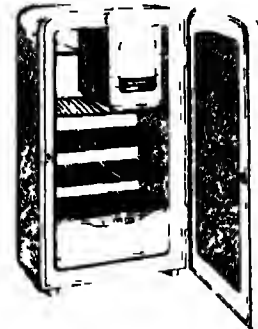
We children all went together every time we put a cheque in the bank.

ON July 4, Independence Day, I wanted to go to the fairgrounds all by myself. I knew the cowboys from Cooper's would be there, and I was

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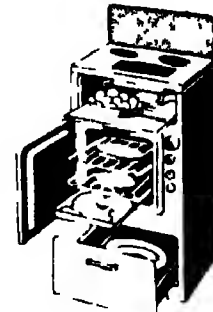
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homesick for the ranch—and for horses. I wondered if the men would remember me—especially Hi. He was Cooper's range foreman, the one who really taught me to handle a horse and the one I'd done trick-riding with last year.

I think Mother guessed how I felt. The night before, I was sure she'd tell me I couldn't ride any horses, and I talked about most anything else, just to keep her from it. But she only said she'd worry if I planned to do any trick-riding, because I was out of practice. "I can't have anything happen to you . . . You will be careful, won't you?"

Mother seemed terribly tired and her voice was almost flat. But then she smiled, and she said, "Ralph, I do want you to have a good time. Grace will bring the other children in the afternoon, but why don't you go early in the morning?" Then she gave me half a dollar and said, "A man should have some money in his pocket when he goes to a roundup."

I got to the fairgrounds and climbed up on the fence of the bronc corral. There were nearly 40 buckers inside, and I was studying them when all at once I was yanked right off the fence. It was Hi. He swung me clear around him by one leg, and then tossed me up on his shoulder. "By doggies, it's old Little Britches himself," he hollered. "How you been, pardner?"

I couldn't answer Hi. He'd pretty near swung all the wind out of me,

and besides, I just couldn't say a word.

Hi put me down then, and said, "Betcha my life you can't guess what I got over to the barn corral."

I could guess—my favourite horse. I was so excited that my voice went all squeaky. "Is it Sky High?" I asked.

"You're danged right, it's Sky High," he chuckled.

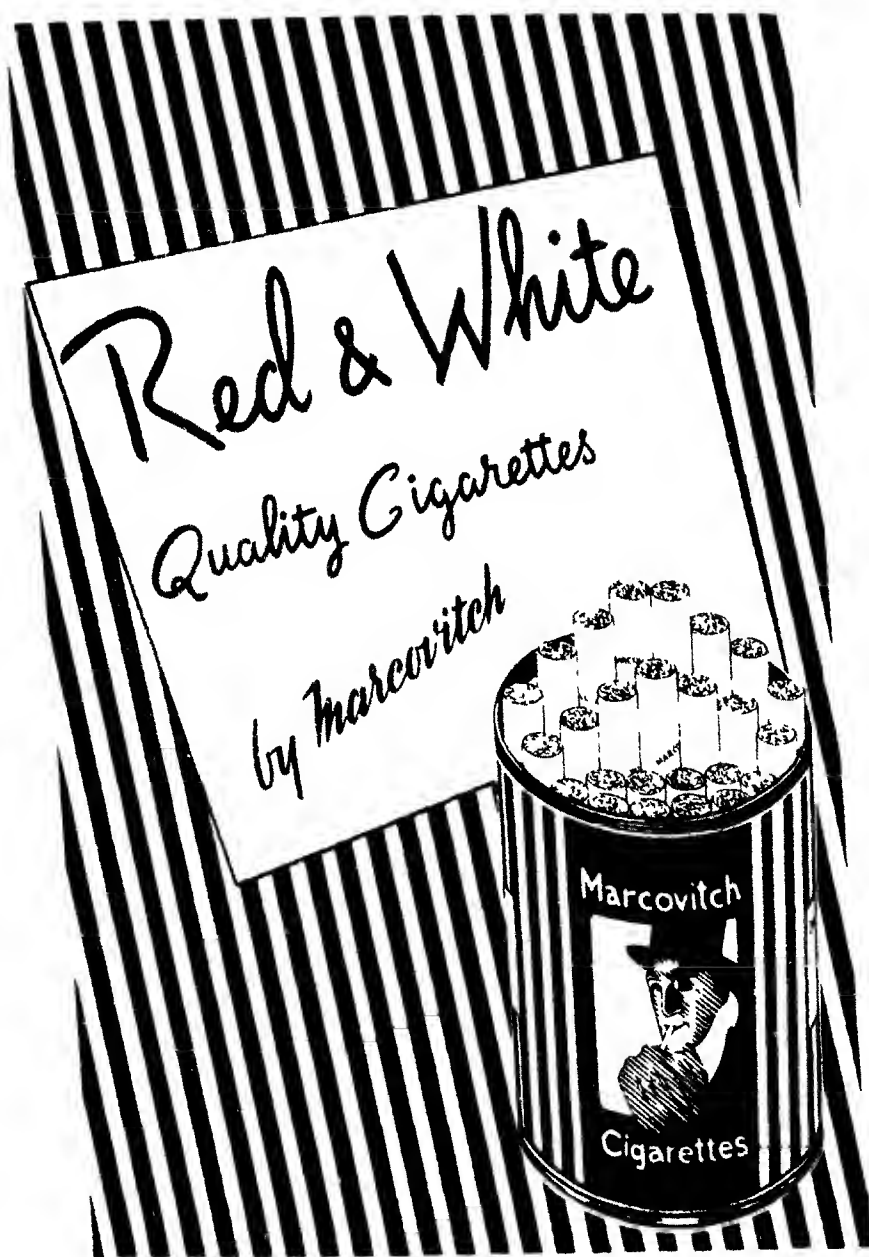
Sky High was way over across the corral when we came up, but he lifted his head when I called to him. He nickered softly, then trotted over to the bars.

Hi said, "Ain't that purty? Actin' jest like a old range mare that's found her lost colt." By then I was astraddle of the top bar, and Sky High put his muzzle right up in my lap.

By that time Mr. Cooper and a whole bunch of the Y-B fellows—that was the name of Cooper's ranch—had come up. They were all talking about a bay gelding that Fred Aultland had brought in from Kansas. They said he could run a quarter of a mile like lightning across a hot stove. Tom Brogan was going to ride him in the \$100-stake race, and all the fellows were going to bet on him.

The men were saddling Fred's bay for a work out, and everybody was trying to tell Tom Brogan how to ride him. I yelled over to them, "I'll bet Sky can beat him any old time."

They all laughed, then Fred



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Aultland said, "Let Little Britches ride along with you while you're warming him up, Tom. Might keep the bay from getting nervous till he gets used to the lay-out here."

The first time round the track we just let the horses canter along easy, to loosen them up. Sky loped along beside the bay as easy as a greyhound. While we were going round the second time, Jerry Alder marked off a starting line, and stood there with his six gun. When the gun went off you'd have thought both horses had been shot out of a cannon.

The bay was away first, but only by half a length. By the time we had gone 50 yards, though, he was way out in front. The bay was running with a short chop, his legs going like piston rods. Sky was taking a long, pounding gait, with his head stretched out like a wild goose in flight. I had to do something to make Sky take shorter strides and more of them.

I stretched out along his neck with my head right up close to his ears, and started to talk to him. I just kept saying, over and over, "Come on, come on, come on," right in time with the beat of his hoofs. Then I started saying it just a little bit faster. I didn't yell, but just said it easy—the way Hi always talked to a horse.

The bay kept well in front most of the way. Then I yelled, "Go, Sky!" and hit him with the lines. He did go, too—and all the time I

kept on saying, "Come on, come on, come on."

The quarter of a mile was just barely long enough for us. We didn't win by more than a nose.

Hi slapped his leg and yelled, "By doggies, Little Britches, I thought you was goin' to get your own head acrost the finish line in front of old Sky's. What the hell was you sayin' to that horse?"

The bay didn't win in the real race either. Mr. Batchlett's chestnut did, by half a length. Mr. Batchlett was the big cattle trader around Littleton. I guess he'd had a few drinks, because when he came over to collect he told Fred his bay was no good, that a heifer calf could outrun him any day. They had to hold on to Fred to keep him from taking a swing at Mr. Batchlett, and I thought there was going to be a free-for-all fight. But then Hi got the idea of having a match race between the two horses as soon as the fair programme was over.

A while before the race Fred and Hi took me over and bought me a barbecue sandwich. Hi said, "Little Britches, you're going to ride Fred's bay, but you got to look out for yourself: Batch is putting that Le Beau kid on his chestnut and he's a tough hombre. You be dog-gone careful 'bout gettin' in close agin him. But if you talk to the bay like you done to old Sky, you can give that Frenchie plenty of room and still win. You watch out for him, though."

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And Fred Aultland said, "That's right You understand, Little Britches, this ain't no life-and-death race There's quite a chunk of money bet on it all right, but if Le Beau starts makin' it tough for you, drop back There ain't no race worth gettin' hurt for "

I knew Le Beau He was small but tough as whang leather He'd been in fights in every saloon in town, but he could ride anything with four legs

"Don't worry about me," I said "I'll keep clear of him "

Half the men in the county were ganged up around the track gate when Le Beau and I rode out, and they sounded like a flock of magpies I never learned how much money was bet on that race But our fellows bet all they could, and I think most everybody else did, too

Hi walked along beside the bay and me with his hand on my knee It was shivering, but the more I tried to hold it the more it shook Hi kept soft-talking to me all the way, just the way he'd have done with a frightened horse, but all I can remember of it is, "Don't take no chances, Little Britches, don't take no chances."

Le Beau won the toss and took the inside position against the rail. Both horses broke together at the gun, and went down the back stretch neck and neck I kept the bay a good four feet out away from the chestnut. As we came into the turn I still kept out a couple of feet,

and the chestnut started to pull away from us The bay was doing the very best he could, but I stretched up along his neck and picked up the beat of his hoofs and began calling, "Come on, come on," to him But the chestnut kept inching ahead of us till, at the head of the stretch, his tail was right even with my shoulder

I was so busy talking to the bay that I forgot what Hi had told me about keeping clear, and we came into the straightaway very close to the chestnut The bay started to gain, and as the chestnut's tail slipped back past my shoulder I saw Le Beau turning towards us The next second his whip cut my bay across the muzzle

The bay trembled, then surged forward angrily till his head was even with Le Beau's knee Then we got it Le Beau turned and spat half a cupful of tobacco juice right into my horse's eyes I got my share, too, right in the eyes The bay side-jumped, and I nearly went out of the saddle, but he didn't break his stride All I could see was he blurred grandstand With my mouth right up against the bay's pinned back ears I started to yell, "Go! Go! GO!" at him

He did go, as I never knew another horse to go in my life The crowd sounded like a stampeding herd My eyes were burning, but I blinked them open and saw the blurred white lines of the outside rail at my right I pulled on the nigh

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rein so we wouldn't scrape it. And the next moment Hi's arm looped round me and scooped me off on to his saddle pommel.

I didn't even know we had won until he held me on his knees by the pump and Fred Aultland poured cold water over my eyes. Mr. Batchlett was there, too; he was leaning over me, and his voice was almost as soft as a woman's. "Poor little devil," he kept saying. "Never seen such guts in horse and man in all my days!"

I wasn't really hurt; it was just that my eyes stung. And after a while they felt better. As Hi and I walked together out towards the gate, Hi told me that Mr. Batchlett had his eye on me now that I'd won the race, and that he could throw lots of jobs my way. "Batch ain't a mean hombre," Hi said. "By doggies, I wisht you could have seen him peel that Le Beau kid off'n his chestnut and slap the whey out of him. No, sirree, old Batch he don't stand for them kinda tricks."

**T**HAT July was really hot. It was bad enough for me on the days I weeded Mr. Wilke's market garden, but at least I could get a whiff of air. It was Grace and Mother who really got the worst of it. The kitchen was as hot as inside an oven. And the hotter it got, the bigger my cookery orders grew. I think most of the ladies in Littleton must have stopped cooking altogether.

Sometimes when Mother straight-

ened up from the oven she put both hands on her back, and she looked much older. Her face and shoulders were much thinner, but she looked saggy round the middle, as though she had sort of melted and run down. "I'm afraid you're going to kill yourself, working so hard over that hot stove," I said.

Mother dropped her hands from her back, pulled herself up straight, and said, "No. No. I'm perfectly all right." Then she smoothed her apron down, and said, "My, my! I've become so careless about myself since Father died. I must get a new pair of corsets, these are getting all stretched out of shape."

It took nearly half an hour to load the cookery wagon that day—26 lemon pies, 22 dozen doughnuts, 16 apple pies, beans and brown bread. To hold the cookery I had put shelves in apple boxes and it took our whole clothesline to tie them on. When it was loaded, Mother said, "This is going to be the most profitable load we've ever had," and she sent Grace along to help Philip and me.

The load was high so that every little rough place would make it sway. Philip pulled the wagon, and Grace and I each pushed on a back corner, balancing the load as we pushed. Everything went all right until we came to a turn in the road. Then the load began to sway towards my side, and Grace came running round to help me. Maybe we pushed too hard. The load



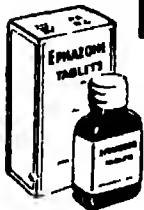
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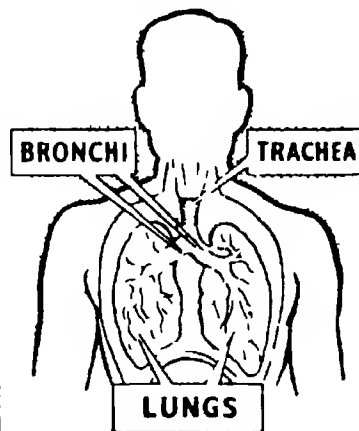


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rocked back the other way, teetered, then crashed to the ground, spilling every single thing on the wagon!

Grace and Philip stayed there while I went home to tell Mother. I don't know when I ever hated to do anything so much. She was lying down on the parlour sofa, but when she saw my face she quickly sat up. "What's the matter, Son? Did the wagon break down?" She wasn't cross, and she said it as quietly as she'd have said, "Is it cloudy?"

I don't think I'd have cried if she'd been cross, but to have her so gentle was what did it. I don't remember kneeling down by her, but I do remember her brushing my hair back with her hand, and saying, "Now, now, Son. That's no way for a man to act. Why, every business has its setbacks. Now you just gather up the food in pails for the chickens, then tell your customers that we had a little accident and can't fill their orders today."

I suppose I loved Mother as much every day as I did that one, I just didn't think so much about it. All the way along the route I kept thinking about her not scolding me, and remembering how tired and sagged down she had looked. Before I got to the last house I knew just what I was going to do.

I had some money I had collected from Mr. Wilke for weeding, and I headed straight for the One Price Cash Store. I told Mrs. Richards, who worked there, that I wanted to buy a pair of corsets for my

mother, the kind they had in the window for a dollar. She looked at me kind of funny, then she said, "Oh, you're Mrs. Moody's little boy, aren't you? Your mother is . . . your mother has been getting rather stout lately, hasn't she?"

"No, she hasn't," I told her. "She's just been so busy since Father died her old corsets got all stretched out over the hot stove."

When I got home with her new corsets, Mother's eyes got teary. She laid them back in the box and said she was going to put them away for Sunday best. I was afraid I hadn't got the right kind, but she said they were exactly what she would have bought herself, only she'd have taken the 89-cent kind instead of spending a whole dollar.

So I WAS JUST after that that we got our horse, Lady, back, since the cookery business was making money and deliveries were getting too large for our little wagon. With Lady and the spring wagon the cookery route was easy for Philip and me, but Mother and Grace were working till they were nearly ready to drop. Mother was having dizzy spells, too, and every time she straightened up from the oven she'd bite her lip and put both hands to her back.

Then one Saturday she said, "You tell the ladies that you won't be making your deliveries for the next couple of weeks, the Moodys are going to take a little holiday."

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That's all she said and it sounded funny to Grace and me. And she certainly didn't act as if she was starting any holiday. She worked as hard as she could that day, house cleaning. And all day Monday it was washing clothes and ironing.

Grace and I were really worried. "Have you noticed how she gets those dizzy spells?" Grace said. "You know; it could be that something's happened to her head from cooking so much over the hot stove."

When we asked Mother to see a doctor she said, "Good heavens, no! All I need is a little rest and quiet."

Mother did stay in her room for the next two days, but I don't think she did very much resting. Grace said she was mending everything, as if getting us all ready for a long journey. It frightened us.

Then one morning Mother didn't eat a bit of breakfast. She wouldn't even sit down at the table, but kept moving around the kitchen with a cup of hot tea in her hand. Pretty soon she said, "Wouldn't it be a nice day for you children to have an all-day picnic? I've got a lot of letters to write, and don't want to be disturbed. Grace, you put up some sandwiches and milk."

Then she sent me with a note to Mrs. Roberts. After Mrs. Roberts read it, she said she'd come to see Mother in just a few minutes. Then, when I started to leave, she said, "Now, you be sure and keep all the children outside all day.

Your mother's got a busy day ahead of her, and she can't be bothered with you kids running in an' out."

There was nothing about any of it that seemed to make sense. But we went on the picnic, and when we got home that afternoon Dr. Browne met us at the door. "Your mother has something she'd like to show you," he said, and we all followed him up to Mother's room.

Mother was in bed and her face was as white as the pillowcase, but there was a little smile on her mouth. We all tiptoed up to the bed. Mother turned the sheet back, and said, "This is your new sister, Elizabeth. Isn't she darling?"

I felt kind of foolish, and I think Grace did, too. Both of us knew enough about colts and rabbits and other things being born that we should have guessed what was the trouble with Mother. But it just never once occurred to us.

THAT FALL I went into the class for 12 year-olds. But a few days after school began all of us came down bad with the measles. Grace got it the worst, she almost died.

The neighbours helped out all they could during that siege, but by the time the doctor let Grace get up Mother looked almost as sick as Grace. She had got very thin and her eyes were sunk in deep, with black circles around them.

By late November Grace was getting strong again, but Mother was still weak, what with having the

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baby and nursing all of us through the measles. We'd started the cookery route again, and even though I kept the orders small Mother could hardly get them out. She still got dizzy over the cook-stove. But what ailed her most was worry about winter coming on before we were ready for it. Our savings had all been used up to pay bills, and we'd even had to sell part of our canned fruit so we could buy winter underwear and shoes.

After supper one night, I watched Mother as she sewed and could see she was having trouble keeping her eyes open. And when they *were* open they weren't looking at her sewing but straight ahead at the calendar on the wall. Suddenly she said, "Haven't I seen that building somewhere?"

I looked at the calendar, and said, "I guess most everybody has. That's the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver."

Mother's face brightened as I hadn't seen it do for months. "Children," she said, "I think I have an idea. Ralph, you and I are going to Denver tomorrow."

Mother always thought I drove horses too fast, but that next morning she was the one who wanted to hurry. I didn't come right out and ask Mother what she was going to do in Denver, but I came as close to it as I could. But all she would say was, "I think the Lord spoke to me last night—not in actual words but in inspiration."

At the Brown Palace Hotel she got out and told me to wait for her. "I have some business to talk over with the manager," she said.

When she came out again there was a porter with her, carrying a bundle half as big as she was. Mother seemed very happy.

"Son," she said, "there is no question but what we received divine guidance last night. I have a nice bundle of lace curtains to do up for the Brown Palace. They are hard to launder but I'm sure I know just how to do them. Of course this is a trial batch, but if we can do a good job on them we'll be paid 30 cents a pan, and we can have all we can handle."

When we got home, I looked at our calendar first thing. I hadn't noticed before, but every window in that Brown Palace picture was draped with lace curtains.

It wasn't as easy as Mother made it sound. The curtains in the bundle were all wadded up, as if they'd been pulled out of a rag bag. They were different sizes, too, and all ragged and full of holes.

"Why, they're just a bunch of old discarded stuff," Grace said.

Mother looked sort of disappointed too, but she told us how nice the manager had been. "I don't want you to think he's done us an injustice," she said. "He hasn't. He's simply giving us a chance to show whether we are to be trusted with their *good* curtains."

We worked on those curtains all

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week. The washing and starching wasn't hard, but lace curtains had to be stretched instead of ironed. It took a lot of experimenting before we figured out an adjustable frame that really worked. And Grace and Mother spent hours finding the best way to reweave the holes and mend the raggedy edges. By the end of the week Mother's hands were all trembly, so Grace finished the last curtains alone while Mother did the cooking for my delivery.

But it was worth it. On Monday, when the manager and housekeeper at the Brown Palace saw those old curtains—looking almost like new—there wasn't any question about our having all the lace curtains we could handle at 30 cents a pair.

The curtains in the bundle we brought home that night weren't all wadded up, either. They were folded neatly, and there were hardly any holes to speak of. Mother spread one out over the table and stroked the lace. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "Now I am sure the Lord spoke to me."

Grace's fingers were tracing a circle on the curtain, and she said, "I'm sure He has spoken to me several times lately."

Mother asked, "Yes, dear; what did He tell you?"

Grace didn't look up, but she said, "That you'd kill yourself if we didn't give up the cookery route."

None of us made a sound. Then Mother turned to me, and said, "Son, when you take your Wednes-

day delivery, tell our customers we're closing our cookery route. And don't forget to thank them for the business they've given us."

By spring Mother and Grace were getting from 40 to 50 pairs of lace curtains to do every week. That gave us enough to pay for our rent, grocery bills and part of our clothes. Philip and I bought our own clothes and put the rest of the money we earned in the bank.

The curtains made all the difference. From the time we gave up the cookery route, Mother began to look better. She didn't have any more dizzy spells, and her cheeks filled out. Our evenings were fun again—just as they had been on the ranch. Mother always read to us as she ripped or sewed the rag strips for rugs. Before Easter, she'd finished reading *Lady in White*, *Ramona*, *Ben Hur* and *Ivanhoe*.

ON THE LAST SUNDAY in May Mother let me ride out to Cooper's ranch for the day, I wanted to see Hi especially, of course. Mr. Batchlett happened to be there that day too, and we were all standing around the corral talking when Mr. Cooper offered me \$25 a month if I wanted to work on his ranch.

"I'll top that," Mr. Batchlett said right off. "I'm offering a straight \$100 for the summer." Then he looked at me. "I'm makin' a swing to the south," he said. "Roundin' up a couple hundred head of milk cows to trade in Denver this fall.

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**INDIA SUPER**

Be back early in September. Want to come along?"

To have both of them wanting to hire me at high wages made me so tickled I wanted to squeal. But I kept my voice as steady as I could. "I'd like to work for both of you, but I'll have to think it over."

Hi and I went over to the bunkhouse. He hadn't said anything about my coming back, and I got an empty feeling in my stomach. "Don't you want me at the Y-B spread, Hi?"

He took out the makin's and rolled a cigarette before he said, "Little Britches, you know I like havin' you on the spread. All the boys do." His little finger kept flicking at the cigarette ash. "But your paw wouldn'ta wanted ya to come to be a common cow poke. Comin' here, ya ain't goin' to be learnin' nothin' ya don't know now—only gettin' a little better at it. But was ya to go with Batch, ya'd be pickin' up a trade, learnin' to be a livestock dealer."

Hi snapped his cigarette butt away. "Yes, sir, Little Britches, time's a-comin' when cow pokes'll be a dime a dozen. Small ranchers comin' in. Fences goin' up all over the range, and cars gettin' thicker'n prairie dogs, too. Man's goin' to need a trade. You think a bit 'bout goin' along with Batch."

When it was time to go, Hi walked out to the road with me, and just before I touched Lady with my spurs he looked up and said, "You

can tell your maw I said Batch is a good man."

I didn't get to tell Mother what Hi said, though, because Mr. Batchlett talked to her himself before I got nerve enough to bring up the subject. So when I did talk to her everything was all set. "A 12-year-old boy is too young for such an undertaking," she told me. "But I do realize that circumstances have given you a great deal more experience than most boys your age. I'm sure you're enough like your father to keep your head. So I've told Mr. Batchlett you may go."

If it hadn't been so quick, I could have acted more grown up. I didn't, though. I hugged Mother like a little kid, then ran downstairs and hugged Grace.

**H**ERE'S JUST how Mr. Batchlett worked. Not very many people kept their cow after she went dry, but traded her for a fresh one and paid \$5 or \$10 to boot. Mr. Batchlett had a 5,000-acre ranch near Colorado Springs. He bought dry cows cheap and kept them there till nearly calving time, then brought them to his yards in Littleton, and traded them after the calves were weaned. That way, he got the calf as well as the extra money.

That summer I made dozens of trips through the country with Mr. Batchlett's outfit, some as far east as the Kansas border. There were six of us in the crew. When we were out trading, we generally

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worked in pairs. I usually worked with Mr. Batchlett and rode Lady.

One day early in September, we started the round-up of the cows we were going to move to Littleton. It was fun. Steers are just cattle, but milk cows are a lot like people in some ways. Every one is as different from the next one as women at a sewing circle.

There were about 600 cows on Batchlett's ranch by then, and I had one named for about every woman in Littleton. Some were quiet and gentle, and just looked at you with their big, soft eyes as you rode past. Others would stand and bellow about how bad they felt, when you knew nothing was wrong with them. There were curious ones and jealous ones, timid ones and bold ones.

The round-up was slow, though. Cows that are heavy with calf like to get away by themselves, and on 5,000 acres of range 600 of them can spread out pretty far. By sunset Friday we had less than 100 head in the corrals.

So at supper Mr. Batchlett said, "I promised Little Britches' mother I'd have him home Labour Day. Way things are stackin' up, might be a week before we're ready to move. But looks to me like we got a dozen head that might calve pretty soon if they're not moved daggone slow. So I'm figurin' on lettin' the kid take 'em along now, before they get too close to time. That all right with you, Little Britches? You'll

have to lug a blanket and camp where night finds you."

I was on the road by the crack of daylight. For the first couple of hours there wasn't much for me to do. But after the sun came up I started having trouble with Mrs. Callahan. She was the fattest cow in the bunch, and always walked as though she had corns that hurt her. Well, now she wanted to stop in the shade of every scrub oak we passed, and when I'd pop her with the line end she'd just look round at me. Soon every cow in the bunch was looking for shade. And by the time I got one old hippopotamus back on the road, each of the others would be heading off in a different direction. Then Mrs. Callahan decided to lie down. I let the rest of them graze while Mrs. Callahan took a nap. She'd have stayed there all day, but after half an hour I twisted her tail, and we went on.

All the rest of the day was the same. And by twilight we'd only covered 14 miles. But it was a nice, cool night, and the cows moved better than they did in the daytime. I kept pushing those cows till I was sure we'd covered a good 18 miles, then I found a good campsite.

Most of the cows bedded down right away, but Mrs. Callahan was still on her feet when I spread my blanket out and went to sleep.

There was a little grey in the east when I woke up. And Mrs. Callahan was gone. But I could hear her voice close by, near some



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brush. In the dark she looked like a big boulder lying there—and there was a smaller boulder beside her. The little fellow couldn't have been more than half an hour old. I patted Mrs. Callahan on the neck as I bent down to get a look at her calf in the dark. She looked up at me and kind of hummed.

We couldn't think about moving that morning with a brand-new calf. When we did get going again we didn't go for long. Maybe it was Mrs. Callahan's bragging that did it, and maybe it was just because it was time. Anyway, a couple of other cows had calves Sunday night when we reached Larkspur.

It isn't much more than ten miles from Larkspur to Castle Rock, but it took us five days to get there. There were ten calves when we went through Castle Rock, and most of them were still wobbly on their legs.

We didn't have too much trouble in getting from Castle Rock to Littleton. There weren't any more new calves, and we made it in two days. I'd had about the best time of my life that summer, but I was awfully glad to get home.

EVERYBODY was glad to see me, too, and Mother wasn't even upset about my not getting back by Labour Day. She squeezed me up tight and kissed me over and over; and in between she kept telling me how proud she was and that I was going to look just like my father.

In the three months I'd been gone Grace had changed into a young woman, Muriel and Hal seemed inches taller, and the baby was walking. Mother's cheeks were rosy, and Philip had done well with the chores. The lace-curtain business had been fine, and during the cherry and berry season Grace and the children had earned a lot. So with my cheque from Mr. Batchlett, we had nearly \$300 in the bank.

At supper Mother sat at one end of the table and I sat at the other—in Father's chair with arms. We all talked about what had happened during the summer, then about what we had to do before winter.

And all the time I kept thinking about something Mother had said to Father when we first came out to Colorado from the East. She had been awfully discouraged the first time we saw the barren land that was to be our ranch, but she had lifted her head and said: "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

I guess Mother must have been thinking about that, too, because just before we got up from the table she said, "I want to say something to you children, and especially to Ralph, who is now the man of the family. We've all worked hard and the Lord has rewarded our labours. At first, I was so afraid of what was coming. But now I *know* that God is taking care of us. We're going to be all right."



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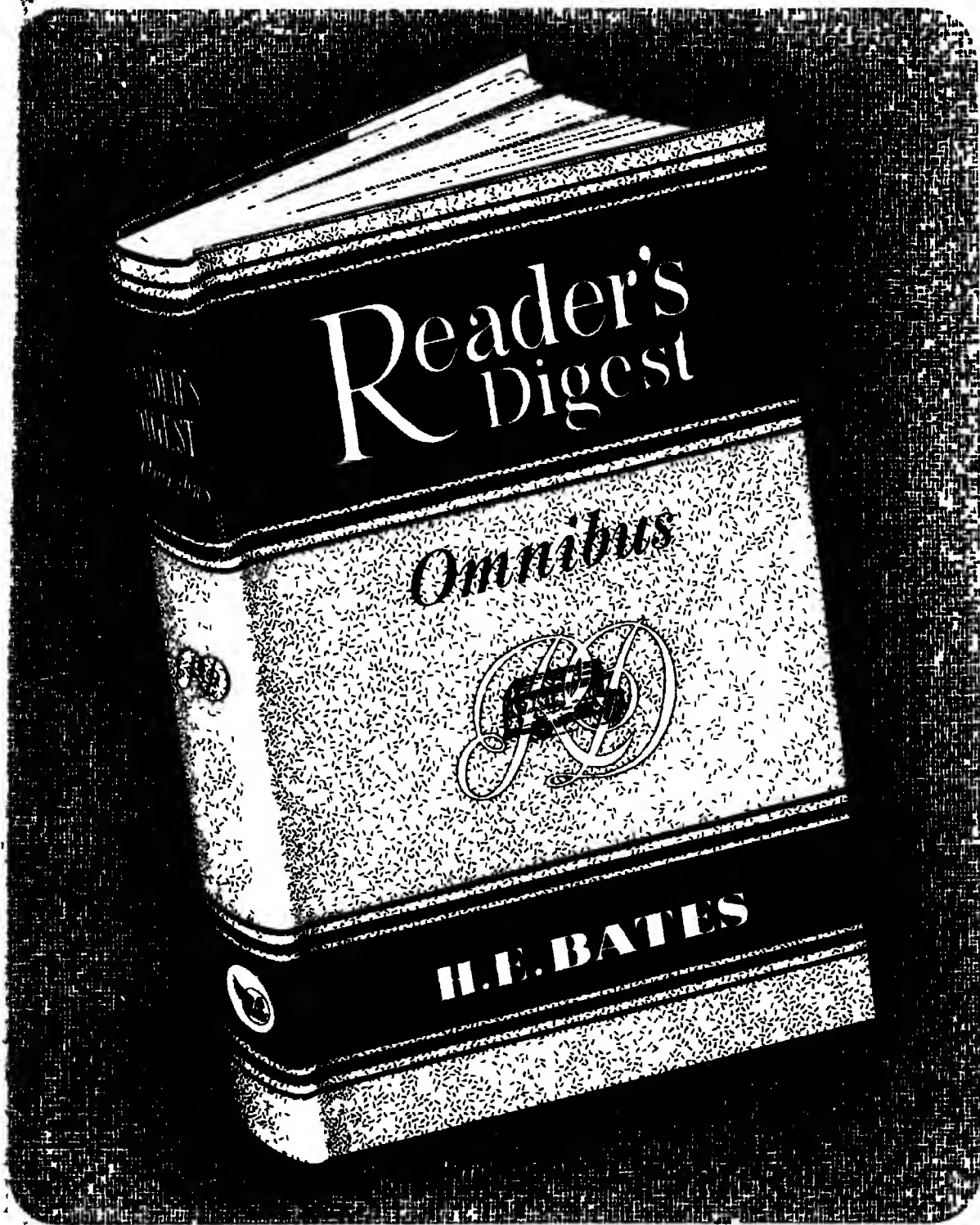
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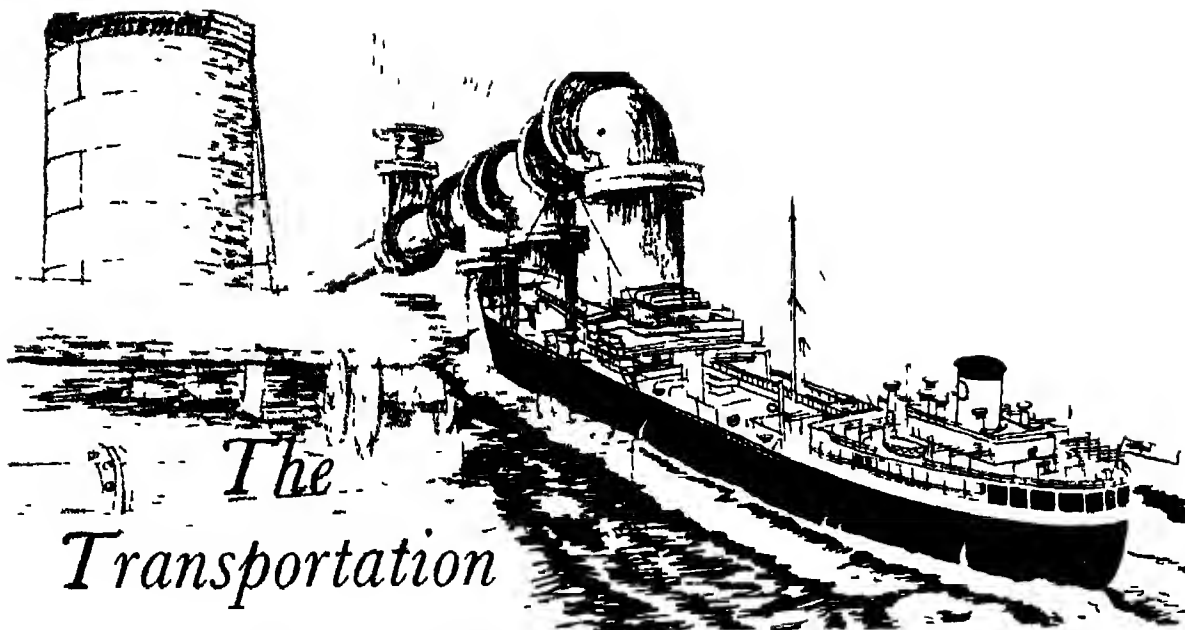
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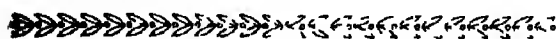


## *The Transportation of Petroleum*

*Condensed from the "Burmah-Shell News"*

**T**he transport of oil is almost as complex as the oil itself. As Petroleum is a volatile and highly inflammable fluid the means of transport must be incapable of producing heat.

Transport of oil in bulk includes pumping the oil along pipelines from one place to another or from one large container such as a sea-going tanker into another large container—a shore tank for example. Daily some ten million tons of Petroleum and its products valued at Rs. 100 crores are at sea. A sailing ship "Elizabeth Watts" carried the first cargo of oil stored in wooden barrels. In 1877 the first tanker was built in Sweden. In 1890 The Shell Company ordered the "Murex".\*



\* THE "MUREX" CARRIED 5,010 tons of oil. The tankers which will keep the new Burmah-Shell Refinery at Trombay supplied with crude oil will carry 30,000 tons of oil.

iv

The tankers may be the largest individual links in the transport chain, but the most important are the pipelines. The first pipeline was constructed of wood and in 1897 steel pipelines were constructed between Baku on the Caspian Sea and Batum on the Black Sea. Since then the Shell Group alone owns and operates some 7,400 miles of pipeline and has a share in a further 4,250 miles.

In Installations and Depots it is usual to have a separate pipeline for each product for quality control and operational reasons. At seven main ports in India there is a Burmah-Shell Installation. The oil is pumped ashore into the Installation tanks from which are filled the railway tankwagons which feed the 300 odd rail fed Bulk Depots scattered over India. From the tankwagon the oil flows or is pumped into the Depot tanks and from the Depot tanks the bulk lorries and "fuellers" are filled for the final stage of the journey to the selling point. So the sequence is water-rail-road. Lastly for the door-to-door delivery of Kerosine etc., there is the humble tank cart.

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## *A Thousand and One Lives*

BY A J CRONIN

*Author of "Hatter's Castle," "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom"*

**L**AST SUMMER I went on a conducted tour of Switzerland. One morning, in Berne, I was detained, no one noticed my absence and the bus left without me. I felt annoyed, but as my party would be returning on the following day I decided to make the best of my enforced stay. I visited the old town clock which produces a procession of antique figures at the striking of the hour, and then walked out to the famous bear pit. Here I asked a bystander where I could get lunch. The Swiss, seeing that I was a stranger, replied "I am just going home to lunch. Would you like to join me?"

I hesitated at this unlooked-for invitation, but accepted. I was introduced to the man's wife and two young children, and was soon made to feel at home. The Swiss was a watchmaker, and after lunch showed me round his small factory, ex-

plaining how the watches were assembled and giving me a chance to meet some of the workmen. When we parted it was on cordial terms and with the promise to keep in touch with each other in the future. Next day I rejoined the escorted tour, far from sorry at an occurrence which had not only gained me a firm friend but had vividly brought home to me an attitude of mind which cramps the lives of many people.

Some of us travel through life on a conducted tour, making friends only with the people inside the bus, keeping to the main roads and well-recognized centres. Then we realize too late that our lives are narrow, and complain that we are not fully living—forgetful of the fact that the remedy lies in our own hands. If we are willing to go off the beaten track, to make friends and acquaintances with people of diverse callings, we shall find our lives immeas-

urably enriched. In the words of the Arab proverb, "Let a man make varied friends and he will lead a thousand and one lives."

Ever since Aristotle, philosophers have agreed that even more than health or great talents a plenitude of friends is the greatest good in life. Yet while this lies wholly within our power to secure, how seldom is it used as a working principle in daily life! Few of us really try to extend the circle of our acquaintances in the spirit of Samuel Johnson, who said, "I look upon every day as lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance." Dr. Johnson's friends, as in the case of most men who have had full and rewarding careers, were in all walks of life, for he realized that no one can claim to know life until he knows all types of men.

It is easier than we think to strike up a friendship. Whenever he entered a shop, Daniel Webster used to start a conversation with the shopkeeper, asking a question about a fine point involved in the shopkeeper's trade—in grinding coffee, for instance, or selecting a choice cigar. He knew that few people can resist discoursing on a subject in which they are expert; once the ice had been broken in this way he found that other exchanges followed easily and naturally.

Another approach is to express one's appreciation warmly when one receives a service. This breaks down barriers and draws people out more

than does an hour of small talk. It was such a compliment that gained me the acquaintance of one of the richest personalities I have ever known—a bootblack in Piccadilly, a tall, weather-beaten old man with a quiet manner. Most of his customers hardly exchange a word with him and leave without realizing that they have missed an opportunity of getting to know Vivian de Gurr St. George, one of London's most interesting characters—an ex-member of the Canadian Mounties, a man who speaks five languages and has a fund of fascinating and revealing stories to tell.

In casual encounters no method is more effective than to find common ground with the other person. The mere fact of reading the same newspaper or owning the same make of car can serve as a gangplank to friendship. Another sure way is to remark on some common taste, however trifling. This was Sydney Smith's approach, as his remark to Lady Holland at a dinner party bears witness. "Madam," he said, "all my life I have been looking for a person who dislikes gravy. Let us swear eternal amity."

Despite the rewards of wide friendships many people deny themselves this enrichment of their lives. Some have an idea that they are too good to mix with people outside their own group. These are generally men and women who have nothing to give to the world, and their real reason for refusing to mix is that

they fear they will be found out for what they are: not good enough for the high claims of friendship.

They might ponder the fact that the great figures of history have not considered themselves too good for friendship with any man; on the contrary, they have given freely of themselves to all comers. Disraeli slipped away from statesmen to listen to the problems of the poor in the slums of Whitechapel. Rembrandt was on familiar terms equally with the burgomasters and the beggars of Amsterdam.

There are others who mistakenly believe that only persons with similar interests and objectives can become friends. On the contrary, it is often people from different walks of life who form the closest ties, because each is attracted by the novelty of the other's background and occupation.

Not long ago I happened to meet a priest in France who, during our conversation, showed a detailed knowledge of America. "When did you visit the States?" I asked.

"Never," he replied with a smile. Then he explained. "In 1944, after the Allied landings, Americans were billeted in our village. An American officer came to our farm asking for water, and when I showed him to the well we got talking. After the war he wrote to me and we started a regular correspondence. He lives in San Francisco and he's told me so much about the life over there that I feel I really know it."

Some imagine that friendship is an affair of continual meetings. This is not so; it is a frank exchange of confidence, a sense of comprehension and response which may last a lifetime, transcending space and time. No one led a more remote life than David Livingstone, the explorer, yet he had countless friends. His youngest daughter said of him: "I remember him as always writing letters." He sent hundreds each year to friends all over the world, many of whom he knew only from a chance and fleeting acquaintance.

To declare that we already have a few old friends, neighbours and business associates and that life does not allow for more, is a mistaken view. Nothing is more limiting than a closed circle of acquaintanceship where every avenue of conversation has been explored and social exchanges are fixed in a known routine. Sir William Osler used to say, "A man starts to grow old when he stops making new friends. For this is the sign of development, of assimilating new ideas, of zest for life."

We should never be held back by shyness from encountering strangers. I remember once at a party I proposed to a young student of music that he should meet the distinguished pianist, Vladimir de Pachmann, for whom the event had been given. He declined, saying with embarrassment that the celebrity would only be bored by such an introduction.

At dinner after the party the

## THE READER'S DIGEST

pianist remarked to me: "I saw you talking to a young man this evening. He looked interesting and he had the hands of a musician—I should have liked to meet him." Here was the chance lost of a valuable and influential friendship, and it was one which did not recur.

If, through our friends, we extend our horizons and multiply our experiences, we strengthen and stabilize our personalities. Psychologists know that the egocentric man is especially liable to neuroses, he greatly magnifies his private worries and, lacking sympathy, often breaks down under his difficulties. Linked by the rope of friendship to his fellow men, he would find the steep slopes of life less difficult.

The destructive forces that lurk in the subconscious mind can be

vanquished by an open heart, by cultivating the finest human quality of all—the one which is most needed today—a love of mankind.

Each one of us has something unique to offer in the cause of good comradeship. It may be a certain trait of character or an outlook on life or simply a capacity for telling amusing stories, but whatever it is, we can give freely of that gift each time we make a new acquaintance. By enriching our own lives through wider friendship we also enrich ourselves for our future friends.

Each day presents us with a challenge to turn strange faces into familiar ones. If we take up that challenge in the joy and adventure of discovery and live in the lives of others, we shall find our own lives grow full beyond measure.

### *Newspaper Tale*

JAMES GORDON BENNETT once had as London correspondent of the *New York Herald* a newspaper man whose job appeared to be very insecure. One day, the correspondent received a wire ordering him to report to Bennett in Paris, an ominous sign.

Now Bennett was a great dog lover, one of those who believe that there can't be much wrong with a man if dogs like him. So before leaving London, the correspondent procured some choice pieces of liver (adding thereto just a soupçon of aniseed), which he stored in the tail pockets of his morning coat.

On arriving at the Bennetts' apartment, he was left to cool his heels for an hour. Then the door opened, and in walked the great Bennett with half a dozen poodles at his heels. With tails wagging, the dogs made a concerted leap for the correspondent. They jumped all over him, licked his face and hands.

Bennett's face lost its hardness and became wreathed in smiles. Instead of wielding the axe, he gave the correspondent a week's vacation in Paris—and returned him to London with a substantial increase in salary.

*Why is the United States unpopular with other countries?  
An astute Canadian bluntly tells his neighbours just what he thinks is—*

## “The Trouble with You Yanks”

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON  
*Canadian editor and writer*

EVERY Fourth of July, when the Americans sent up rockets on the other side of the St. Lawrence, my great-uncle Smedley would lock himself in an old sentry box with a loaded shotgun and watch the river all night. He always expected another Yankee invasion of Canada.

Sometimes, at breakfast, he would glare across his porridge and tell me, ‘Eat hearty, boy. Grow big and strong. One of these days you’ll have to fight those Yankees!’

But my grandma, who had lived beside them for 80 years, said the Yankees would be harmless after a while. “Just wait,” she’d say, “till they grow into their breeches.”

In a sense, Canada has been waiting 300 years for the Americans to grow into their breeches. Because we Canadians are Americans ourselves, because we speak the same language, live the same kind of life,

are superficially the same though inwardly quite different, we know better than any other people what is wrong with you Yanks. Also, we know what is right—we know you as the best neighbours and truest friends any nation ever had.

And before we go any further, let it be understood that we know, equally well, what is wrong with us, for we Canadians hardly think of anything else. (This writer earns a reasonable livelihood explaining the deficiencies of Canadian life.)

If you Yanks had been just a little smarter, if you hadn’t alternately bullied, wooed and ignored us, if you had ever tried to understand us, we would have joined you long ago. That is the first trouble with you Yanks. You don’t understand anybody, not even your closest friend. You surge northwards and return with snapshots revealing Canada as a kind of tourist brochure filled with



counties, French peasants, scenery, game, fish, moose and igloos, but never by any chance containing a special and maybe an interesting sort of people. You Yanks are fascinated by the outside look of foreigners. You never get inside.

That is why your foreign policy, up to recent times, has been your largest failure. Your ignorance of other people has cost you millions of dollars and much blood which could have been saved if you had understood the German will to war, the British ability to fight, the mania of the Russians or the mind of China.

You proclaim that all men, even foreigners, are equal. You will not understand foreigners until you realize that in some things they are superior to you, in others inferior. There will be no understanding between you, the leader, and the people you expect to lead until you realize that the only equality today is that of the leaky lifeboat in which leader and led are all passengers far from shore.

While intellectually involved, you are emotionally uninterested in other people because you live on a false premise. You assume, with a beautiful and childlike sincerity, that your life is the basic norm of human behaviour. All other behaviour is abnormal and in time, if it watches you closely enough, may achieve normality.

As your best friends, Canadians are bound by friendship to tell you

that, despite your gifts of money, your courage and your bloodshed, you are in danger of becoming the most powerful and most unpopular nation in the world outside Russia.

and mainly because, in a desperate search for popularity, you have done everything except recognize that other peoples are not potential, underdeveloped Yanks—and never will be—and can become most useful to you, and most friendly, by remaining themselves.

The British, who once ruled Canada and the world, didn't care about popularity. They rather enjoyed being unpopular, knowing by instinct that they were always right, but they took care to understand other people, without bothering to like them. You do the opposite.

Paradoxically, where the British were utterly sure of themselves you are full of inward doubts. Most of the world sees only the brassy glare of your outer self-assurance. A Canadian knows that you put on a cocksure disguise to hide a naked and squirming humility, that you wear a private hair shirt of puritanical conscience and wonder to the point of national psychosis whether you are doing the right thing.

When all the private soul-searching of individuals becomes a daily collective soul searching in Congress, when you boast of your high living standard and excoriate the materialism of the Russians; when you denounce socialism abroad and constantly expand an American

socialism under other names; when you preach competition and keep tariffs on foreign goods which alone can pay for your exports, when your fiscal policies have generally been a tale told by a particularly dangerous economic idiot—why, then it is no wonder that the world, quite wrongly, imagines that you never know where you are going.

The unequalled masters of advertising, you are the worst-advertised nation in human history. You put a false and garish label on the U.S.A. Through your politics, films, newspapers and radio, your statistics on crime, divorce and accidents, you present only a monstrous caricature of your own nature. American uplift, which used to come across the border, when I was a boy, in leather bound books of Emerson and Whitman, now comes in a brassière—interesting, but hardly inspiring.

Most foreigners never see anything but the caricature. I was a full grown man, travelling with Wendell Willkie's campaign train when he was running for the Presidency in 1940, before I found in the little towns and whistle stops, in the quiet faces of country folk, in the sure and massive dignity of the individual American at home, the real stuff of your country with the label off.

If they get past the label, most foreigners conclude that the trouble with you Yanks is your bad manners. Actually your manners, though

brash, boisterous and gaudy, are the best in the world because they are honest, whereas the manners of most countries are contrived to hide and distort the contents of the mind.

When the Washington taxi driver addresses the Senator in the back seat as an equal, when Mrs. Roosevelt invites a Canadian cabinet minister to dinner and cooks the ham and eggs with her own hands, when every passenger in a railway carriage is eager to tell you his most private concerns—I say these are good manners, since they enforce the basic premise of American life, that one man is as good as another. They are the proof that democracy lives in the American people, not just in the Constitution.

Naiveté is one of the great charms and one of the great troubles with you Yanks. You believe that machinery, management and know-how can make everything, and that anything made yesterday is already out of date. Even ideas, morals, religion and human happiness can be produced by assembly-line psychology and mental mass-production. Every season your intellectual engineers produce a new theory of morality, a new machine-made philosophy.

Along with the machine, you worship the great American myth of bigness. Everything has to be the biggest in the world or it is no good. You forget that all the biggest things in human experience, in-

cluding the American dream itself, have come from little, out-of-the-way places, from little obscure men, that the smallest sort of people usually inhabit skyscrapers while the giants of America—the Washingtons, Lincolns and Roosevelts—were country-bred.

You have built a gigantic machine of commercial humour, but you have never really achieved the ability to laugh at yourselves. True, every joke and cartoon in your magazines pokes fun at some aspect of American life. But always with the reservation that the American way is better than any other, that it may be safely lampooned on the surface because in substance it is practically perfect. The individual American of the cartoon may be funny, yet it seldom occurs to any American that the American way itself may be funny.

You Yanks, by your own choice, are the most regimented people alive. You will argue in politics and fight in war against regimentation, and yet you have so regimented your life that a traveller can hardly tell one American town from another when all have the same houses, furniture, clothes, cinemas, automobiles and daily habits.

Once I lived on Long Island with a Wall Street banker who spent half his time cursing President Roosevelt for regimenting the American people. As he cursed he rose precisely at 6.30 a.m., caught the same 8.10 train to town, lunched in the same

club at 1, and returned on the 5.17.

Being an American, from Canada, I know that the regimentation is all external, that internally you are not only unregimented but healthily nonconformist, almost anarchic. The trouble is that you have regimentation in non-essentials, but no discipline in essentials. Without a new self-discipline you will never stop a foreign regimentation of the world.

The mythology of the United States never ceases to proliferate. Yesterday the nation was obsessed with the myth of liquor as the central problem of society. Today it is the myth of sex as the governing fact of life. You scream it from the housetops, teach it in the schools, smear it on the screen, study it in Kinsey reports and attempt to regulate it by assembly line methods.

Yet you still retain the contrary myth that Americans are morally better than other people, merely because older civilizations have accepted the facts of life long before you stumbled on them. Most foreigners, on the other hand, are horrified by the voracious sexuality of the United States — paraded like everything else down the centre of Main Street—and fail to observe that sex excites the Americans, makes them write lewd words on fences and in books, because they are basically a moral people only just coming sexually of age.

Then there is the towering and hollow myth of beauty. Every

American woman must be beautiful, at any cost to her looks, her anatomy and her husband's purse. It is a patriotic duty to be curved to the latest order of the engineers who alter the human body every spring. The home must be beautiful, according to the latest designs of the furniture makers, even if you don't like it that way.

Yet American civilization is the ugliest ever invented by man. Americans, including Canadians, have spread organized and costly ugliness wherever they have gone. They have not fashioned a single city worthy of the name by European standards. They have made every Main Street a nightmare of peculiar dreariness. Happily, the beauty of our continental landscape is too big for us to ruin entirely, but we do our best by eroding the soil, burning off the trees and erecting our ghastly monument, the American Metropolis.

Equally powerful is the myth of success, which seems to mean that the husband achieves a stomach ulcer or a cardiac condition at an early age to support a well-dressed widow and a beautiful headstone. The myth of success has lately spawned the thoroughly un-American myth of security, exploited by every vote-getting politician on both sides of our common border—as if anyone could be secure in a world like this, as if a man can end his life peacefully on the conventional savings of \$200 a month, as

if \$200 would buy groceries a few years hence, when the policy of the state is to finance painlessly by making the dollar worthless.

You Yanks are dimly aware of these things. You worry about them, and on a mass scale. A huge industry is devoted to plumbing the American mind, which would be in perfect health if it were left alone for half an hour at a time.

Now the supreme irony of the whole business appears. Having publicly pronounced your life superior to life anywhere, you are desperately trying to run away from it. You revel in a celluloid dream life, make goddesses of film stars, and tear across your country on wheels to escape that life.

This rage to escape, the breakdown of marriage, the consumption of alcohol, the incidence of insanity, the frantic speed of American life, the problem of crime and juvenile delinquency, all reflect a kind of nagging underground unhappiness so deep that it is hardly recognized and will be indignantly denied.

But observe the faces in an American bar, cinema or baseball stadium, then observe the faces of a European crowd. In the towns, villages and fields of Europe there are more happy faces, apparently with less to be happy about, than you will find in all the amusement palaces of America. They are happy because they don't expect too much. Expecting too much and fiercely pursuing it, you Yanks have lost the

free and simple gift of contentment.

When you finally reconcile yourselves to living with the thing you recommend so highly to others, you will find that it is almost as good as

you advertise it to be. Then perhaps Granny's prediction can be fulfilled and the world will be convinced at last that you have grown into your massive breeches

## "My Great Friend Eddie"

*By David Douglas Duncan, "Life" photographer*

**T**HIS STORY involves a famous American and a code of honour now nearly dead. It was told me by a taxi driver in Frankfurt, Germany.

"Do you know my great friend Eddie?" he began. "Mr. Eddie Rickenbacker? I have never met him. Except once, long ago—in a way.

"I was a fighter pilot in one of the greatest squadrons ever to take to the air—Baron von Richthofen's World War I Flying Circus. One morning I was flying dawn patrol alone when an American plane attacked me. As I flew under him I leaned back to see his insignia. My heart leapt. I was fighting Rickenbacker, America's greatest ace.

"We closed again for the second pass, and as we crossed I was able to pull up and come out on his tail—only for an instant, but I saw splinters fly from his wings. On the third pass it happened again. I was confident I would kill him on the fourth pass—and I wanted very much to kill Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

"We closed, and I jerked the triggers. Nothing happened. The guns were jammed! I was defenceless. As I pulled out, diving for the ground, I looked back—and closed my eyes. Rickenbacker was right on top of me. I was finished and I knew it.

"I waited for the bullets. Suddenly I heard the wind screaming around my cockpit, tearing at my helmet. I opened my eyes a moment before the plane would have crashed, and managed to level off just above the treetops. I looked round, and there was Rickenbacker flying escort to me.

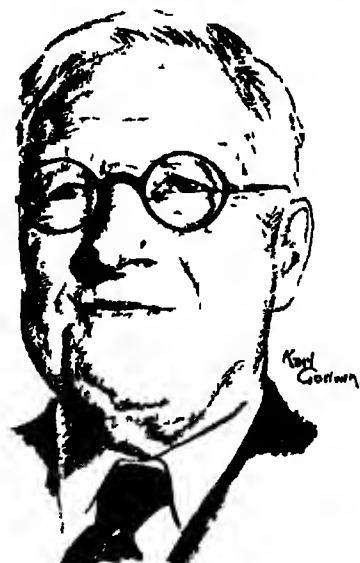
"When he saw my head turn—we were wingtip to wingtip—he nodded, pushed back his goggles and saluted. Then he pulled up into a high climbing bank and flew for home. He probably hated me as an enemy, but he had gallantly spared my life because I was unarmed.

"No, I suppose you might say we have never met. But I have. My great friend in America—Eddie Rickenbacker."

*How the Earl of Iveagh, born to ease and luxury, became a self-made social worker, inventor and scientist*

**"Himself."**

**the Inquisitive**



*By Hartzell Spence*

**W**HEN the Honourable Rupert Edward Cecil Lee Guinness reached the age of 21, his father gave him £3,000,000 and told him to set himself up in the social style expected of the heir to the then barony of Iveagh and the largest fortune in Ireland. The young man, however, had a mind of his own. He stood for Parliament for Shoreditch, and moved into a house there with his bride, Lady Gwendolen, a famous wit and beauty, daughter of the Earl of Onslow. There he got to know how his constituents lived.

Educated to be a gentleman, he knew almost nothing practical. But there was one way to find out—to see for himself. To understand slums, he lived in them. Since then his quest for knowledge has been a chain reaction, one inquiry leading to another.

Iveagh (pronounced Ivor), now a blue-eyed, white haired, soft-voiced old gentleman of 79, thus became in turn a social worker, inventor and scientist, whose stubborn inquisitiveness has brought about revolutionary progress in medicine, dairy farming and housing. In Ireland, however, he is known for none of these exploits. There he is simply "Himself." "Is Himself coming over this spring?" a Dubliner may ask.

This Irish term of familiarity and respect is well earned, for Iveagh's business means much to Ireland. He is the patriarchal boss of an industry which is the nation's largest single enterprise, which purchases the produce of 80,000 acres and contributes about one-tenth of the Irish revenue. This enterprise is one of the largest breweries in Europe, Arthur Guinness Son & Company.

Dublin. There is brewed the about known simply as Guinness. If the customer in an Irish pub asks for "a glass," he gets Guinness.

Iveagh was not born to be a brewer at all but to live down the stigma of being one. His father, a remarkable figure of the Edwardian era, had inherited Guinness, established in 1759. By sound management he coaxed millions of pounds sterling from the company and used it for social advancement. Born a commoner in 1847, Edward Cecil Guinness became a baronet in 1885, a baron in 1891, a viscount in 1905, an earl in 1919.

The first earl's principal hoist to the peerage was his purchase of Elveden, a 23,000-acre rabbit warren in the Suffolk moors. The Maharajah of Lahore had developed it into the greatest private shoot in England. Here he held shooting parties for Edward VII, George V and some of the best shots in Europe. They were fantastic bird slaughterers. On a single day in November 1912 George V and the earl set up a record bag of 3,247 pheasant and partridge.

The present earl wanted no part of such luxury. After Cambridge, he went to London and took charge of the Guinness Trust formed to administer a fund of £200,000 given by his father to build homes for working people. Every penny of rents received has been devoted to the erection of new housing estates, of which there are now 12 in

the London area, besides a holiday home and a home for old people. One new property just completed is exclusively for widows and spinsters who must earn their own living. It is de luxe enough for Lord Iveagh's own relatives, but the units are let for less than 25s. a week. Another, for newly-weds, gives each tenant a garden plot and a penthouse-like terrace "Human dignity at a profit of two per cent," Iveagh describes these ventures.

Altogether, Iveagh served in the House of Commons for 19 years. When in 1927, at the age of 53, he inherited his title and moved to the House of Lords, his wife won Southend. She was one of the first women Members of Parliament after Lady Astor.

While he was in London Iveagh's interest in rowing and sailing introduced him to hundreds of salty amateur yachtsmen, fishermen and superannuated sailors who owned boats. He suggested to George V that if England were ever imperilled these men might come in handy and should be organized into a Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. The London Division of the R.N.V.R., which he commanded, was raised largely by his own efforts. At Dunkirk the amateurs evacuated 335,000 British and French soldiers in their tubs, yachts, dinghies, skiffs and trawlers.

Iveagh on inheriting the title shared with his two brothers a fortune estimated at £14,000,000.

He has increased it and today is one of the richest men in Britain.

The beneficiary of all this, who one day may become a millionaire, is a 16-year-old grandson now at Eton. Lord Iveagh's only son was killed in the war.

Iveagh's first decision after his father died was to turn expensive Elveden into a farm. He realized that the old way of life was doomed and that food production was more important than record bags. However, on the day after he ascended to the earldom he was received by George V at Buckingham Palace. The King said, "I trust you will maintain the shooting at Elveden. The Queen and I will be pleased to visit you in October."

Since a royal wish was a command, Iveagh continued the bird breeding until George V died in 1936. Then he began a fight as stubborn as any in his life to make those heaths, blown by moving sands and populated by thousands of rabbits, pay their own way. Elveden is today the largest and most productive general farm in England. The great 100-room Victorian mansion is dark, its roomfuls of valuable furniture in dust covers while the earl lives in a five-roomed gardener's cottage.

As early as 1912 Iveagh protested in the House against the British policy of buying cheap food abroad at the expense of home farmers. "The day will come," he said, "when we shall rue it." The day ar-

rived in 1939, when the food urgency of Britain at war proved that Iveagh was right.

Even though every inch of cultivated land at Elveden must be deep-fenced against rabbits and anchored against creeping sands, Iveagh had by this year 10,000 acres in production, with an annual yield of 300,000 gallons of milk, 1,700 tons of saleable cereal grains, 7,500 tons of beef, 1,000 lamb carcasses, 7,500 tons of sugar beet. Now Iveagh is embarked on a new crusade. He contends that England has 800,000 acres of wasteland no worse than Elveden was, and he wants these marginal tracts put into profitable production to feed England's millions.

Iveagh's inventiveness and thrift would be remarkable even in a poor man. One day, observing the burning of brush and weeds, he wondered whether they, like the straw in manure, could be used to enrich the soil. He took this question to a young biochemist later to be world-acclaimed, the late Sir Almroth Wright. With a young chemist named E. H. Richards, he conducted thousands of experiments to reproduce chemically the effect of animal droppings on plant life. The secret learned, Iveagh organized a company to manufacture Adco, known to every gardener as the additive which turns garden rubbish heaps into soil-enriching manure.

On the farm Iveagh was bothered by hay fever. When his doctor told him there was no known cure, he



set up a laboratory at Saint Mary's Hospital, London, to study the problem, employing Wright and a promising youngster named Alexander Fleming. In this, the Wright-Fleming Institute, of which Iveagh has been chairman for a quarter of a century, the antibiotics were pioneered. Fleming, now Sir Alexander, is known as the discoverer of penicillin.

At the hospital Iveagh learned that milk sold in England was tainted with bovine tuberculosis bacilli. He undertook a 20-year campaign to clean up England's milk. In the process he had to endow an agricultural college, and spend a fortune developing a pilot farm on which to prove the social value of TB-tested cattle plus sanitary conditions. Now 55 per cent of all milk

sold in England is from TB-free herds, although when Iveagh began the campaign there was not one such herd in Britain.

Since his elevation to the House of Lords, Iveagh attends parliamentary sessions only when one of his own enthusiasms is under challenge. In 25 years he has made just one speech, and that of only five words. A bill was under debate to eliminate hoardings along the roads.

"Everywhere I go," proclaimed an indignant peer, "I am unable to see our beautiful English countryside for the hoardings alleging that 'Guinness is good for you.'"

The venerable earl, his Irish dander up, red of face under his platinum-white hair, rose to his feet.

"Guinness is good for you!" he shouted, and sat down.



### Latin Lesson

Now THAT American tourists are more Italy-conscious than ever, the Italians are naturally getting more conscious of the Americans. Here are some of the things Italians are saying these days.

*A hotel director on the Grand Canal in Venice* "Why do Americans live so much in the future? We Italians pluck pleasure from each moment."

*A sculptor at the Accademia di Belle Arti in Florence* "Americans wish for too much. One wish is enough for me—happiness."

*An Italian tourist guide in Sorrento* "When do Americans have time to reflect? That's wherein dreams are born."

*A bartender in a Florentine wineshop* "Wine increases the enjoyment of food and conversation. Too many Americans drink not for enjoyment, but to lose themselves."

*A medical student in Perugia* "Americans are childlike. They doubt nothing. They know how to do things, but they don't always know why."

—Mary Dick in *New York Times Magazine*

*There are exciting thrills in stargazing through inexpensive telescopes*

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

★

*By Wayne Amos*

**I** completely out of this world. All I have to do is go out in my back garden, peek into a black tube, and suddenly I am out in space, exploring the rings of Saturn, following four diamond-like moons round Jupiter or tracing the mountains and "seas" of our own moon.

My telescope cost less than a radio set. It works on the same principle as the world's largest telescope on Mt. Palomar in California. Light from a star is picked up by a concave mirror at the lower end of the tube. This mirror reflects a magnified image of the star back up to a small, flat mirror placed diagonally

inside the tube near the front end. I look at this image through an eyepiece which fits into the side of the tube. The eyepiece magnifies the image 60 times. In the daytime I can read a pocket watch a quarter of a mile away.

All the amateur astronomers I have talked to say that their new awareness of the vastness of the universe and of the astonishing beauty of the heavenly bodies has made them more humble, more tolerant—and happier. They confess to a healthy loss of vanity and a more comfortable feeling towards the world. A professional astronomer at the Hayden Planetarium in New York told me there are no atheists among his colleagues—they are forced to believe in an infinite power.

I know what they mean. These adventures into space are incredibly moving. One evening recently an old friend came over just as I was about to go out into the garden, and I dragged him along. The moon was a silver shaving—perfect for observing through a telescope. When it is full it is too bright. In crescent, when the sun lights it from the side, the details come out sharply.

As I focused my telescope, the moon's craters and mountains came out in bold relief. Again I thrilled to see the tremendous ball hanging in space, with no means of support except its centrifugal force outwards balanced by the pull of gravity from

*Condensed from The American Magazine*

Interest in amateur astronomy keeps on growing. Before the war, the main amateur society in Great Britain, the British Astronomical Association, had a membership of only 800. Now this has risen to 2,500 and members are drawn from all over the world.

Monthly meetings are held at Burlington House, Piccadilly (the Headquarters of the Royal Astronomical Society), and there is a library available for members' use, and a collection of astronomical lantern slides and instruments for loan. A monthly journal is also circulated, and early news of discoveries reported in a special publication. Branches of the Association have been opened in the provinces, and in Commonwealth countries, and there are some 50 smaller societies in affiliation as well.

The Association (which was formed in 1800) welcomes as members all who are interested in astronomy. Inquiries should be made to the Assistant Secretary, 303, Bath Road, Hounslow West, Middlesex.

the earth. It seems to be standing still, but actually it is whirling round the earth at the rate of 2,304 miles an hour.

When I turned the view over to my guest, he gasped and said, "I can almost reach out and touch it!"

This was exactly how I felt the first time I saw the moon in a telescope. It changes suddenly from a lovely two-dimensional light to what it really is—a three-dimensional sphere. You feel you can almost hold it in your hands.

My favourite planet is Jupiter, a glowing pearl with six or seven dark stripes round it. Near it—where you see nothing but dark sky with the naked eye—are usually four of Jupiter's 12 moons, all looking like little diamonds. They go round

Jupiter at different speeds. The fastest does it in two days, the slowest in 17. When we first looked we could see only three moons, but when we turned back to it an hour later a fourth had appeared from behind the planet.

Stars are glowing suns which give out a light of their own. They are inconceivably far away. If you think of our sun as the size of a dot over a letter "i," the next nearest sun is the dot over an-

other letter "i" *ten miles away*. The planets are much closer—right in the back garden by comparison. Like the earth, they move round our sun, they do not glow like the stars but reflect the light from the sun.

When you really get to know stars you can become a member of a world-wide team of amateurs who are actively helping the professional astronomers. Amateurs send in reports about meteors, the moon, the "northern lights," and about stars which vary in brightness. Thousands of stars grow bright, then dim, then bright again, in periods of time varying from a few hours to several months. Scientists still don't know exactly why.

There's always the chance, too,

that an amateur may make an important discovery. The late Will Hay, the famous film and stage comedian, and a member of the British Astronomical Association, discovered a new white spot on Saturn in 1931. Nearly all of the newly discovered stars have been found by amateurs, for the reason that they sweep the skies, while professionals concentrate on particular points

One of the fascinating things in the sky and one that frightens me a little, too, is the faint glow, visible to the naked eye, in the constellation of Andromeda. In the glass it

leaps out as a luminous glow that seems to come from behind the farthest stars. It is actually the glow from another universe—another galaxy of millions of stars like our own Milky Way system—and it is 1,612,000 light-years away.

The really staggering thing is that professional astronomers say there are more than 100 million such galaxies that they can see. Not only that, but they can discern no thinning out anywhere, even with the Palomar telescope, which reaches out into space more than two thousand million light-years. Space and stars seem to go on and on for ever.

### *Ad-Ventures*

JOB-WANTED AD in an Edmonton, Alberta, paper 'Back East they say, 'Go West, young man' Well, I'm here. Now what?'  
—UP

AD IN THE *New York Times* "Will sell one Opera Seat, subscription, second row orchestra. Monday evenings, very accessible to exit."  
—*The Woman*

FROM *Your Weekly Guide to Cape Cod* "ARGYLE SOCK FINISHER —You begin 'em, I finish 'em You get the credit Confidential."

FROM the Bremen, Indiana, *Enquirer* "WANTED—man to work eight hours daily, five days a week, to replace one who didn't"

FOR-SALE AD in the Wayne, Pennsylvania, *Suburban and Wayne Times* "Complete 30-volume set Encyclopædia. New 1948. Never used—my wife knows everything"

WHEN two prospective mothers-in-law meet, it's like a meeting between two horse traders: each one suspicious of what the other is unloading.

—Marcelene Cox in *Ladies' Home Journal*



*With the help of TV, Los Angeles  
is rounding up wanted criminals*



## Quick Way to Catch Crooks

By Frank J. Taylor

**S**GT FRED DOANE, of the Detective Bureau, Los Angeles Police Department, was discouraged with his task of tracking down the forgers and bad-check passers who were victimizing his area. Doane and his colleagues usually knew whom to look for; they had pictures and fingerprints, for most of the crooks were professionals. The problem was to spot them among the 4,500,000 people in the area. The odds were against the handful of police assigned to the job.

"Chief, we need more eyes," Doane told the head of the detective bureau one day. "I bet we could get a lot of citizens to help us if we showed the crooks' mugs on television screens."

His chief told Doane to see if the local TV stations would help. Most TV people wanted to do so, Doane found, but they feared suits for libel or invasion of privacy. One station, however, agreed to drop "Doane's mugs" into an every-morning programme.

An officer was detailed as narrator to describe the "Suspects Wanted" as the rogues' gallery photos were flashed on the screen. He summarized briefly the suspects' criminal records, giving their aliases and habits. The pictures included, besides forgers, suspects wanted for burglary, car theft, narcotics traffic, homicide. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of each.

The first broadcast was on January 2, 1950. "Suspects Wanted" has

*Condensed from Banking*

run five times a week ever since. Six different police officers have served as narrators. Surveys indicate that 300,000 TV fans watch the programmes each month.

Two minutes after one bad-cheque passer's photo had appeared, a housewife telephoned to the police and said, "If you'll go to the meat market at Crenshaw and Exposition boulevards, you'll find your man working behind the counter" Within 30 minutes the forger was in jail.

After "Suspects Wanted" had broadcast the pictures of two young men who had escaped from prison and gone on a car-stealing, kidnapping and robbery spree, a phone call tipped off the police that the men were heading north. Later that day they were overtaken.

An alert waitress who was a "Suspects Wanted" fan spotted another pair of escaped bad men in a small town restaurant. The waitress jotted down their licence number, then called the police. A Highway Patrol soon captured them.

Occasionally the catch is made with a typical film finish. After broadcasting that a certain woman was wanted for passing bad cheques, police were

advised by an anonymous phone call that she could be found at a certain address in Hollywood. When the officers drove up they found suitcases on the front porch. The suspect answered the doorbell, expecting to step into a taxi; instead, she stepped into the police car.

An unexpected return from the programme is the number of suspects who give themselves up after seeing their faces on the screen. There was a woman who with an accomplice held up a grocery store, beat the cashier and escaped with a sizeable haul of cash. After she was featured on the programme, calls came in from several bars where she had been seen. But, while police were combing that area, she surrendered to the sheriff in another town.

*The Manchester Guardian* of October 2, 1953, gave this report

"The picture of a man whom the police investigating a murder wish to interview was televised by the B B C last night. It was the first time that the B B C Television Service had been called in to assist Scotland Yard in a murder inquiry.

"The picture was of William Pettit, whom Scotland Yard desired to interview in connection with its inquiries into the murder of Mrs Rene Agnes Brown, aged 48, of Eltham, who was found stabbed to death in a field at Chislehurst, Kent, on September 10. The photograph was transmitted after the Television newsreel."

The B B C say they have been willing to televise photographs on similar grounds since 1950, but this was the first time that they had been asked by Scotland Yard to do so. It is 43 years since wireless was first used in a murder case—that of Crippen, who was on board ship, heading for America.

"I can't stand seeing my picture on TV," she said.

Another unexpected advantage of "Suspects Wanted" is its power to make families talk. Previously, when officers asked the whereabouts of a wanted son or daughter, families would usually freeze up. They don't any more.

"It's a great weapon," said Sergeant Doane. "All we have to say is, 'If you don't help us we'll put him on TV'; and they usually reply, 'Give us until tomorrow and we'll bring him in.'"

A third unanticipated return is the good relations the programme has brought about between the police and the public. Southern Californians now feel that they have been admitted behind the scenes in the drama of law enforcement. There is increasing willingness to

help police do their job. When the programme started, most informants phoned in anonymously, whereas now more than half give their names and addresses, which are treated as confidential. No informant is ever called into court as a witness.

A broadcast may bring no tips at all, or it may result in as many as 60 phone calls. Police check them all. No rewards are offered. "Why should anyone be paid for helping protect his own community?" asks Doane.

Los Angeles detectives guess that almost 1,000 crooks have been arrested as a result of having their "mugs" flashed on the screen. "A policeman can't be any more effective than his information," says Doane. "This is the best means we know to increase his information."

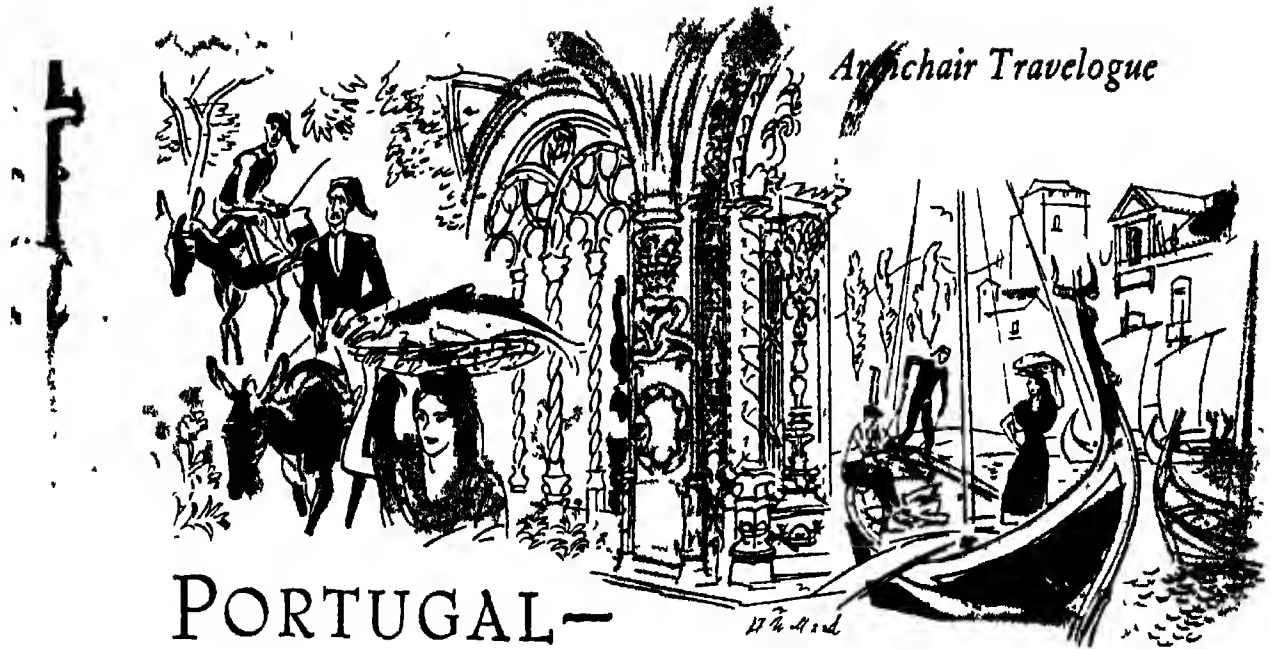
### *From the Bottom of Their Hearts*

ON AN AMERICAN broadcast, Yul Brynner, star of *The King and I*, reminisced about when the late Gertrude Lawrence was playing Anna.

Summer before last, during a terrific heat wave in New York, the producers had an air-conditioning machine installed in Gertrude Lawrence's dressing-room. She couldn't stand the idea of being comfortable herself while the girls in the show suffered from the heat, so, at her own expense, she had a big air-conditioner put in their dressing-room.

One night in the scene where I, as the King, summon all my wives to show Anna how well they look in their European-style dresses and how they'll impress the British Ambassador, I noticed that as they bowed to me Gertrude, on the opposite side of the stage, was fighting to keep from laughing. I couldn't figure out what was wrong.

Afterwards I learned the grateful girls had taken lipstick and written across their underpants, one letter to a girl, "WE LOVE YOU." As they bowed to me, their dresses flew up at the back and flashed the message to Gertrude.



## PORTUGAL—

### *Europe's Garden-on-the-Sea*

Condensed from the French monthly *Réalités* *Andre Visson*

**P**ORTUGAL WAS the birthplace of some of the world's greatest navigators—Gomes, da Gama, Magellan, who in the 15th and 16th centuries discovered so many of the then unknown lands in Africa, Asia and America. It was not until after World War I that those great explorers of modern times, European and American tourists, began to find their way into "Europe's garden-on-the-sea" in any numbers.

The way you reach Lisbon—Portugal's capital and one of the world's most beautiful harbours—will determine your first impression of the country.

Coming by sea, you land in a colourful 18th-century city. The immense plaza fronting the harbour is bordered by government buildings,

where ancient palaces used to stand. In the background, Lisbon's seven hills are dotted with more palaces, churches and houses in a symphony of pastel shades—tender blue, pale ochre, pigeon mauve, honey yellow, carmine pink. It is such a perfect setting for an old-time opera that you are surprised to see modern motor traffic directed by white-helmeted policemen.

If you arrive by plane, you drop into a 20th-century Portugal. Everything is modern, light and spacious—the comfortable airfield waiting rooms, the big buses that bring you in a few minutes to the centre of the town; the broad avenues with their attractive houses, colourful flower beds and fountains of sober elegance.



But when you cross from Spain into Portugal by car or train, you enter the really "old country," you see the truly distinctive personality of the land. Though Spain and Portugal are closely related geographically and racially, their landscapes, villages, churches, people are vastly different. In Portugal everything is softer, milder, more relaxed. Above all, the countryside is a lush green.

For "Europe's garden-on-the-sea" is not just poetic imagery. Ninety per cent of Portugal's 35,000 square miles is covered with verdure, the gift of the moisture-laden winds of the Atlantic, whose waters wash the 500-mile coastline. More than 2,700 varieties of trees, shrubs and flowers grow here. Those native to northern Europe flourish side by side with those from the Mediterranean countries and even from North Africa. But there are almost a hundred which can be found only in Portugal. (One of the hardest things to find in Portugal, however, is a flower shop. With flowers all round them, the people do not feel the need to buy them.)

A NATIONAL FEATURE of the Portuguese is a pleasant Old World courtesy. In the shops every customer, however humble, is addressed "*Vossa Excelência* (Your Excellency)"; and the ticket collector on the ferry crossing the Tagus bids you a gracious "*boa viagem* (bon voyage)" as he punches your

ticket. Everyone is polite without being servile; everyone has a natural dignity without arrogance.

Whether in country or city, you are left in no doubt that Portugal is a man's world. On the roads the women carry all kinds of loads on their heads—baskets of vegetables, bundles of laundry, furniture, mattresses, even coffins—while the men ride on their donkeys or walk beside the women, hands in pockets.

Familiar figures in the streets of Lisbon are the *varinas*, the dark-eyed, dark-skinned fishwives, who get their name from the fishing village of Ovar, believed to have been founded thousands of years ago by the Phœnicians. Balancing the heavy baskets of silvery fish on their heads, they move gracefully among the crowds, oblivious of the women in Parisian gowns and American nylons. It is only recently that the Lisbon police have imposed upon them the wearing of shoes. But as soon as they are out of the big city they take them off and sling them on their heads.

In the open-air cafés along Lisbon's Avenida da Liberdade, bordered by acacias, palms and profuse flowers, you see almost no women. Men, however, take their leisure here from early morning until late at night, sipping their black coffee, enjoying their sherbet and having their shoes polished to mirror-like perfection.

A woman cannot vote unless she

death of her husband has made her head of the family; in the upper levels she cannot select her own husband; she cannot open a banking account or apply for a passport without the husband's authorization. The wife of a high official who had been hurt in a motor accident in Spain could not join him because he was in a coma and thus unable to endorse her passport application. A few young women have expressed their urge for independence by driving their own cars. And a few girls from good families even go so far as to declare that, regardless of what their parents may think they will choose their husbands themselves.

THIS is a land of superb old churches. The most striking—Tomar, Batalha, Alcobaça, Jerónimos—present an astounding array of columns twisted like nautical cables, of mammoth shells, giant anchors, globes encircled by coils of rope, and other extravagantly sculptured decorations running like tropical creepers along windows, portals and arches. It is the exuberant style of navigators intoxicated by the memories of their travels to fabulous lands, and of poets carried away by their imagination.

The red tile roofs curved like those of Chinese pagodas remind us that Portugal was the first Western nation to open trade with China. *Azulejos*—the polychrome glazed tiles, decorating patios, reception

rooms and often outside walls—are a legacy of four centuries of occupation by the Arabs. *Azulejos* were originally inspired by ancient Oriental rugs, whose elaborate designs and rich colours were skilfully reproduced on tile by Portuguese craftsmen. Later the deep blue-and-white of Chinese pottery was adopted. After six or seven centuries *azulejos* are still used in the decoration of Portuguese houses and public buildings.

AT THE ENTRANCE of every Portuguese town of any importance is a circular building—the bull ring. Unlike the Spaniards, the Portuguese do not kill their bulls, after the *tourneiro* has proved his skill by piercing the hide of the bull with four pairs of gaily festooned *bandanilhas*, the fight is over. Since the harassed animal is generally unaware of this, however, cows are brought in to lure him out of the ring.

THE OLDEST of Portugal's three universities—and one of the oldest in Europe—is in Coimbra, a picturesque pink-and-white city perched on a steep hill in the centre of Portugal. It was founded at the end of the 13th century. Here the students wear skimpy black frock coats and wide one-piece capes that fall in big folds, with bottoms unhemmed. Whenever a young man falls in love with a girl, he slashes the bottom

of his cape with a penknife. By the time his years of study are finished, the cape is completely tattered!

THE PROUDEST PEOPLE in Portugal are the 300,000 inhabitants of Oporto, Portugal's second largest city, which lent its name to both the country and one of the most famous wines in the world. In Portuguese the two words *O Porto* mean The Harbour. Oporto is Portugal's oldest city, believed to have been founded by Greek settlers in 2,000 B.C. For centuries its people have been Portugal's money-makers. In the Middle Ages no Portuguese nobleman was allowed to settle in Oporto unless he went into some trade. The ancient small kingdom surrounding the city of Oporto grew into the great colonial empire of Portugal, still the world's fourth largest.

OXEN still transport all kinds of loads on Portugal's roads, work in the fields and even in the sea. In the ancient fishing village of Nazaré, when the picturesque boats—their slim prows and sterns raised like the cusps of a new moon and decorated with gaily coloured designs—return in the evening with the day's catch, the oxen pull the heavy boats out of the ocean on to the beach.

The return from fishing at Nazaré is a unique sight. The barefooted fishermen and their sons are all dressed alike in woollen blouses of brown-green-yellow tartan, and

trousers rolled to the knees—a garb worn here for generations. Their headgear is a woollen stocking cap, the end falling to the shoulder, in which they keep their tobacco and matches. The young women wear mostly woollen skirts and blouses of the same tartan as the men. The older ones wrap themselves in wide black capes that are attached to the head by a black felt hat, flat as a pancake. The capes fall to their bare feet, giving them the appearance of giant bats.

Old and young take an active part in drawing in the catch, weighing it, and carrying away the wet nets and hampers full of turbot, pollock, eels, mackerel, whittings and sardines—Portugal's staple food.

WEST OF LISBON, running for 20 miles, is the Costa do Sol—Portugal's Riviera. It is the most elegant and most visited region in the country. It has everything to attract the Portuguese and the foreigners: beaches, fishing villages, attractive villas clinging to the eucalyptus- and pine-clad hills, modern hotels, golf courses, casinos, night clubs, as well as the romantic mountain range of Cintra, with its luxuriant gardens.

Many well-to-do Lisbonese have their summer homes here, or live here all the year round. It is a region of old Portuguese palaces without kings and of exiled kings without palaces. Umberto of Italy; Don Juan of Spain, Pretender to the

vacant throne of his country; the Count of Paris, Pretender to the non-existent throne of France, all maintain here comfortable though not palatial homes. Even Dom Duarte Nuno de Bragança, Pretender to the abolished throne of Portugal, is a frequent visitor.

A winding road along the shore leads to Cabo da Roca, Europe's most westerly point. The umbrella-shaped pine and eucalyptus trees, with their heady fragrance, give way to heather and strange low plants whose hard sulphur-yellow blooms resist the strong ocean winds. Then these, too, disappear. Nothing but bare, stony land. And on the left, between ocean and road, a sea of dunes.

You stop at one of the unpretentious eating places along this road. The dining-room is low and poorly lit, but the sole and the lobster are exceptionally tasty, the wine is light, cool and dry. With the strong, black Portuguese coffee

the owner presses on you a juniper cordial—on the house. It is growing dark. A song arises above the noise of the wind outside. It is the Portuguese *fado*—fate, the burden of destiny. It vibrates with anguish and nostalgia. It is tender, sentimental and heartbreaking. The high-pitched lament of the guitar keeps up an insistent throbbing.

Another song follows—the *saudade*, a song of even greater nostalgia, a song of eternal regret. It was from here, centuries ago, that the caravels of bold navigators sailed to discover fabulous lands in the Americas and Asia. It was from here that many Portuguese emigrated to Brazil—a land once belonging to Portugal—or to their great colonies in Africa.

This sad word *saudade*, who invented it? It was a mother's farewell to her beloved son going away. It is only when you have left Portugal that you can really understand its meaning.

GENIAL OLD Professor Blackie, with his handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders, was a picturesque figure in Edinburgh streets. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack. "Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor, impressed by the dirtiness of the boy's face, said, "I don't want a shine, my boy, but if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," the boy replied. He went to a fountain nearby, performed his ablutions, and returned. The professor beamed.

"Well, my boy, you have earned your sixpence. Here it is!"

"I dinna want it," returned the boy with dignity. "Ye can keep it and get your hair cut!"

—John de Morgan, In *Lighter vein* (Elder)

# I'D WANT MY HUSBAND TO MARRY AGAIN

By Eileen Morris

*I*F I SHOULD DIE, I'd want my husband to marry again—just as soon as he could win a woman willing to tolerate his driving and his jokes.

Many of my friends disagree with me. Snapped one, "The thought of some strange woman running my house, taking over my lovely things and lying in my bed makes me see red!" There is an unreasonable longing in most women's hearts that their love should be enough.

I'm not saying a man should rush to the altar with the first dreamboat who appears on the horizon. But I am asking for common sense, for an end to the twisted thinking that says a man must not remarry "out of consideration" for his dead wife.

"Of course the question would not arise," one stiffish matron told me. "John is already 53. I should hope he would remember his age."

Let's face facts. Old age no longer means sitting safe in the chimney corner, rocking the years away. It is

a happy, useful life into the 70s and 80s. At 53 John still has a lot of living ahead—why shouldn't he want the benefits of love and companionship in his later years?

Let's be realistic. The normal, healthy life involves a partner. No matter how well-liked, the widower is a fifth wheel, left out of social gatherings he would attend if married. Trivial as these things seem, they deepen his sense of isolation. And I want my husband to be happy.

The man who marries again pays his first wife a great compliment. If he wants to marry a second time, he must have liked marriage.

I'd want my husband to marry again so that he would have fresh purpose to his life. I'd want him to have someone to listen to his dreams and disappointments. An amiable woman who could make his favourite dishes and remember where he left the car keys.

If we have children I hope even more that my husband will remarry. A child needs a family home with a father and mother who love him and each other. The absence of either parent is a handicap that can cripple a personality.

In the words of your marriage vows you promised to love, honour and cherish *till death us do part*. The marriage covenant does not, therefore, rob the surviving partner of the opportunity of building a new, enduring second marriage.



The 25-hour fire that left Chicago a smouldering ruin  
the fire of London

## Lizard of Flames

By Emmett Dedmon

THE FIREMEN of Chicago's Little Giant fire company were near exhaustion when their equipment was finally put away at dusk that Sunday, October 8, 1871. For 17 hours they had been fighting what the newspapers headlined as "The Great Conflagration." Damage, extending over four blocks of the West Side, had amounted to nearly a million dollars.

Now, at 9 15, came another alarm. The fireman on duty in the watchtower saw flames leaping towards the sky about six blocks north of the station house. The tired engine company set out for the blaze as soon as the horses could be harnessed. They did not return for 25 long hours during which the very heart of Chicago was destroyed. In one of the most disastrous fires of all time—worse than the great fires of London\* (1666) and Moscow (1812)—17,450 homes were burned, some 300 lives lost, 98,000 people left homeless, and property worth \$200,000,000—one-third of the city's wealth—was demolished.

Spectacular fires had not been uncom-

\* The Fire of London which destroyed St. Paul's Cathedral, the Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, the Customs House, 44 Halls of the City Companies and 87 parish churches, also burned down 13,200 houses and rendered homeless 80,000 people.

mon in Chicago. To house its rapid growth—the population had leapt from 4,000 to 300,000 between 1840 and 1870—the city had built two-thirds of its 60,000 buildings of wood. And now the city was dry as tinder for months scant rain had fallen.

The Little Giant company followed the beacon of fire to De Koven Street, where they found two barns, a paintshop and three sheds burning fiercely. And, in this area of closely built cottages and shanties, they also found Peg Leg Sullivan, blackened and singed, leaning on the neck of a badly frightened calf he had rescued from a barn at the cost of his peg leg. The calf belonged to Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, who said that a cow had kicked over a lamp when she had gone to get some salt for an ailing animal.

The Little Giant firemen were puzzled that it took other companies so long to arrive. The city's central fire watcher, stationed in the Court House tower, had seen the flames but had misjudged their location by more than a mile and a faulty signal had gone out. Meanwhile, the blaze from the O'Leary barn increased and began moving swiftly northwards, urged along by a furious south-west gale.

Suddenly a mass of burning material whirled four blocks through the air to the steeple of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church. Flames soon enveloped the building, spread

through an adjoining factory and into Bateham's saw mill near the west bank of the Chicago River. There the fire feasted on half a million feet of timber and three-quarters of a million shingles.

All the city's fire fighting equipment was now mobilized, fighting three separate fires that had got out of control—two columns of flame moving northwards from the O'Leary fire and the inferno at Bateham's saw mill.

Unpredictably, the fire struck east of the river where the Parmelee Stage Company had just completed a new stable. It was unoccupied, but the lots were filled with hay. On this target dropped a mass of blazing wood that had been carried nearly a quarter of a mile by the wind. Soon the gasworks were afire. An heroic watchman prevented an explosion by transferring the gas to tanks on the North Side—but this put out every light on the South Side. Now the situation was desperate, the fire was at the heart of the city.

At midnight Mayor Roswell Mason wired other cities for help. In Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati, fire engines were loaded on railway trucks to be rushed to Chicago.

As the moon rose dully through the pall of smoke it became clear that a fire break would be needed. James Hildreth, a former alderman, got permission. His zeal was greater than his skill and his first effort in

the Union National Bank merely blew out its windows

The blaze continued its capricious leaps. A brand landed in the Court House cupola, and flames soon spread to the lower floors. The bell began tolling, rung by an automatic mechanism. Prisoners in the gaol on the ground level screamed to be released. All were given their freedom except the accused murderers, who were led handcuffed to the shore of Lake Michigan. Finally the bell stopped ringing, the building had collapsed.

As the pace of the fire increased, the new 500-room Grand Pacific Hotel and the equally new red-carpeted Bigelow Hotel were consumed. The Tremont House also went up in flames, for the third time in its history.

The Tremont House manager, John Drake, provided a remarkable example of faith. Hurrying along the street with the money salvaged from the hotel safe, he strode into the Michigan Avenue Hotel, which was directly in the path of the flames, and startled the manager by offering to buy the hotel's lease and furniture. The distraught proprietor could not believe Drake was serious, so Drake handed him \$1,000 as an advance payment, then called on guests to witness his written agreement to buy—if the hotel survived. The Michigan Avenue Hotel survived, and Drake later bought it.

With five separate conflagrations now lighting the sky almost to

the brilliancy of daylight, the new waterworks building—the pride of Chicago—went up in flames. All its pumps were destroyed. There was no more water for the city's fire hoses except where it could be pumped from the river.

The streets were gorges of pushing, struggling mobs, trying desperately to save something which would provide the basis for a new start. Adding to the confusion were maddened animals which dashed about in a torture of pain from the red blizzards of hot cinders. Looters were smashing store windows and snatching what they could.

While hysterical women dragged large trunks along the pavements, other folk sought out every available wheelbarrow, express wagon or cart to haul goods to safety. One wagon driver was given \$1,000 to haul away a bank's currency. Householders made hurried attempts to bury silver and other valuable belongings—even pianos—in the ground.

On the North Side the swift-moving fire ripped at the wooden houses with the force of a hurricane. Families huddled on the lake shore surrounded by islands of personal property—silver, boxes of valuable papers, chairs, even disjointed bedsteads. Mattresses and carpets continually caught fire from falling sparks, and there was a constant procession to the lake for buckets of water to extinguish them. As the heat became more intense, horses



and wagons were driven as far out into the water as possible, and many persons waited out the fire in these high-wheeled vehicles. Others spent hours sitting on the backs of chairs, their feet on the seats in the water.

Meanwhile, at the exclusive Chicago Club, some of the members had begun toasting their defiance of the destruction of their businesses with a champagne breakfast. Before they could finish, the fire roared into the club. Hastily filling their pockets with cigars and bottles, they picked up the red satin sofas from the lobby and took them to the lake shore—where they sat down and finished their repast.

By early Monday morning the original West Side fire had stopped at the burned-out area of Saturday night's fire. But the fire on the North Side was still sweeping towards Lake Michigan, and the flames in the business district both advanced and backtracked. Many buildings that had been saved during the night were now destroyed, among them the famous Palmer House, McVicker's Theatre and the new "fireproof" *Tribune* building.

It was nightfall on Monday before all the big fires slowly began to die. Shortly before midnight a light rain started to fall, and by 4 a.m. on Tuesday the fire was over, though burning coal piles in the city's cellars cast a weird red footlight on the panorama of ruin.

In the burned-out 2,124-acre area only two houses had been saved—

the mansion of Mahlon Ogden and the modest home of policeman Richard Bellinger. Ogden was away, but friends kept the roof of his house covered with wet blankets and carpets, a measure that failed in hundreds of other cases. Bellinger was probably the only man to fight the fire directly and win. During the night he raked up his leaves and burned his wooden fences. He kept his roof wet, first using water from his cistern, then carrying buckets from a ditch two blocks away, finally pouring his entire supply of cider over the roof and walls.

Despite loss and tragedy, Chicago turned matter-of-factly to the problem of recovery. Temporary city offices were set up and a relief programme was soon under way. The mayor issued proclamations forbidding the sale of whisky and fixing the price of bread. The army provided tents as temporary housing. Special trains with food and clothing came from New York.

Individual Chicagoans were quick to rise above the catastrophe. One who wasted no time was real estate agent W. D. Kerfoot. While the ruins of his office were still too hot to handle, Kerfoot erected a wooden shack and put up a sign.

"ALL GONE EXCEPT WIFE, CHILDREN & ENERGY."

Most Chicagoans agreed that Kerfoot had all that was needed to rebuild his fortunes, and the city itself seemed to emulate his spirit and rise reborn from the ashes.

*"My strength lies in the love of my people"*

## THE QUEEN OF GREECE

*Condensed from Time*

"**D**id you ever stop to think," Queen Frederika of Greece once asked Sir Winston Churchill, "that if your Queen Victoria had died before she reached the throne my father would now be King of England?"

Because Victoria did survive, the Duke of Cumberland, Victoria's uncle and Frederika's great-great-grandfather, had to be satisfied with the Kingdom of Hanover. Years later a Hanoverian prince married the daughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Their third child, Princess of Hanover, Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Brunswick and Luneburg, and present Queen of Greece, was born on April 18, 1917.

When Queen Frederika and her handsome husband, King Paul, were



planning a trip to the United States recently, the pert, petite Queen gave her dressmaker only one admonition: "I have a tiny waist," she said, "and I want to show it."

Frederika's trim figure and impudent face are topped by an unruly mop of chestnut curls. She was once described (to her face) by a U S Congressman in his cups as "the cutest little Queenie I ever saw."

Frederika's easy informality has proved a major asset to Greece's ruling house, whose royal motto is: "My strength lies in the love of my people." But Greece's Queen is no royal fibbertigibbet. Born to the purple as well as being married to it, she takes what she calls "this King business" very seriously, and exploits every ounce of her charm

and wit to strengthen its power.

Princess Frederika was brought up—mostly in Austria—in the stern, proud tradition of Germany's *Junker* nobility. It was unthinkable, she told schoolmates later, that she would ever be permitted to marry beneath her own exalted station.

A bright, alert, gay and affectionate tomboy, she was educated at home by her strict mother and an English governess until she was 17. Then she was sent off to school, first in England, then in Florence. The Italian finishing school was a democratic institution where the girls made their own beds and called each other by their first names. Frederika loved it. Generally hatless and never too neat ("I don't believe Frederika's seams were ever straight," said one teacher), her schoolmates called the German Princess "Freddy" and even "Fried Egg."

That year Frederika paid frequent visits to her two "aunts" (actually second cousins) at the Villa Sparta, just a short walk from the school. The reason—the presence at the villa of the aunts' younger brother, handsome, strapping (six-foot three-inch) Crown Prince Paul of Greece.

Frederika and Paul first met when she was only ten. To this day she boasts that she fell in love with him at first sight. The romance had the full approval of all the royal families concerned, and in 1938, years after Frederika left

school, she and Prince Paul were married by the Archbishop of Athens. Some 60 representatives of Europe's royal houses stood by to see the Crown Prince carry his bride off to his brother's palace in a golden coach.

Ever since 1863 the Greek people have been voting their patient kings on and off their throne with unpredictable frequency. Paul's brother, George II, was enthroned three times and dethroned twice. Their father, King Constantine, was twice called to the throne and twice thrown off it.

As heir presumptive to this royal general-post, Prince Paul showed an understandable lack of interest in his kingship. The easy-going Crown Prince spent much of his time away from Greece, drifting from the home of one royal relative to that of another. But by the time he married Frederika, at the age of 36 (she was 20), he was ready to settle down.

Frederika herself was instantly at home in her new surroundings. "I was born a barbarian," she said, to the infinite delight of the Greeks, "and I came to Greece to get civilized." The heady atmosphere of a nation where politics is a national sport suited her perfectly.

She lost no time establishing a dynasty. Her first child, Sophie, was born ten months after the marriage, and her second, who is the present Crown Prince Constantine, 19 months later.

In October 1940, Benito Mussolini launched his attack on Greece. Eagerly seizing her first opportunity for service, Crown Princess Frederika plunged into the task of mobilizing Greece's women in a drive to provide clothing for the pitifully under-equipped Greek Army. The army stopped the Duce's Fascists cold, Frederika's clothing drive was a huge success, and both won new respect in the eyes of the Greek people. Then, early in the next year, Hitler sent the *Wehrmacht* into Greece. The royal family was forced to flee, first to Crete (where bombs rained about Frederika's curly head), then to Egypt and finally to South Africa, where Frederika's third child, Irene, was born.

In 1946, once again by popular vote, George II was called back to the throne of a Greece ravaged by war and torn with internal strife. Half a year later he died, leaving his bleeding country and its battered crown to Paul and Frederika. Greece was all but bankrupt and much of it reduced to rubble. Aided and supplied from outside, Greek Communists were fighting—and winning—a bloody guerrilla war against their fellow countrymen. The future of Greece's throne offered at best a long-shot gamble, but with the fervour and thoroughness of a born politico Frederika set to work canvassing her constituents and winning them over to her side.

During the first years of Paul's reign, scarcely a square mile in all

the 51,000 that formed Greece was left untrodden by the King and Queen. They rode in jeeps, crossed mountains on muleback, slept on dirt floors and ate with the peasants. No fighting front was too hot to keep them away.

At a reconstruction project, the husky King delighted local workers by seizing a shovel and making the dirt fly with the best of them. In a hospital, Frederika held the hand of a dejected soldier whose head was so swathed in bandages that only his eyes peeped through, and listened quietly to his fears about being scarred and ugly. "You could never be ugly," she answered with a radiant smile, "not with such beautiful eyes."

Frederika organized and personally supervised every detail of the Queen's Fund, a vast charity whose original object was to find food and shelter for the thousands of homeless children wandering lost in her land. Her impassioned pleas for her pet causes seldom fell on deaf ears.

As Queen of Greece, Frederika dabbled firmly and frequently in the political pond, and until recently never hesitated to express her opinion on any and all subjects to whatever newsman might drop in. "Of course, we are national symbols," she once told a reporter, "but that doesn't mean we must be figureheads. What an awful bore that would be." Such freewheeling monarchy for a while made her a news-

man's dream come true, but it led her inevitably to clash with those more responsible than herself for Greece's welfare.

In 1951, after watching many corruption-ridden governments come and go in six years with no discernible benefit to their country, the Greeks turned once again to Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, who had twice led the Greek Army to victory—against the Fascists and against the Communists. In the election of that year Papagos' newly organized Greek Rally captured the biggest number of seats in parliament. Frederika opposed Papagos, the man who thus stood as her only rival for the love of her people. The following year, when Papagos ran again, he won by a large majority. Today, the feud between the Marshal and the Queen, which never got far beyond the cafés in Athens in any case, seems to have been tacitly forgotten by everyone concerned.

Under the upright old Marshal and his brilliant economic planner, Spyros Markezinis, Greek recovery has proceeded apace. The £650,000,000 in military and economic aid (about £96 for every man, woman and child in Greece) which the United States poured into the country has played a major part in the nation's miraculous return to health.

So have Markezinis' domestic policies, which rode roughshod over

ancient privilege and fired thousands of civil servants, cut government spending to the bone and set into motion the first tax reform for decades.

Today the Greek Army (160,000 men), one of the best in NATO, is well fed, well equipped and well clothed—in woollens from Greece's own mills. Unemployment is down from 150,000 to 50,000. Last autumn Greek farmers reaped one of the finest crops in their long history. Last year, for the first time since the war, the government reported a budget surplus.

The royal couple's long charm and devoted example are still a major factor in the relative contentment of Greece today. Democracy-loving Greeks, who have no use for pomp and arrogance, like to run across their friendly, smiling Queen democratically browsing through Athens shops in search of a good buy. They pride themselves on the sensible way she brings up her children, on the royal couple's life at the palace, where Frederika often darts into the kitchen to cook dinner, or the summer villa where Paul potters in the garden and Frederika goes about in shorts.

Greeks like the fact that their Queen can win friends and influence people in the name of Greece. Frederika and Paul have given the Greek throne a new stability matched only by the economic stability Papagos has given their country.

# HOW TO HELP SOMEONE IN SORROW

*By Howard Whitman*

**M**OST OF US want to be helpful when grief strikes a friend, but we often don't know how. We may end up doing nothing because we don't know the right—and helpful—things to say and do. Because that was my own experience recently I resolved to gather pointers which might be useful to others as well as to myself.

The clergy deal with such situations every day. I went to scores of them, of all faiths.

Here are some specific suggestions they made.

1. *Don't try to "buck them up."* It only makes your friend feel worse when you say, "Come now, buck up. Don't take it so hard."

A man who has lost his wife must take it hard (if he loved her). "Bucking him up" sounds as though you are minimizing his loss. But the honest attitude, "Yes, it's awful, and, believe me, I know it is,"

makes your friend feel free to express grief and recover from it. The "don't take it so hard" approach deprives him of the natural emotion of grief, stops up the safety valve God has given him.

2. *Don't try to divert them.* Many people making condolence calls purposely veer away from the subject. They make small talk about football, fishing, the weather—anything but the reason for their visit.

There is no use in trying to camouflage death. The task of the mourner, difficult as it is, is to face the fact of death, and go on from there. It would be far better to sit silently and say nothing than to make obvious attempts to distract. The sorrowing friend sees through the effort to divert him. When the visitor leaves, reality hits him all the harder.

3. *Don't be afraid to talk about the person who has passed away.*

Well-intentioned friends often shy away from mentioning the deceased. The implication is that the whole thing is too terrible to mention.

The helpful thing is to talk about the person as you knew him in the fullness of his life, to re-create a living picture to replace the picture of death.

A friend of mine once called on a woman who had lost her brother. "I didn't know your brother very well," he said. "Tell me about him." The woman started talking and they discussed her brother for an hour. Afterwards she said, "I feel relieved now for the first time since he died."

4. *Don't be afraid of causing tears* When a good friend of mine lost a child I said something which made his eyes fill with tears. "I put my foot in it," I said, in relating the incident to a clergyman. "No, you didn't," he replied. "You helped your friend to express grief in a normal, healthy way. That is far better than to stifle grief when friends are present, only to have it descend more crushingly when one is all alone."

Fear of causing tears, probably more than anything else, makes people stiff and ineffective. Visiting a friend who has lost his wife, they may be about to mention a drive in the country when they remember the man's wife used to love driving in the country. They daren't speak of peonies because they were her favourite flower. So they freeze up.

They are really depriving their friend of probably the greatest help they could give him. That is, to help him experience grief in a normal way and get over it. Medical and psychological studies back up one clergyman's contention that *expressing* grief is good and *repressing* it is bad. "If a comment of yours brings tears," he concludes, "remember—they are healthy tears."

5. *Let them talk* Sorrowing people need to talk. Friends worry about their ability to *say* the right things. They ought to be worrying about their ability to *listen*.

If the warmth of your presence can get your friend to start talking, keep quiet and listen—even though he repeats the same things a dozen times. He is not telling you news but expressing feelings that need repetition. Here's a measuring stick for the success of your visit. If your friend has said a hundred words to your one, you've helped a lot.

6. *Reassure—don't argue*. Everybody who loses a loved one has guilt feelings—they may not be justified but they're natural. A husband feels he should have been more considerate of his wife; a parent feels he should have spent more time with his child, a wife feels she should have made fewer demands on her husband. The yearning, "If only I had not done this, or done that—if I only had a chance to do it now," is a hallmark of grieving.

These feelings must work their way out. You can give reassurance.

Your friend must slowly come to the realization that he or she was, in all probability, a pretty good husband, wife or parent

7. *Communicate—don't isolate.* Too often a person who has lost a loved one is overwhelmed with visitors for a week or so; then the house is empty. Even good friends sometimes stay away, believing that people in sorrow "like to be alone."

It is in that after-period, when all the letters of sympathy have been read and acknowledged and people have swung back into daily routine, that friends are needed most.

Keep in touch. See your friend more often than you did before. He has suffered a deep loss. Your job is to show him, by implication, how much he still has left.

8. *Perform some concrete act.* I learned of a sorrowing husband who lost all interest in food until a friend brought over his favourite dish and simply left it there at suppertime. That's a wonderful way to help, by a concrete deed which in itself may be small yet carries the immense implication that you care.

We should make it our business, when a friend is in sorrow, to do at least one practical, tangible act of kindness.

9. *Swing into action.* Action is the symbol of going on living.

By swinging into action with your friend, whether at his hobby or his work, you help build a bridge to the future. Perhaps it means painting a shed with him, or hoeing the gar-

*Remind them that they will meet their loved ones again, and must lead their lives so that the dead will not be disappointed in them.*

This advice to the bereaved of any age comes from Dr. Maudie Roydon, C.H., for many years famous as preacher at the City Temple, and afterwards at The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, London. Still a frequent broadcaster, she says:

"However young you were when you lost those loved ones, however old you may be when you rejoin them, life will not be too long for the most desolate of you to strive so that, when you meet those you love, they will not be disappointed in you."

den. Or spending an afternoon with a woman friend mending the children's clothes, or browsing through antique shops.

Sorrowing people tend to drop out of things. They're a little like the rider who has been thrown from a horse. If they are to ride again, better get them back on the horse quickly.

10. *Get them out of themselves.* Once you have your friend doing things for himself, his grief is nearly cured. Once you have him doing things for others, it is cured.

Grief runs a natural course. It will pass. But if there is only a vacuum behind it, self-pity will rush in to fill it. To help your friend along the normal course of recovery, guide him to a new interest.

If you and I, when sorrow strikes friends, follow even a few of these pointers, we will be helpful.



# And Now It's Frozen Bread

By Paul W. Kearney

**O**NE NIGHT a few years ago Dean Arnold, a successful baker in Port Chester, New York, was reading *Discovery*, by Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd.

Admiral Byrd, after a successful expedition to Antarctica, had suddenly been forced by weather conditions to strike camp and return home. Four years later he went back to the same base, chopped through thick ice covering the hut and found everything just as he had left it—including, among other foodstuffs, a loaf of bread, now solidly frozen. Byrd decided to experiment. He thawed the four-year-old frozen bread and found it surprisingly good.

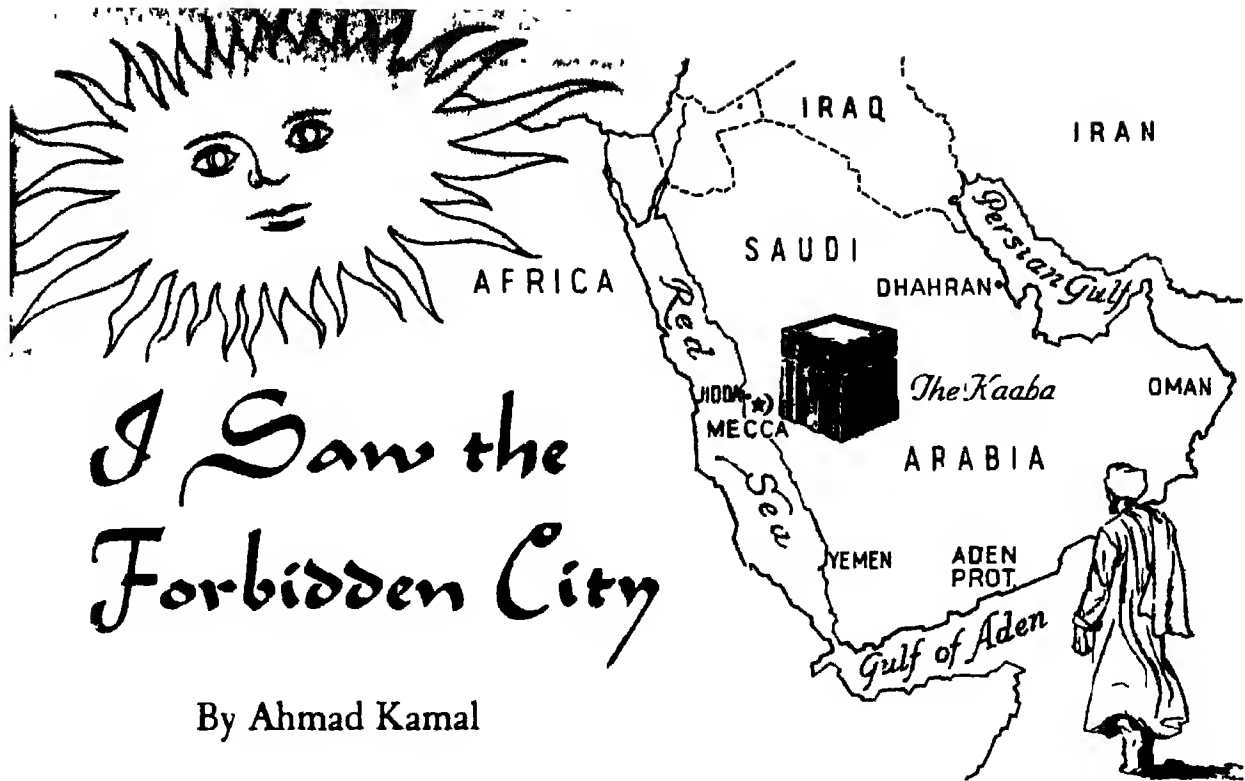
When Dean Arnold read about this, nearly 20 years later, he was in the midst of experiments with frozen bread. Byrd's experience encouraged him to speed up his research. Last winter he began production of quick-frozen rolls, cakes and pies, as well as bread. Today 1,000 American groceries are selling Arnold's quick-frozen bakery products, and shipments are going to customers in Europe, Britain and parts of Latin America.

When baked products are quick-frozen shortly after they come out of the oven, their fresh flavour is locked in and retained. But the freezing process means more than just fresh-tasting bread. It means a great saving of vital materials by eliminating the loss of bread which goes stale before it is sold.

Not long ago Dean Arnold called on Admiral Byrd to thank him for sparking the new venture. The two men took a liking to each other at once and today Admiral Byrd is a vice-president of Arnold's company, and is in charge of its Frozen Products Division.

Admiral Byrd has already shipped 10,000 loaves of frozen bread to Western Germany for relief of refugees from beyond the Iron Curtain. Export shipments to U.S. servicemen in London, Naples and the Panama Canal Zone have developed.

Both Arnold and Byrd have agreed to turn over to anyone in the baking industry the technical knowledge they have acquired about quick-freezing. Anything which benefits the industry as a whole they feel will prove helpful to themselves and to the public.



# I Saw the Forbidden City

By Ahmad Kamal

I WAS in Java, writing a book, when I decided to make the sacred pilgrimage to the most secret and forbidden of all cities—Mecca, Mohammed's birthplace in Arabia.

Several non-Moslem adventurers have succeeded in smuggling themselves into the city, which, in A.D. 630, the Prophet Mohammed sealed for ever from the outer world. Many of them, however, turned back before they set foot on sacred soil, stunned by the heat. Others went on, deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the pilgrimage, until they committed some error in ritual. Their pilgrim disguise penetrated, they were torn to pieces by fanatics or perished under the sword of the executioner. Few have returned.

A face as light as mine would certainly be challenged. My hair is fair, my complexion conspicuously

*A dangerous pilgrimage to strange and secret Mecca*

of the North. And I am an American citizen—a Colorado cattle ranch was my birthplace. My ancestry, however, is Mohammedan (I am descended from the Northern Turks of Russia), and as a child I learned many a long Moslem prayer. To help me further, years of travel in the Middle East and the Orient had added several tongues to the English and Turkish I grew up speaking at home. Moreover, a Javanese friend, Amir Izzet, who had been to Mecca before, decided to accompany me. He would be an invaluable companion.

In late August 1952, Amir Izzet and I boarded a plane at Djakarta, sat back in our seats and softly ut-

tered, "In the name of God be the course and the mooring." This is the first of the pilgrim's prayers, all of which I was memorizing.

When we reached Dhahran in Saudi Arabia the temperature stood at 115 degrees. Fourteen pilgrims had been killed by the heat the day before. Here many pilgrims were changing to the garments of the pilgrimage. Gathering by water hydrants outside the airport building, they performed the ceremonial ablutions and wrapped themselves in plain white robes—a sign that the wearer has eschewed, among other things, violence, marital relations, use of perfume and the wearing of jewellery or personal adornment, until the rites which lie ahead have been fulfilled.

When we flew on to Jidda, Mecca's Red Sea port, the temperature had risen to 126 degrees. Here were converging transport planes from Somaliland, Ethiopia, the Sudan, Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Indonesia—all bringing pilgrims.\* The airport was bedlam. There was no system, no organization, no common tongue. Egyptian women, given to shrill ululation when excited or bereaved, were rending the night with their piercing cries.

An Arab inspected my American passport. He expected to find another oil technician—and discovered

a pilgrimage visa. Quickly he summoned other officials. Interrogated in the midst of the uproar, I explained my racial background. There was an ominous, empty pause. I was ringed by dubious, unsmiling eyes.

Dr. Fahmi Murat, the quarantine doctor, originally a Turko-Tatar, stepped up. He spoke my Turkish dialect. I was not an impostor. I was able to relax.

We found beds at the Hotel Al-Taysir, six pilgrims sharing our room—Mohammedan newsmen from Cairo, Tunis and Teheran. The inhabitants of Jidda and Mecca look upon the faithful as their God-given prey. Al-Taysir, worse than any slum doss-house, charged us the equivalent of £3 a night. Paper money had no circulation here—arriving pilgrims had to buy gold and silver coins at a loss from Jidda's money-changers.

At Jidda, 45 miles from Mecca, all pilgrims must surrender their passports for "way passes." To attempt to slip past the inspection points on the Mecca road without such a document would be sure death. We heard that two unbelievers from Jerusalem had been discovered and stoned to death on the Mecca road. "It happened too quickly," an Arab admitted matter-of-factly. "After they were dead, their passes were found to be in order. But they were fair-haired, and they had cameras. If they died martyrs, Paradise is their abode. God be praised!"

\* Every Moslem, except those not physically or economically able, must make the pilgrimage to Mecca once in his lifetime. The climax of the pilgrimage comes on the ninth day of the 12th and last month of the Mohammedan calendar—in August, 1953, for example.

Three days passed while Amir Izzet and I nervously waited for my way pass. "The officials are overworked," said the ancient agent who was presumably helping us with our documents. On the fourth morning I put a hand into my pocket to scratch my thigh—heat rash had caught up with me, too. I saw the

agent's small eyes burn with cupidity. I brought out a gold sovereign, and within the hour I had my pass.

We took the Mecca road at sundown and still the heat was terrible. Ecstatic pilgrims streamed inland into the furnace desolation by car, lorry and rickety bus, by camel and donkey, afoot. There were families who had walked for two years across Africa—penniless blacks from Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. Three times along the thronged road we were halted at grimy guard posts and scrutinized by armed Arab police. Then, suddenly, the gates of Mecca loomed out of the dusty night.

Headlight beams laced the stifling darkness and Arabs with water skins offered to quench thirst, for silver. Heat lay upon us like a vast, panting beast. But the night was filled with the sound of rapturous prayer. Pilgrims neither remembered nor cared that they had been

Sir Richard Burton, world-famous for his English translation of *The Arabian Nights*, made the pilgrimage to Mecca in 1853 disguised and under the name of Al-Haj Abdulla. We quote his own words on attending the final ceremony in the Harim.

"I stood wonderstruck by the scene before me. The vast quadrangle was crowded with worshippers sitting in long rows and everywhere facing the centre-block tower, the showy colours of their dresses were not to be surpassed by a garden of the most brilliant flowers, and such diversity of detail would probably not be seen massed together in any other building. I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands, but never—nowhere—ought so solemn, so impressive as this."

victimized every step of the way. We crossed a pot-holed incline and descended towards the random yellow lights of Mecca. My scalp tightened. We had reached the secret city.

All pilgrims arriving in Mecca hasten to the Mosque of the Sanctuary. There, in the great inner courtyard, waits the Kaaba, a blue-veiled stone building without windows and with but one door—"the most ancient edifice on earth, the temple beside which Adam worshipped, heartsick, after his expulsion from Paradise." This is the most sacred spot in Islam. Wherever Mohammedans kneel in worship, they face in the direction of Mecca and the Kaaba, from which it is believed that the prayers uttered in unison and converging from all corners of the world flow vertically upwards to the attention of God.

We found a place opposite the Kaaba's door to recite preparatory prayer. Through a momentary break

in the human vortex I glimpsed the sacred black stone, a meteorite, enshrined in a corner of the Kaaba—the stone said by holy tradition to have been brought down to Abraham and Ishmael by the Angel Gabriel during the rebuilding of the Kaaba following the Deluge.

The voice of the praying multitude made antiphonal thunder for the silent heat lightning that shook the darkness. Many wept. I could see Berbers, Riffs and Tuaregs, Chinese and Kurds, Pakistanis and Sumatrans; blacks from Nairobi, Khartoum and Zanzibar, men, women and children whose faces bore tribal scars and tattoos.

Having completed our prayers, before we could sleep we had still to travel seven times the sacred course between the hills As Safa and Al Marwah. Here Hagar, Abraham's maid, had run back and forth pursuing mirages, seeking water for herself and the infant Ishmael.

We struggled through the human undertow, attempting to run where Hagar had run. At least 50,000 people moved relentlessly between the two hills, chanting the ritual prayers. A dying man completed the rite from a reeling wooden litter carried on the heads of bearers.

At ten the next morning, with the temperature at 116 degrees (160 pilgrims had perished in the preceding 24 hours), we went to the covered Mas'a to survey the bazaar stalls. Here were tons of rosaries, the beads cut from amber and rare stones and

fragrant woods. Here were silks and musk, frankincense, attar, rosewater—and soft drinks.

Some of the major rites of pilgrimage take place out in the desert, in the Valley of Arafat. By late afternoon, lorries that had transported tents and provisions to this area were bringing back—for burial—the corpses of those who, no longer able to afford transport, had started into the inferno afoot.

At sundown the secret city shuddered and through a vast arras of dust discharged almost every human soul into the desert. Amir Izzet and I rode on top of a ramshackle bus with 20 Javanese and two bound bullock calves destined for blood sacrifice.

An hour and a quarter from Mecca we entered the Valley of Arafat. More than 80,000 tents were pitched on the rocky floor of the barren valley, surrounding a solitary mountain of naked rock which jutted from its centre.

"When Adam and Eve were banished from Paradise they were separated. Two hundred years they searched the earth for one another, never resting, until the very heavens were shaken by sight of this love. They were reunited here. Eve, on this mountain, beheld Adam from afar as he came to her." •

Above the roar of motors and the bleating of sheep doomed for sacrifice came the surf-like sound of voices reading *zikr*, the hypnotic repetition of praise unto God. •

An hour after sunrise the thermometer stood at 127 degrees. An Egyptian staggered into our tent ropes and collapsed. A Syrian died, blood gushing from his nostrils. An Arab water carrier unsteadily put down his yoke of paraffin tins—then followed them to the ground.

Still the worshippers came, for not to be in the valley when the sun passed its meridian was to miss the pilgrimage. Today was the Day of Absolution, when God revealed Himself to His servants and they felt His presence.

At high noon all save the dead stood and faced the mountain. It floated now in a lake of quicksilver—a mirage. Prayers began, rising from the multitude like a vast music, chord on chord. And they went on and on, hour after hour.

Pilgrims physically capable remained standing in their scalding tents until the sun passed below the molten horizon. Then, suddenly, the great encampment fled from the sacred valley. This, too, is part of the rite, its significance lost.

Clinging to the top of our wheezing bus, we swayed along towards the crumbling village of Mina, final scene of the pilgrimage, in a murderous torrent of traffic.

It was in Mina that Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son (Genesis xxii), when by divine intercession a ram was sent to take the youth's place. Here, at sweltering daybreak, the human sea engulfed the street where stand three stone-and-mortar

monuments marking the sites where Satan appeared three times to Abraham's son, tempting the boy to flee, and was thrice stoned. During the march from Arafat all pilgrims had gathered pebbles with which for three dawns they would ceremonially stone the pillars.

Mina is also a place of blood sacrifice. As more than 150,000 sheep were offered up, life spouting from their slashed throats, the heavy, sweet reek of blood poisoned the desert air.

Most of the second day we lay gasping in our camp. We emerged in the evening to learn that 4,411 pilgrims had perished since dawn. At 11.20 a.m. the mercury had climbed to 142 degrees!

That night I was shaken awake by Amir Izzet. His heat rash was such torment that his breath came in involuntary sobs and groans—and now he was racked by nausea. Two swollen corpses lay on a broken masonry wall at our heads. We had had enough.

Holding our robes to our nostrils, we stepped over the sleeping Javanese pilgrims and hurried through the dark village, casting our remaining stones at the three pillars of Satan to fulfil the ritual.

Beyond the summit of the valley we bought a ride and were in Mecca within the hour. A week later I was in New York. I had witnessed the most ancient religious ritual on earth—a ritual which antedates by millenniums the faith that adopted it.



MY FIRST church was a small country one. Full of enthusiasm and eager to build up the congregation, I decided that my sermons would set a standard of excellence heretofore unknown in the community. With high hopes I went to work.

As I ascended the pulpit on Sunday, St. Paul on Mars Hill seemed sorry by comparison. The sermon was a masterpiece. The comments of the congregation at the conclusion of the service merely reaffirmed what I already knew—I was terrific! The last parishioner to leave was a lady of great age.

"Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?" she asked softly. My answer of "no" lacked all vestige of conviction.

"Well, then," she said, "wherever did you get the idea?"

—NEWELL LINDNER, Chaplain, U.S.N.

MY FRIEND Susan, who has three lively children, was playing "Cowboys and Indians" with them one afternoon when I called in for a visit. As the boy levelled his gun at his mother and yelled "Bang!" she slumped to the floor and lay collapsed in a heap. When she didn't get up I hurried to her to see if she was all right. As I bent over anxiously, she opened one eye and sighed, "Sh-h-h. I always do this. It's the only chance I get to rest!"

MRS. JAMES THOMPSON

A BISHOP who was attending the annual meeting of the Foreign Missions Society had presented his views, when the lady president took the floor.

"My Lord Bishop," she said, "I cannot agree with your contention, and I will not be bullied!"

Bowing courteously to the lady, the Bishop retorted, "Madam, neither will I be cowed" —I B McF

THERE WAS one friend at the party whom I scarcely recognized, for she was wearing glasses. When I remarked about it, she casually replied, "Oh, I've needed them for a long time, but I've just reached the age where my curiosity is greater than my vanity" MRS CARL ASIARSON

THE MEMBERS of a nonconformist church in my former home town were exceedingly proud of their new minister and went all out to include him in every civic activity. But the Rotary Club had them stymied for a while. In this organization each type of business may have only one representative, and for years the churches' member had been a Bishop.

However, the young minister soon turned up as a Rotarian in good standing. He was classified as "Religion, retail" and the Bishop as "Religion, wholesale."

MRS C T COUCHMAN

IN THE lift at the block of flats where I live I saw a notice saying, "Lost—£5 note in lift. Finder please contact Miss Fuller, Flat 689."

I was perturbed, because Miss Fuller is an old lady who has no relatives and augments her small pension by doing mending for some of the tenants in the building. A couple of hours later I knocked at her door. When she opened it, I knew from her look that her money had been returned.

"Yes," she answered to my inquiry, "it's been found. Mr Davis on the second floor found it. Also Mr Harvey and Mrs West. Best of all, I found it myself in my coat pocket, before any of those wonderful people came to my door. Please, my dear, on your way back, take the notice down for me before some more wonderful people find it."

CLARA HEGEL

OLD JANE, the faithful cook for many years at our home, catered to every taste of my father. One morning Mother noticed Jane peeping through the door of his room.

"Jane, you know my husband wouldn't like your looking into his room while he's dressing," remonstrated my mother. "Why do you do it?"

Jane turned reproachful brown eyes on Mother and in a patient tone said, "How am I to know when to put my scones in the oven if I don't know when he gets his trousers on?" —ELIZABETH WOODARD

*W*ORRY is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.

—A S R



# America's Shabby Welcome

to Visitors

*Many travellers from abroad who have to pass through the United States take home sorry memories. Often treated as suspects, held under armed guard, virtually incommunicado, they learn new facts about the 'land of the free'*

By LESTER VELIE

**M**ICO MITRANI, an Italian businessman, recently paused at La Guardia Airport, New York, on a flight from Portugal to Mexico.

"Your transit visa, please," the immigration inspector demanded.

"The airline said I didn't need any. The stop here is only two hours, and I will not leave the airport," said Mitrani.

"We'll teach the airline to follow regulations," said the inspector. Every visitor entering—or even passing through—the United States must have a transit visa or an order waiving the visa but assigning him to "protective custody" until he leaves the country.

Through a technical error Signor Mitrani had neither. Although his plane was already warming up, he

was hustled from the airport as though he had committed a criminal act. He was held overnight under guard, then shipped back to Portugal.

Two days later Mitrani was back at La Guardia. He had crossed the ocean three times in four days and, exhausted, looked forward to several days' rest in New York. He had his transit visa this time, but now another piece of red tape tripped him up. Could Mitrani put up a \$500 bond to assure his departure? Mitrani, an importer with a substantial deposit in Credit Suisse in New York, reached for his wallet. But once again the welcome mat was pulled from under him.

"Sorry, no cash," said the inspector. "We can only take a surety bond or U S Treasury bond. That's

the regulation " It was Sunday afternoon, no such bond could be had, Mitrani was locked up at Ellis Island, the U S Immigration Service's detention centre Released the next day, he was free to spend some time in New York. But he wanted no part of it. He took the first plane out

This is no isolated instance At U S airports and steamship docks traditional American friendliness too often is supplanted by hostility and distrust Some of the fault lies in the complexities of U S immigration law, but much of the trouble stems from the unimaginative way the law is administered Cautious officials apply the rule book with such narrow, bureaucratic conscientiousness that embittered visitors say they're shutting the United States behind a "Legal Curtain "

This hyper-concern about travellers passing through, en route to another destination, is a fetish which most countries find unnecessary Only 18 of the 135 countries through which traffic moves today require transit visas Outside the Iron Curtain an American can circle the planet, alighting in transit in 117 countries without prior permission

The visitor, whose country treats Americans so open-handedly, runs into a maze of restrictions as soon as he begins to plan to travel to or through their country He finds that America has a double gauntlet of screening officialdom. First, the U.S. consul abroad.

To get a transit visa, good for a few hours' wait at the airport in the United States, the visitor must satisfy virtually the same financial, health and political purity requirements that he would need to immigrate He must apply in person, be fingerprinted, furnish three identical photographs, fill out four non-immigrant visa applications and temporary permit entry forms He must provide medical and police certificates and satisfy the consul he is free of subversive sentiments

Getting a transit visa, even for an established local businessman, takes up to eight weeks in Amsterdam, six weeks to six months in Berlin, four weeks in Rome, two weeks in Oslo There are some exceptions in London or Brussels, for example, a businessman can get a transit visa in a few days But if the applicant is not a long-established resident, or if security questions are raised, getting a transit visa may take months

Once the visa has been granted, the traveller believes he is "in " He has been found to be acceptable to Uncle Sam He is not disillusioned until he lands on American soil and bumps into the second platoon—the immigration inspectors Then disillusion can descend swiftly. The visitor learns that the U S. consul abroad, an arm of the State Department, only proposes It is the Immigration and Naturalization Service inspector, an arm of the Justice Department, who disposes The in-

quiry can start all over again, with new information demanded from the visitor—and with different and frequently more stringent restrictions applied against him

Suspicion of visitors takes tangible form as “protective custody”—round-the-clock confinement under guard—when travellers without a visa pass through the United States en route to other countries

At Idlewild Airport, New York, a key gateway, there is a “hold room” for such travellers waiting for connecting planes. Here, any day, you can find the merchant or engineer or tourist from Mexico or Argentina or Brazil who is on his way to Canada, Europe or Africa. Or European travellers waiting for connections to South America or the Far East.

No one can go out for food. It is brought in. No one can leave the room to greet an American friend or relative who has come to the airport to help spend the waiting hours. Except for an emergency call to his consul, no one can use the telephone. The traveller is virtually incommunicado. A guard bars the door.

Should his departure from New York be delayed overnight, the traveller “in custody” is taken under guard to a hotel. He does not register like other guests but signs in with a guard on a floor set aside for passengers in transit. He is confined to his room. His meals are brought to him.

Consider the case of Mrs. Elsie Blaine, wife of a New Zealand doctor, homeward bound from England with her 22-year-old son, a medical student. Mrs. Blaine was too ill to visit the American consul in London for a transit visa, so she tried her luck with the non-visa procedure. When she arrived at San Francisco, she and her son were ordered to immigration detention quarters, there to await the departure of their New Zealand plane—a week away.

Mrs. Blaine found herself, as she recalls, in a “stone floored room with barred windows and three unmade beds. A matron brought linen and left.” Her son shared a similar room with another detainee.

Mrs. Blaine telephoned the British consul at San Francisco, who pleaded with local immigration officials. Local Immigration called Washington. Nothing doing. The consul called the British Embassy in Washington. The Embassy called the State Department. State called the Department of Justice, which finally acted. The Blaines, released at last, were taken under guard to a San Francisco hotel, kept under guard day and night, and then, still under guard, put aboard their plane for New Zealand.

Back home, Mrs. Blaine told her story. The New Zealand Government, outraged, protested officially.

Businessmen, teachers, writers and scientists find America's Legal Curtain is really a very thick wall.

Tennis star Bill Talbert is an inspiration to millions who share his mysterious ailment.

## *The Man Who Beat Diabetes*

By David Hulburd



In 1928 a Cincinnati family named Talbert noticed some alarming peculiarities in the health and behaviour of their nine-and-a-half-year-old son, Bill. Although he had a tremendous appetite he was rapidly losing weight. He drank quarts of water every day but was always thirsty. He tired easily, and had to visit the bathroom many times, day and night.

The Talberts took Bill to their family doctor, and then to the Children's Hospital. A few days later they were told the bad news. Bill had diabetes.

The doctor explained that everyone's system needs a chemical called insulin to help burn up carbohydrates—sugar, that is—in the body. Insulin is manufactured by the pancreas. When, for reasons that are still undiscovered, the pancreas doesn't make enough insulin to do the job, sugar builds up to abnormal

levels in the blood and spills over into the urine. Then the patient may grow weaker and weaker, and if he isn't given proper treatment he may die. "How do you cure diabetes?" the Talberts asked.

"Nobody has found a cure," the doctor said. "Your child will always have it. I'm afraid."

"What do we do?"

"Bill must go on a very strict diet, at least at first. And he must take insulin, injected into an arm or a leg with a hypodermic needle."

"How often?"

"Every day, for the rest of his life."

After receiving such news many parents regard their child as a chronic invalid and begin coddling and protecting him. Others try to hide the fact that their child is a diabetic. It was a terrible blow to Bill's mother and to the senior Talbert, whose main interest was sport

and who wanted his child to grow up to be a fine athlete. But they were sensible people and they went home determined to help Bill live a happy, normal life.

Last September, at a ripe old athlete's age of 35, Talbert competed for the 17th time in the U.S. national tennis championships at Forest Hills, New York. In the 21 years since he started to play tennis Talbert has won 26 U.S. titles, played in seven Davis Cup teams, and is ranked sixth among U.S. amateurs.

In 1948 he married Nancy Pike, daughter of a well-to-do merchant, and they are parents of two healthy little boys. He has a good job, and has travelled over the globe. By his own account, he has had fun and done all the things he has wanted to do. Yet he still has diabetes, and must take insulin every morning, as he has done every day since 1928.

There are millions of diabetics who, like Talbert, might not be alive had not insulin been discovered 32 years ago. Because of insulin, and because of all else the doctors have learned about this mysterious ailment, it no longer need be dreaded. As one of the world's most prominent diabetics, Bill Talbert has disproved the notion that sufferers from it cannot lead normal lives.

Talbert has never concealed his ailment. When sports writers discovered he was a diabetic and wrote about it, he was neither embarrassed nor annoyed. For several years he has been an active lay di-

rector of an organization set up by physicians to promote the welfare of those who have the disease. His story has been an inspiration to other diabetics.

Bill's adjustment to the diabetic regime was far from easy. From the day his illness was diagnosed, he had to eat on a rigid schedule and all his food had to be weighed. "I hated to go out at first," he says, "because I had to carry those damned scales with me."

By the time he was 14 Bill's strength and weight had been built up to about what they had been before he got diabetes. That summer—1932—Bill's father bought him a tennis racket and took him over to the public courts. Bill proved to be fast on his feet, and he had timing, co-ordination and tenacity. He learned to conserve his energy to use short strokes and waste no motion.

That summer Bill went to the quarter finals, and at the end of his first season of play ranked tenth among boys in the whole of America. He made his first trip to Forest Hills when he was 19, and by 1941 was placed tenth in the national ranking. Bill was in

Talbert finally managed to free himself of much that restricts the life of other diabetics. He gave up the food-weighing scales by learning to estimate approximate weights and proportions so that he could maintain his diet in proper balance—so much carbohydrate, protein

and fat in each meal. He learned what to do when his regular regime is inadvertently upset by late dinners or travelling—a sandwich and a glass of milk about 6 p.m. (or something the equivalent in protein), and biscuits and milk before going to bed. He never forgets to take with him a metal kit containing insulin, a hypodermic syringe and needle, and alcohol to sterilize the needle.

Only twice has Talbert suffered the two terrible extremes every diabetic is subject to—diabetic coma and insulin reaction (shock). Once in New Orleans he failed to take sufficient insulin regularly, went far off his diet and, after a few days of minor symptoms, started into coma. He had terrible thirst, chills, fever and nightmares. Fortunately a friend who knew he was a diabetic dropped in, found him almost unconscious and rushed him to a hospital.

Another time, while he was living at a hotel in New York, he went into shock, a condition that usually gives its own warning when the diabetic sweats profusely, feels dizzy and cannot articulate clearly. But Talbert was unable to spot the symptoms—he was already unconscious. After a day's work and some strenuous late-afternoon tennis, he had had a few drinks, eaten dinner and then gone on for a long evening's entertainment. When he got back to his hotel he forgot his milk-and-biscuit snack and went to sleep.

He was still asleep when the reaction set in. He came to, 40 hours later, in a hospital.

Talbert has never suffered a serious reaction on the tennis court, although he has come close to it several times. During a match against Pancho Gonzales, then American champion, Talbert began losing control, his shots went wildly out of court or into the net. He was dog-tired. Gardner Mulloy (his doubles partner), who was watching the match, sensed what was happening and brought him a glass of water strongly fortified with sugar, the antidote for shock. Talbert gulped down the sweet mixture and went on to win the match.

Once, in Milwaukee, Talbert was arrested while taking his daily shot of insulin in a men's room. A policeman mistook him for a dope addict taking a jolt of heroin. At the police station he wasn't released until he displayed his diabetic's identification card and a magazine clipping which described his case and showed a picture of him.

Soon after sports writers gave Talbert's ailment publicity many people began writing to him. Of all the letters he has received, the most satisfying to answer are those concerning youngsters who, hard hit by the news that they have diabetes, are eager for a boost in morale. A notable example is young Hamilton Richardson, who partnered Talbert last summer. He first met Richardson about four years ago, some six

months after the boy—then one of America's top junior players—was stricken. Talbert felt a natural interest because of the ailment they shared, and he encouraged Richardson to exploit his tennis skill. Today a number of tennis experts share Talbert's confidence that Richardson will become a champion.

Last summer Talbert paid his yearly visit to a camp operated for diabetic children. He had lunch with the 80 kids, aged 12 to 15. They watched him play tennis with a sturdy young diabetic counsellor.

Then he answered questions: "Where do you take your insulin, Bill?" He pulled up his tennis shorts and showed them the marks on his right leg. "How do you hold your tennis racket, Bill?" He showed them his favourite grips. "Do you ever have athletics feet?" The answer was drowned in laughter. They were a gay and happy lot.

On the way back to town Bill Talbert said, "That's a good bunch of kids, and that's the way they ought to grow up—just the way other kids do."



### *Not by Bread Alone—*

*M*AN does not live by bread alone, but by beauty and harmony, truth and goodness, work and recreation, affection and friendship, aspiration and worship.

Not by bread alone, but by the splendour of the firmament at night, the glory of the heavens at dawn, the blending of colours at sunset, the loveliness of magnolia trees, the magnificence of mountains.

Not by bread alone, but by the majesty of ocean breakers, the shimmer of moonlight on a calm lake, the flashing silver of a mountain torrent, the exquisite patterns of snow crystals, the creations of artists.

Not by bread alone, but by the sweet song of a mocking-bird, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the magic of a violin, the sublimity of a softly lighted cathedral.

Not by bread alone, but by the fragrance of roses, the scent of orange blossoms, the smell of new-mown hay, the clasp of a friend's hand, the tenderness of a mother's kiss.

Not by bread alone, but by the lyrics of poets, the wisdom of sages, the holiness of saints, the biographies of great souls.

Not by bread alone, but by comradeship and high adventure, seeking and finding, serving and sharing, loving and being loved.

Man does not live by bread alone, but by being faithful in prayer, responding to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, finding and doing the loving will of God now and eternally. —*The University Presbyterian*

# The Freedom to Be One's Best

By Seymour St John  
*Headmaster of a famous American  
public school*

THERE IS a basic freedom that we in America are in danger of losing *the freedom to be one's best*, the chance for the development of each person to his highest power. This freedom has started slipping away from us because of three great misunderstandings.

First, the misunderstanding of the meaning of democracy. The principal of a secondary school is told that it is undemocratic to run a special programme of studies for outstanding boys and girls. Again, when a good independent school in America recently closed, some thoughtful citizens urged that it be taken over by the public education authorities and used for boys and girls of high ability; that it have entrance requirements and give an advanced programme of studies to superior students who were inter-

ested and able to take it. The proposal was rejected because it was undemocratic!

Courses are geared to the middle of the class. The good student is unchallenged, bored. The loafer receives his passing grade. And the lack of a standard which a boy or girl must meet passes for democracy.

The second misunderstanding concerns what makes for happiness. The aims of present-day Western culture are avowedly ease and material well-being: shorter hours, a shorter week, more return for less accomplishment, more soft-soap excuses and fewer honest, realistic demands. In our schools this is reflected by the vanishing hickory stick and the emerging psychiatrist. The hickory stick had its faults, and the psychiatrist has his strengths. But the trend is clear. Do we really believe that our softening standards bring happiness? Is it our sound and considered judgment that the tougher subjects should be thrown aside?

The last misunderstanding is in the area of values. Here are some of the most influential tenets of teacher education over the past 50 years: there is no eternal truth; there is no absolute moral law, there is no God. Yet all of history has taught us that the denial of these ultimates, the placing of man or state at the core of the universe, results in a paralyzing mass selfishness; and the first signs of it are already evident.



Arnold Toynbee has said that all progress, all development come from challenge and a consequent response. So first we owe our children the most demanding, challenging curriculum that is within their capabilities. Michelangelo did not learn to paint by spending his time doodling. Mozart was not an accomplished pianist at the age of eight as the result of spending his days in front of a television set. Like Eve Curie, like Helen Keller, they responded to the challenge of their lives by a disciplined training and they gained a new freedom.

The second opportunity we can give our boys and girls is the right to failure. "Freedom is not only a privilege, it is a test," says the philosopher Lecomte du Nouy. What kind of test is it where no one can fail? The day is past when any country can afford to give secondary school diplomas to all who sit through four years of instruction,

regardless of whether any results can be discerned. We live in a narrowed world where we must be alert, awake to realism; and realism demands standards which must either be met or result in failure. These are hard words, but they are brutally true. If we deprive our children of the right to fail we deprive them of knowledge of the world as it is.

Finally, by exposing our children to the best values we have found, to the values that history has proved truest, perhaps we shall be able to produce, in the words of Dr. Charles Malik, Ambassador to U.N.O. from the Lebanon, that "ringing message, full of content and truth, satisfying the mind, appealing to the heart, firing the will, a message on which one can stake his whole life." This is the message that could mean joy and strength and leadership—freedom as opposed to serfdom.

### *The Virtue of Ugliness*

WHEN YOU are in London, go to that most interesting museum, the National Portrait Gallery. There you will find portraits of all the men who for the last 400 years have been important in every profession in England. You will be struck by their prevailing ugliness—great archbishops, distinguished scholars, statesmen and men of affairs.

Ugliness has positive moral values. First, the man afflicted with it is thereby deprived of a too-easy success in love, this deprivation spurs him all the more eagerly to conquer—he has only the brilliance of his accomplishments by which to please.

Moreover, ugliness in a man, if it accompanies strength, usually prejudices one in its favour. His superiors seldom feel jealous towards an ugly man, nor are they indifferent to him. One remembers unusual features rather than a handsome but commonplace head. — André Maurois



## *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*

By May Davison Rhodes

THE FIRST TIME I saw Eugene Manlove Rhodes he asked me to marry him

From my home in western New York I had written to him in New Mexico to tell him how much I liked a poem of his. We corresponded for two years. Then suddenly—with a frontiersman's flair for action—the author appeared on my doorstep for the sole purpose of taking home a bride.

He was slim, blond-haired, with the straight back and slender hips of the horseman. His blond moustache stood out luxuriantly on his tanned face. I looked closer. And gasped.

One of his eyes was swollen half shut. A gash creased his cheek. One ear was torn and battered. "A slight altercation," he said mildly, in answer to my look of horror. Then he handed me the gifts he had brought—a beautiful volume of Kipling's poems and a lady's pearl-handled revolver.

No one, I believe, could resist this man once he had his heart set. We were married within the week.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes is still remembered as a writer. His 11 books, his hundreds of short stories and his poems have been called "the finest literature to come out of the cattle country." Yet I know that Gene did not think of himself primarily as a writer. His pride was in his skill as a cowboy, whose horsemanship was so extraordinary as to make him a legend in his lifetime. As for writing, Gene had only to record life as he had lived it. He could not have invented a life more exciting than his own.

If I had known Gene better I would not have pressed him for details of that "altercation." Part of his code was reticence about physical prowess. But—I was a woman and I persisted.

Like many range dwellers, Gene had land and animals—but no cash.

To get to New York, he got a job on an eastbound cattle train. A brake man tried to bully him. Finally Gene waded into the brake man. His first blow—intended for a knockout—landed on “a marble pillar of a man.” It took considerable mixing before Gene flattened his opponent. Later he learned that he had tangled with a crack middle-weight prize fighter.

Most of Gene's exploits will go unrecorded. I ferreted some of them out of other people. Many were told to me as part of the Rhodes legend. But the silent evidence was appalling. His body was a mass of scars. A maimed finger once aroused the curiosity of a small boy. “What happened?” the child asked hopefully. “An accident,” Gene said. The boy's face fell with such disappointment that Gene relented. “You see,” he explained, “he was aiming for my heart.”

Raw courage, to Gene, was simply a necessary ingredient of daily life. I soon discovered that being married to him was like trying to snuggle up to a volcano. Any form of injustice sent him into a rage that resulted in prompt, decisive action—with a pen, with words, most frequently with ready fists. A friend of Gene's tried to put my mind at ease. “Don't you worry, ma'am,” he said, “the boys are all a'scared of Gene. I guess maybe a dozen has tried to kill him, but it just can't be done.”

One of these attempted murders

was an oft-told local yarn. The station agent at Engle—Gene's post office and nearest shipping point—attempted to wrest land from some homesteaders. As was his custom, Gene leaped into the fight uninvited and secured the land for its rightful owners. A short time later, when Gene was obliged to go into the station to ask about a cattle shipment, the agent started to revile him. Gene picked up a newspaper from the counter and began reading it. His indifference provoked the agent to even greater abuse. Still reading, Gene turned, sauntered out of the door and up the street. The infuriated agent picked up his rifle and fired after Gene, who continued his leisurely pace. The agent fired again, but Gene strolled on until he reached a saloon and turned in. “My God, Gene!” said a friend who had witnessed the scene. “Why didn't you dodge?”

Gene grinned. “If I'd dodged,” he said, “the damn fool might have hit me!”

Gene's fearlessness was tempered by a prankish humour. During my first few days in New Mexico, I was puzzled to observe that the women turned their heads and whispered when I walked by on Gene's arm. Then I discovered the cause. Gene was 30 when we married. Naturally the local ladies had wondered about his romantic life. His desire for privacy coupled with a touch of whimsy led him to tell one prying gossip that he had a wife and

three children in El Paso To another he admitted that he kept a Mexican girl at his mountain ranch And to a third he confessed a vow of celibacy About my arrival he had said absolutely nothing

Born in Nebraska, Gene was first introduced to this south-western country at the age of eight, when his father, Colonel Hinman Rhodes, became superintendent of the Mes-calero Apache Indian Reservation Colonel Rhodes was famous for his bravery, his practical jokes—and his improvidence However, the Colonel left his son one invaluable legacy It was the “courage to master fear” During his first week in New Mexico Territory, Gene saved the life of an Indian child by stunning a charging bull with a well-aimed stone to its head For this feat the grateful Apaches christened him Ox-Killer

At 13, armed with a soap-coupon saddle and a bravura beyond his years, he talked himself into a horse-minder's job for the big Bar Cross Cattle Company Bar Cross men were top hands and they didn't care for their new colleague He had grit all right, and he “didn't have enough sense to fear a bad man or a bad horse,” but they didn't like having “such a raggedy little cuss” riding for their outfit He didn't have a jacket for the cold or a slicker for the rain, and he used his saddle blanket for a bed roll The men figured Gene was too miserly to “get rigged out decent” Several months and countless

jibes later, the truth came out. Gene was sending his wages home to his mother, having told her he was getting \$10 more per month than he actually was When the Bar Cross men found this out, they hustled to town to find Gene the best outfit their money would buy

By the time he was 18 Gene had served as a scout for the U S Army, guiding a division through the New Mexico mountains in pursuit of the wily Indian chief, Geronimo He had also tried his hand at freighting and mining At the time of our marriage Gene was running a ranch he had homesteaded in the rugged San Andres mountains, 40 miles west of Tularosa He raised horses and broke them for use as cow ponies. On the side he had published numerous poems and one short story. But to the country round he was a horseman, proud of his reputation which prompted the local accolade, “Gene can ride anything that wears hair”

On a trip to Las Cruces, Gene stopped at a friend's ranch to borrow a fresh horse His host pointed to a dun in the corral “Does he pitch?” Gene asked “Never has,” the man assured him Gene took his saddle down to the corral, threw it over the animal's back and climbed aboard The minute his weight hit the saddle hell broke loose The dun climbed for the moon, snorting his rage When Gene finally managed to get the horse quieted to a dead run around the corral, he yelled to

his friend, "Thought you said he didn't pitch!" "Never has," the man yelled back "Never been ridden before." Gene headed the unbroken horse down the trail, and rode him the remaining 40 miles to Las Cruces.

Gene set out to dominate the wilderness round his ranch just as he would master a wild horse. Working alone with pick and shovel and dynamite, he hacked a roadway out of the rock and sand to the nearest town. Today the road from Engle across the San Andres to Tularosa follows Gene's markings. The canyon and pass where he lived bear his name.

Before we were married, Gene had borrowed \$50 and headed for the University of the Pacific at San José, California. There he camped in a deserted railway hut, lived on oatmeal—"the cheapest thing that gives you an illusion of being full." He used up his \$50 in one term, so he stayed through the summer and worked in a railway gang. The money he earned saw him through a second term. Then he headed home.

One day that spring, in the little town of Huerco, a dude, decked out in a derby, spats and high collar, walked timidly into the bar. "Could any of you gentlemen loan me a horse?" he asked. The cowboys, who loved no sport better than baiting greenhorns, rounded up the nastiest bronc in town and helped the dude aboard. The raging horse

plunged and reared, but amazingly the dude stuck on. Suddenly he jerked off his derby, fanned it across the horse's ears, raked his



patent leather shoes along the animal's sides, and charged down the street with an ear-splitting whoop. "Who is that?" the cowboys asked one another. The bartender took a second look. Then he said, "That's just Gene Rhodes, back from college!"

He lined his ranch shack with maps so that he could study geography while he ate his meals. He read everything he could lay his eyes on, including the labels of tinned goods and bottles. "I enjoyed Worcester Sauce best," he told me with a twinkle. "It has the most beautiful English."

Gene, reading on horseback, became a familiar sight. Each trip to

town meant a new book to read. Once, with two friends, he was riding along a narrow mountain trail—as usual deep in a book. His horse shied at a rock, slipped and plunged over the edge of the trail. When the men looked down they saw the horse caught in a crevice. Beneath the horse they made out a denim-clad leg, then a tanned face. “Are you hurt?” they shouted. “Don’t think so,” Gene called up, “but I sure lost my place!”

Actually Gene’s leg was badly crushed. But it was one of Gene’s rules of conduct that any injury or illness of his own was to be treated lightly. If I saw Gene being carried in, I was supposed to react calmly in a cheerful, competent manner—under threat of being shipped home if I failed!

Gene’s innate sense of fair play was outraged at what one-visit authors were writing about his part of the country and its people. The grotesque dialogue, the foolhardy horsemanship attributed to cowboys, made him determined to set the record right. His first story, written in hot protest, went to the magazine, *Out West*, and came under the critical eye of the famous authority on western lore, Dr. Charles Lummis. His excited reaction was, “There’s red blood in this.” Years later, when we were visiting Dr. Lummis in Santa Fe, Gene was asked to sign the guest book. With an impish grin at the man who had given him his start,

Gene wrote, “All I have and all I am I owe”—pause—“my creditors.”

In one of Gene’s stories a cowhand just back from New York reports, “New York’s just like here—nine decent men for every skunk.” It was one of the “skunks” who changed Gene’s life. I was in New York showing off our baby son to his grandparents. Riding far out on the desert, Gene found a man suffering from thirst and lack of food. True to the range code, Gene gave him water, shot the first calf he saw to feed him, then carried him to the nearest town.

The calf Gene killed belonged to a powerful politician in Santa Fe, of whom Gene had been outspokenly critical. The tramp reported the slaughter of the calf to its owner, in exchange for a reward offered for catching cattle thieves. A warrant was issued for Gene’s arrest. Pat Garrett—a political enemy of Gene’s, but his fellow in courage and range tradition—rode 50 miles to warn him.

Gene held himself to be innocent. He refused to dignify the charge of cattle thievery by going to court. He simply went into exile until the charge against him was time-expired. During those homesick years—and what homesick ones they were for Gene!—we lived on the farm in New York state, where I was born. He wrote of nothing but New Mexico. “I couldn’t stand it back here,” he told me, “if it weren’t for my dreams. Each night,

When my head touches the pillow,  
I'm back in the saddle again "

Even after his stories had begun to sell regularly, Gene never had any money. He was the proverbial soft touch. If he did not have the cash in hand to grant a requested loan, he would borrow it. When the till reached a dangerously low mark he would go into a frenzy of work to restore solvency. Lending money, to him, was not a benevolent gesture but a down payment on his gratitude to God.

God, to Gene, was a personal friend. Gene spoke to Him and about Him with no embarrassment. During those black days in the autumn of 1910 when our baby Barbara died, Gene turned to his Friend for solace. He wrote a letter to God, telling Him about Barbara, about her favourite games and that "she liked to help." We buried the letter with her.

Barbara's death was the only blow ever to hold Gene in a prolonged state of despair. Ordinarily he had no use for unhappiness. "It was one of our folkways," he once said, "to take the good with the bad."

In 1925 Gene wrote a book that has been called "the finest novel that has been written on any western subject." *Pasó por Aquí* (He Passed by Here) is the story of a bank robber who pauses in his desperate flight to nurse a Mexican family stricken with diphtheria. Realizing that his efforts alone will

not save them, the robber lights a signal fire to summon aid. The sheriff, who brings a doctor, does not arrest the fugitive. In 1947 *Pasó por Aquí* was filmed under the title *Four Faces West*.

When at last we returned to New Mexico, it was too late. Asthma had weakened Gene, and he now had a bad heart as well. "A trip will kill you," the doctor warned. Gene smiled and answered as an old poker-player, "I'll see that—and raise."

We had only a few precious months in New Mexico. The dust and the altitude were too much, so we moved on to California. Gene was in constant pain now, yet he continued writing. And he answered the mounds of fan letters that poured in every day.

Two days before his death he wrote to an old friend. "Sixty-five today and not a lick of sense yet!" When he died on June 27, 1934, I thought of Gene's words. "I don't want a funeral. Just take me back up there into the San Andres—40 miles from nowhere." His cowboy friends dug a grave out of the white gypsum. The yuccas glowed like stately wax candles round him. And a huge boulder from his horse corral bore the inscription "Eugene Manlove Rhodes, *pasó por aquí*."

Yes, he passed by. Except for my loneliness, I could not really be sad, for Gene had had a 65-year love affair with life.

# The Hospital That Breaks Rules and Cures Patients

*By Murray Teigh Bloom*

**T**HREE of the strangest and most promising developments in the treatment of mental diseases are taking place in an undistinguished four-story red-brick building in Boston, Massachusetts.

Officially, it's known as Boston Psychopathic Hospital, a teaching unit of Harvard Medical School. Unofficially, the less conventional Bostonians call it "Psycho." But all over the world psychiatrists are coming to know the hospital as the unusual place where (1) patients help govern themselves, (2) patients help cure other patients, and (3) psychiatrists, nurses and attendants voluntarily subject themselves to a strange new drug that makes them feel like patients for a day.

When Dr. Solomon, the hospital's medical director, reported that fully 80 per cent of the discharged patients were back in the community and adjusting satisfactorily, many psychiatrists were sceptical. Such a

cure rate is unusually high. A medical journal suggested that a *real* test would be to see how many patients were satisfactorily adjusted five years after their discharge.

Dr. Solomon and his staff took up the challenge. In an investigation concluded late in 1953 they traced the histories of the first 100 patients discharged in 1946 and 1947. Dr. Solomon admitted he had been wrong. The new check revealed that not 80 per cent *but 86 per cent* were satisfactorily adjusted after five years. Yet all of the 100 had been adjudged by several psychiatrists at the time of their admission as serious menaces to society.

This was especially impressive, since the majority of the 1,200 patients Boston Psychopathic gets in an average year have schizophrenia, the most serious of all mental diseases and the hardest to cure. More than half the million men and women who will be in mental hos-



pitals in 1954 will be schizophrenic. Just giving them the minimum of care and supervision—which is all many of them get—will cost \$400,000,000 a year.

In their tight little dream world the schizophrenics hear things. They laugh and giggle inanely. They curl up messily in bed or on floors, vegetating. They're invariably suspicious of anyone trying to help them.

Like many a modern mental hospital, Boston Psychopathic uses insulin and electrical-shock therapies to break the bonds of the schizophrenic's private shell. But much more is needed to make the disturbed patient a social creature again. One of the most helpful of these techniques is "Patient Government."

Boston Psychopathic developed Patient Government, or PG, as a result of a survey among convalescent women patients to find out what they liked or disliked about the hospital. One complaint was that some patients were not observing the afternoon rest period. Dr. Robert Hyde, assistant superintendent, boldly suggested that the patients themselves try to enforce the rest period. Gradually a formal organization emerged. In 1948 four officers were elected among the patients, and the group began to meet once a week to hear grievances.

A year later Patient Government was broadened to include seriously disturbed patients. When this happened a few attendants threatened

to resign. "I'm not gonna have these nuts tell me how to do my job," one said. Dr. Solomon had his qualms, too. And they weren't groundless. Some patients were a problem at the weekly meetings.

Yet before long the members of the staff who sometimes attended in silence noted strange things happening. At one meeting an obstreperous patient who constantly insisted that he was cleverer than everybody present was finally put in his place. A usually timid woman patient walked over to him, pointed dramatically to the door and said "Get out! We've had enough of your exhibitionism." Everybody clapped and the noisy patient was quiet after that. The next day he apologized.

Patients now use the PG meetings to plan dances, outings, musical parties and film shows. PG is also charged with bringing out a weekly mimeographed newspaper, *Psycho News*.

Weekly meetings are held in the auditorium. The women wear neat cotton dresses and the men come in clean shirts and slacks. There were about 60 present the night I attended. Ward representatives were called on for their reports. Ward 3 wants its refrigerator repaired. Ward 5 reports that its washing machine still isn't mended. A debate arises: How can the patients make money to buy a new TV set? They quickly fall in with a patient's suggestion. "Let's make Christmas

cards in occupational therapy and sell them to visitors."

However, it's the things Patient Government does to help the hospital that really prove its worth. When Boston Psychopathic began getting visits from interested groups during Mental Hygiene Week, it lacked sufficient employees to guide visitors through the place. PG suggested that convalescent patients be used. They knew the hospital as well as anyone and patients wouldn't feel like animals in the zoo if a fellow inmate were taking visitors through. The proposal was adopted.

From the officers and ward representatives of Patient Government I found out how patients even help *cure* other patients. Roger, who had been a brilliant science student, had just come from an insulin-shock period. He was sipping orange juice and his hands were still shaking. "When they let me out of seclusion I tried to kill myself three times in one day. Nothing happened because an attendant and a PG officer were keeping an eye on me.

"All I remember—I was pretty ill then—is that I kept saying 'I'm just garbage. I belong in the incinerator.' That was the day I tried to put my head in the kitchen oven. But they finally got me to sign a non-aggression pact and a peace treaty. I was to stay at peace with myself and if for some reason I was going to break the pact I had to give them 24 hours' notice.

"Sounds crazy," he smiled wanly,

"but it worked. Well, yesterday I made up for it a little. They put me in charge of next week's variety show and there's a new patient who used to be a night-club singer. But she hasn't sung for over a year and I had to build up her confidence. She promised she'd try and I think she will."

Herb, the PG president, told me how he had spent 20 of his 23 years in state institutions. "I've been in institutions," he said, "where no fuss was made when an attendant killed a patient with a blow. In some places we used to call the attendants 'paid patients.' Many of them were a whole lot sicker than we were. Then I got a real break and was sent here. Pretty soon some people in the ward asked me to be their Patient Government representative.

"I started taking an interest in other patients. The more time I spent on my PG work the better I felt. But when they elected me president I was scared. In all my life no one had ever given me any responsibilities. Well, I guess it worked out but no one was more surprised than I was."

Because of their responsibilities PG's elected officers seem to get well faster than ordinary convalescent patients—so much so that PG holds elections every month because its officers are constantly being released.

Until very recently doctors knew little of what a schizophrenic ac-



tually felt and thought and suffered. Then, in 1949, news came that a Swiss chemist had discovered a strange chemical named lysergic acid diethylamide—LSD for short. When taken by normal people in tiny doses it would bring on, temporarily, the moods and symptoms of a schizophrenic. Dr. Hyde obtained some of the drug and decided to use himself as a guinea pig.

He took a dose early one morning in his office. Within 30 minutes he found it hard to talk or co-ordinate his hands when trying to draw a diagram. Followed by two doctors and a psychologist he visited one of the wards where he suddenly lost his identity as Dr. Hyde, psychiatrist. *He felt like a patient.*

"Only schizophrenics had a normal human look to me, all the others—doctors, nurses, attendants—looked flat as pancakes, like painted cardboard display pieces. It was terrible." Late that afternoon the drug's effects began to wear off and Dr. Hyde was himself the following morning.

Forty others volunteered, and from them Dr. Hyde and his colleagues have learned much that was never known about schizophrenics. They now know, for instance, that schizophrenics can't answer the question "Tell us what's bothering you." There just aren't words to describe the schizophrenic's state of unreasoning fear and incredible suspicion of everyone. Nearly all the LSD volunteers reported that when

they were asked questions which they didn't want to answer, the questioner would almost instantly appear to them as a hideous-looking gargoyle. Or he would suddenly be transported 30 feet away. People who they felt were friendly and helpful would grow enormously in stature, but those who annoyed them would often be converted into midgets.

Like schizophrenics, most volunteers had a complete lack of sex feelings and practically no interest in food. There was, for most of them, a shameful feeling that they were so unusually sloppy and messy that they wanted to hide.

Did the dramatic experiments have any practical value? Listen to Dr. Hyde:

"We have learned many new things that will help us and other hospitals handle schizophrenics. The attendant or nurse who has had a day of the incredibly lonely, private hell of LSD now knows that when a patient pleads, 'Please stay with me for a while,' it means he really needs the comfort of someone near him."

The LSD experiments at Boston Psychopathic have created a stir among U.S. research workers. Obviously, if a tiny trace of a drug can bring on a schizophrenic state in normal people there's a good chance that some similar chemical brings on the real schizophrenic state. Just what it is or how it gets built up in the body nobody knows—yet.



BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

*The reactions of 234 youngsters  
from other lands to a year of life  
in the United States*

meet my father,' Glenn said. I met his father and his friends, white and Negro. They worked in factories and were liked and respected by their neighbours. Nearly all owned cars and television sets.

Xavier de Marsac is one of 234 secondary school students from 14 countries brought to the United States last year by the American Field Service. The boys and girls spend a year living in U.S. homes, attending U.S. secondary schools, and then they go on a 24-day bus trip.

There is nothing new about an exchange-student plan, but most such schemes involve university students who live in dormitories or clubs. The exchange university student often finds himself living with his own countrymen, with little chance of becoming part of the

65

American community. In contrast, these secondary school youngsters become part of the families in which they are placed; they look upon their hosts as foster parents, often developing warm affection for them. And they learn about the U.S. brand of democracy from life as it is lived in average American homes and schools. Some spend their year in small villages, others in large cities. All see the bad as well as the good in American life.

"What impresses me," said Jacques Aufaure of France, "is the fact that nobody tries to hide American imperfections. Instead, people are constantly forming groups to try to remedy the defects."

Susanne Niedermayer, a lively 16-year-old Viennese youngster with laughing eyes and a peaches-and-cream complexion, spent her year with the Shelton family in Knoxville, Tennessee. She acquired a deep love for her hosts, whom she refers to as "Dad and Mother." She is a little bit angry with her teachers in Vienna.

"Oh, we studied about democracy," Susie says, "but we were always reminded that it had been tried and hadn't worked in Austria. Our teachers were still thinking in terms of the strength of the Nazis who took over our country and of the power of the Communists who divided it. They just don't know how strong democracy can be. It isn't just a political theory; it's a way of life that we experienced in

school and at home in Knoxville. People get funny ideas about America in Austria."

Chiefly responsible for this experiment in practical democracy is Stephen Galatti, who as a young Harvard graduate went to France to drive an ambulance in World War I. A group of American citizens living in France had organized the American Field Service before their country entered the war. Many of them were well off, they bought ambulances and medical equipment, and served under French Army leadership. The organization was never allowed to die and during World War II Galatti, by now a successful broker, became its director general, supervising the activities of 2,000 volunteer ambulance drivers.

The exchange programme got its start in 1947 when Galatti invited 50 European youngsters to study in the United States. He had found private schools that would accept them tuition-free, and families who would take them in. The cost per visitor averaged \$650 (£230). Galatti asked for contributions from the men who had driven ambulances. His enthusiasm fired them to the extent of \$10,000. Later Galatti canvassed friends and found them financially responsive.

When the bus carrying those first 50 students stopped at Elkhart, Indiana, the youngsters made quite an impression. A dance was given at the secondary school. Soon after-

wards the Elkhart students wrote to Galatti asking if the school couldn't adopt a foreign boy or girl. They raised \$650 from 50-cent student donations.

Today secondary schools in Syracuse, Pittsburgh and other cities have paid the expenses of visiting students. Parent-Teacher Associations adopted them. So have Rotary and other businessmen's clubs. Last year 80 per cent of the 234 students attended public secondary schools, where they were given a closer approximation of average teen-age life and education than that afforded by private schools.

The students are all hand-picked by the Ministry of Education in each country. They must be 16 to 18, they must have a working knowledge of English and they must be of good character. A year ago 900 French youngsters competed for the 15 scholarships available to France. They were given a written examination and then an oral test, both supervised by the French Ministry of Education.

Three years ago the U.S. State Department, impressed by the results of the experiment, offered to defray a major part of the expense necessary to transport and maintain German and Austrian students.

Last year nearly 100 of the 234 foreign students were from Germany and Austria. Many of the German youngsters were the sons and daughters of refugees from East Germany. None of these

youngsters is subjected to any intellectual regimentation, nor does the State Department exercise even the slightest supervision over their activities.

Late in July the boys and girls who had finished the school year went to Garden City, New York, for a four-day series of forums preparatory to sailing for home. All spoke excellent English, many with a tinge of sectional accent or colloquialisms. They were completely frank and intelligently articulate in discussing differences they'd found in the political, social, educational and family lives of the Old World and the New.

Hildegard Zanssen is a vivacious, golden-haired German youngster who spent her year in Santa Paula, California.

"I've learned that you have responsibilities under a democratic system," Hildie said earnestly. "In Germany we are interested mostly in our families, not so much in our communities. People here are always raising funds for orphan asylums or something to help the community. That's what I call being religious. They're always trying to help somebody else."

Tall, serious Peter Curtius of Krefeld, Germany, nodded agreement. "Hildie is right. I went to school in New Jersey, and the students sponsored all kinds of drives for charitable causes. One thing I noticed about the school was the way we became friends with our

teachers. In Germany you'd never really have the nerve to confide in and ask advice of a teacher."

Lovely, dark-eyed Joy Voivoda comes from Athens. The name Joy fits her, for she is a happy girl who enjoyed her year at the Master's School in Dobbs Ferry, New York.

"It was quite different from school life in Athens," Joy says. "At our age at home we are never allowed to go to dances or to movies unless our parents go with us. And at the Master's School many of the girls were looking forward to working when they graduated. In Athens, girls can't get jobs unless they are highly trained technicians. I'm going to get a job when I get a little older. I want to work for the United Nations."

On the long three-week bus trip which caps their year the youngsters formed strong friendships. One of the most popular boys was lanky Eystein Silseth of Oslo, who was nicknamed "Ace." Ace spent his year in the home of a well-to-do industrialist of Wilmington, Delaware.

"At home rich men's children have an easy time," he said. "It wasn't like that here. My foster brothers and I worked in the garden. If we didn't work—no spending money. The oldest son went to college but he worked every summer. And we all went about with the sons of workers, and nobody cared that we came from a home that was pretty well off."

These youngsters occasionally found flaws in American points of view. Many decried what they considered an exaggerated fear of Communism.

"I can't see that Communism is a threat here," said Eva Weidler of Vienna, "but the way some people carry on you'd think the whole Government was filled with Communist agents." Marta Vereide of Norway agreed. "You Americans don't have to be scared of Communism. It has nothing to offer the American working man."

The students thought that family ties were much closer in Europe than in America. "Many mothers are out all the time playing bridge or doing club work," Françoise Fages of France says. "Fathers are busy working. Children in the teenage group don't get much discipline, many run wild. In France social life revolves round the family. We are very close and do things together. Here every member of a family seems to have a different circle of friends."

The visitors were unanimous in praising the U.S. political system, but most had doubts as to the attitude of the public towards office seekers. "In my country," Bill McKinley of New Zealand said, "men make great sacrifices to run for public office, and they are respected for this sign of devotion to their civic duties. Here people often take a dim view of politicians—even honest, sincere ones."

David Cruise left Harrow in 1951 at the age of 17, and spent a year at Princeton before going to Oxford. He says:

"Before I went to America in September 1951, a master at my public school warned me against the fatal step I was taking. Although he had never been nearer to the States than the local cinema, he informed me quite categorically that I was going to a modern Babylon, where religion, morals and art counted for nothing, and money was the sole criterion. This view, which is pretty widely held, is partly due to the continuing ignorance here of the American way of doing things. I very rarely found this way degenerating into sheer materialism, but discovered, on the contrary, that the kindness of Americans, their hospitality, and, above all, their interest in England and Europe, were virtually inexhaustible."

Many of the youngsters had strong reservations about the academic level of U.S. secondary schools. Paolo Bertelli of Bologna summed up their views. "Children go to high school here to have fun," he said. "They think that sports and outside activities are more important than studying. In Europe we go to school to study, we work hard and, if there is any time left over, then we play games or join clubs."

David Jenkins of Middlesex agreed that secondary school academic standards were deplorably low. When he had finished his third year at Harrow he had a good

knowledge of Latin and Greek and spoke French.

"There is this, though," Jenkins said emphatically. "Here every boy and girl can go to college. Few of the boys I was brought up with went to the university. Working your way through a university is virtually unknown in Europe."

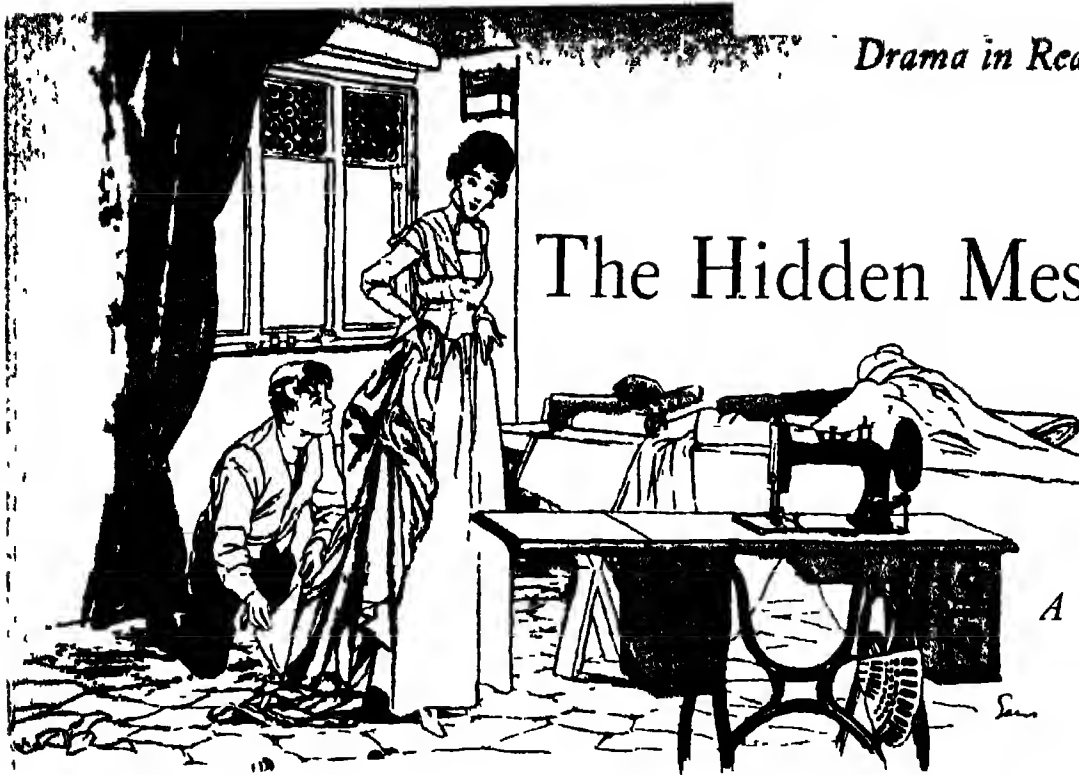
The students were almost unanimous in their praise of co-education, something quite rare in their own countries.

These are thoughtful, questioning youngsters. They are intelligent enough to see American faults; they are conscious of the arrogance Americans occasionally display towards the rest of the world and they smile when Americans boast of their material riches. But they see through the imperfections to the hard core of America: the warmth, the generosity, the ability to submerge political and sectional differences in time of crises and, above all, the strength and practicability of the democratic ideal. This is what they take home with them.



WHEN KING James II called St. Paul's Cathedral "amusing, awful, and artifical," Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was pleased. In those days, amusing meant amazing, awful meant awe-inspiring, and artifical meant artistic.





## The Hidden Message

By  
A R Wylie

THIS TRUE STORY, which I am telling with a few necessary disguises, starts some years ago in a small hill town in southern Italy

One of the gayest of the youngsters of the town was Lucia Gazzoni—a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty of great charm and liveliness. Lucia amused herself by tantalizing the young men who trailed hopefully at her heels. For a few days she would choose one as her escort and then blithely discard him. But though she

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BORN IN Australia, Miss WYLIE was brought up in England, where she began her varied and highly successful literary career at the age of 20. Since then her short stories, novels and articles have appeared regularly in leading British and American magazines. In addition, she has written some 20 books, including *The Young in Heart*, *Black Harvest* and *Keeper of the Flame* (all published by Cassell's, London), and a number of film scripts.

created despair she never aroused resentment, and none of her suitors ceased to adore her.

When adulation was for some reason withheld from her, she was herself tantalized. So it was inevitable that she would make a dead set at Giuseppe Silva, who seemed immune to her charms, and attempt to add him to her list of conquests.

In appearance Giuseppe wasn't romantic—he was rather short and heavy-shouldered, and only his bright, kindly eyes saved his swarthy face from being extremely plain. But he was the town's most eligible young man, for he was the only tailor in that region and was relatively well-to-do. A clever dress designer, he could do anything with a pair of scissors, a needle and a piece of material. The town boasted that

you could go as far as Naples and do no better.

On the first warm days of spring the annual Fair came to set up its booths in the town square. The day before it opened, Lucia went to Giuseppe's little shop, ostensibly to buy thread, but after making the purchase she lingered with an air of demure diffidence

"Why do you stay in this little place, signore?" she asked "Everyone says that you are so clever. You could go to Naples and make a lot of money . "

"The money I have, signorina, is enough."

"You have no ambition," she said scornfully

"It is foolish to be ambitious for things one does not really want—or for things one cannot have "

"What *do* you want?"

He went on stitching silently Suddenly she asked gaily, "Would you like to take me to the Fair?"

Any other man would have jumped at the offer, but he took his time "I should be very pleased, signorina," he replied, and with that cool acceptance she had to be content

At least Giuseppe had one advantage over all her other courtiers he had money and he spent it freely. Lucia dragged him unresisting into the entertainment booths, where he bought her sweet cakes and cheap trinkets to her whim's content. But perhaps because he believed he was too old for such things he let her

ride on the roundabout alone, and waited for her patiently on the fringe of the crowd.

So Lucia met Roberto Bellini. He rode the wooden horse next to hers and laughed at her pretended terror, steadying her with a strong hand She knew him by reputation. He had relatives in the town, whom he had come to visit at Fairtime. Roberto, a steady, successful young fellow, was a wine salesman for Italian and French vintners, and had travelled throughout Europe.

Did it seem to her restless heart that Roberto was a way of escape from her drab, confining world? At any rate she was delighted when he called at her home the next day. Lucia and her parents understood why he had come—a young man did not make a formal call like that without a serious purpose.

Within a few weeks Roberto was back with a proposal of marriage. He was going to America as the representative of several winegrowers, and wanted to take Lucia with him.

There was no doubt of the answer Lucia's parents might be heavy hearted at her going so far from them, but America was El Dorado to them and they were glad for her good fortune

News of the betrothal spread quickly When Giuseppe heard it he called on Lucia's parents and asked them to permit him to make Lucia's wedding dress. He added hastily, for fear that they might misunderstand, that it would be his

wedding gift. They were thankful to accept, for they were poor and the dress would have been an expensive and burdensome item.

So almost every day Lucia, carefully chaperoned, went to Giuseppe's little shop. He knelt at her feet and fitted and snipped and pinned the lovely silk, which was so rich and heavy that everyone knew Giuseppe must have made a special journey to Naples to find it. When the dress was finished she smiled happily at herself in the mirror. She hadn't known she could be so beautiful!

The sun shone at her wedding. That night her parents kept open house and there was dancing in the square. But Giuseppe's house was closed and he had vanished. Rumour had it that he had been called away to visit a sick relative. Lucia, in her happy excitement, had no time to think of him. The next day she and her husband left for America.

At first, marriage was as wonderful as her dreams of it. Roberto, who was ten years older than she, proved a good husband as well as a good businessman. They had a pleasant little house in a New York suburb, and in time they were blessed with two little girls as pretty and bright-eyed as their mother.

For a few years Lucia wrote home regularly, but then less and less often. A war intervened. The little Italian town gradually faded into the mists of her girlhood's memories. She thought of Giuseppe just once—when she laid the wedding dress

away finally. It was already old-fashioned, but the material was still lovely and some day, perhaps, she would find a use for it.

Then slowly, ominously, the tide of their fortunes began to turn. Business was bad. Roberto, good salesman though he was, found himself with little but an expense account to offer his employers. After a brief illness he lost his agency. He found another job, but he had lost confidence, and illness returned—this time in disabling form. Little by little their savings were eaten up. One tragic day, suddenly, he died.

Lucia had no one to turn to except friends who had troubles of their own. Her parents were dead. Her daughters, aged ten and seven, were far too young to support themselves.

Heartsick and frightened, she sold their home, took rooms in a cheaper locality and earned a precarious living by teaching Italian in a New York school and giving English lessons to new arrivals from her native country. Sometimes she would lie awake at night and wonder what would become of them all if she were taken ill.

There were also minor problems. Little Lucy, the younger girl, stood on the threshold of her First Communion, the first important event in her life. "What shall I wear, Mother?" she would ask. Lucia knew what was at the back of the child's anxious questioning: would she have to be ashamed, as she

SPARKLING

*For 'Hot-Weather' Fitness
to cool you down-
to buck you up!*

When hot weather wearies you, revive yourself with a glass of sparkling, pleasant-tasting Andrews. It's so cooling, so refreshing, the ideal thirst-quencher for people of all ages.

Andrews does *more* than freshen you up—it cleanses the system and gently regulates its working. Keep a tin handy in hot weather, to cool you down, to buck you up, to put the sparkle back into life.



ANDREWS

was so often, of her shabby clothes?

Then Lucia remembered her wedding dress.

There it was—as rich, as lovely as ever. It was amazing to think that she had owned something so beautiful and had almost forgotten it. She began at once to rip it apart and cut it down to Lucy's measurements. Undoing the deep hem she found, to her astonishment, a neatly folded paper. On it, in faded but strong writing, was a message that had been waiting for her nearly 15 years. "I shall always love you."

Lucia sat for a long time, remembering. She saw the dark, square-shouldered man, really, for the first time. She thought of the unspoken devotion which she had never known that Giuseppe had cherished for her. Overcome, she cried her heart out with loneliness and grief.

That night she wrote a letter. It was addressed to a man who might now be dead, and who in any case must surely have long since forgotten her. But she had a deeply felt urge to tell him that she had found his message and that she wanted to thank him at long last for a devotion she had done so little to deserve. Beyond telling him that her

husband was dead she made no reference to the misfortune that had overtaken her.

Weeks passed, and there was no answer. She did not expect one. Little Lucy wore the beautiful dress at her First Communion and was the proudest, happiest girl of all her class. Watching her go up the church aisle to the altar, Lucia thanked Giuseppe for a goodness that, like the vines on their native hillside, still bore fruit.

One day soon afterwards, she came home to find a man waiting for her in the dim hallway of her apartment house. At first she did not recognize him. The heavy shoulders had grown heavier and a little stooped, the once thick black hair was grey. Then she heard his voice. "It is still true, Lucia!"

Though she had not written of her distress, because he loved her he had known of it in his heart. Giuseppe had come, on the brave chance that she might need him.

This story has a fitting fairy-tale ending. Giuseppe had done well for himself and was able to establish a tailoring business in the new country that had become hers, and to make a good home for all of them.



Read the following sentence to a friend and ask him to write it down. From 100, which is a perfect score for the test, subtract 10 for each word wrongly spelt.

Outside a cemetery sat a harassed cobbler and an embarrassed oculist, picnicking on a desiccated apple, and gazing at the symmetry of a lady's ankle with unparalleled ecstasy.

The right to organize is no longer challenged, but the abuse of power by labour leaders is a menace to a nation's welfare

The Rights and Wrongs of Labour

By Donald R. Richberg

Well-known American lawyer and
labour-relations expert

IN OUR human struggles towards a higher civilization we seem fated to do a lot of fighting against one another in the process of learning to work together for our common gain. Labour battles have brought suffering and hardship to millions of people. They have wasted untold wealth and energy that might have been better used to advance the general welfare.

I have fought with and against labour organizations, with and against employers, with and against the government. But let me claim one consistency in this motley record. I have consistently opposed tyranny and oppression, whether by employers, labour leaders or public officials.

In such fighting I have swung a zestful axe for nearly half a century. But recently I have come to fear that we in America have developed such fearsome weapons in industrial warfare that we are

facing a choice between disarmament and suicide.

The long struggle to establish the right of the workers to organize, and to participate in the regulation of wages and working conditions through collective bargaining, has been won. But today many outstanding labour leaders are greedy for monopoly powers which should never be permitted to anyone, and greedy for conscriptive and disciplinary powers which, if exercised by any government, would be denounced as political tyranny.

The present objective of the labour movement is to compel every worker to join a labour organization in order to earn a living. Outstanding labour leaders flatly assert on platforms, in writings and in arguments in the courts that there should be "no competition between workers." They argue that all workers should be organized in unions which should work in concert to establish an irresistible

She was spoiling her family's fun



A wife should be her husband's companion and her children's friend But lately you have been neither! What's wrong, Pushpa?

Oh mother, we had a wonderful time We got on the giant wheel and

But we missed you Pushpa Why do you always want to stay at home nowadays? You used to like going out so much

I'm sorry mother, I do try to be a good wife and mother but I just haven't the energy to join in their fun

She's been complaining of tiredness I think you had better take her to the Doctor



AT THE DOCTOR'S

The reason why your wife is so tired and dispirited is that the food she eats fails to give her all the nourishment she requires for sound health and energy. Start giving her Horlicks at once. She needs the extra body building and energy-giving nourishment that Horlicks provides.



4

SO PUSHPA HAD HORLICKS EVERY DAY



5

AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF HORLICKS

Pushpa seems to have turned the house into a music school.

Shhh! She's training the children and their friends for the Ladies' Club show.



6

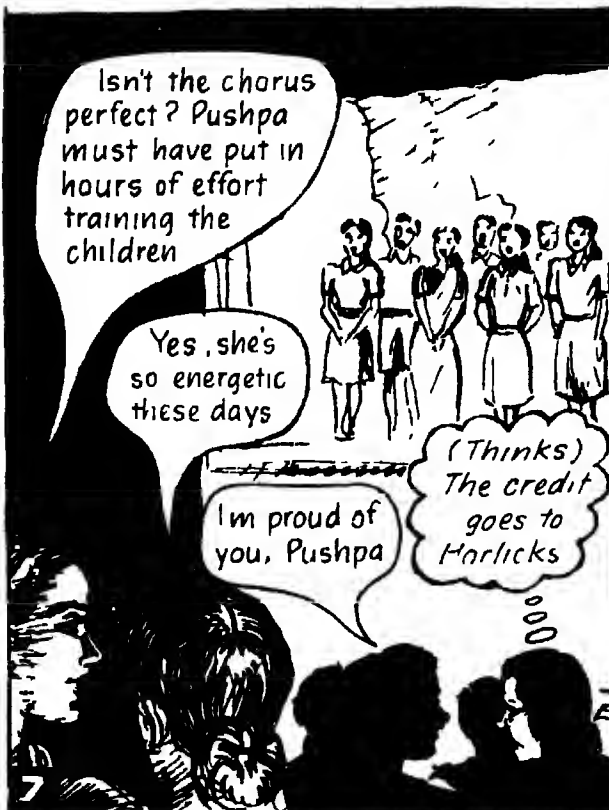
AT THE LADIES' CLUB SOCIAL

Isn't the chorus perfect? Pushpa must have put in hours of effort training the children.

Yes, she's so energetic these days.

I'm proud of you, Pushpa.

(Thinks) The credit goes to Horlicks.



7

Why the doctor recommends Horlicks

The chief source of your health and energy is the nourishment contained in your food. But if the food you eat fails to provide the balanced nourishment necessary for sound health and energy, you become tired and listless, lack energy to enjoy life. In such cases I recommend Horlicks. That is because Horlicks has all the body-building nourishment of rich, full-cream cow's milk, plus the energising extracts of wheat and malted barley. Horlicks makes an ideal supplement to the daily diet, restores health and replaces used-up energy."



HORLICKS

gives extra nourishment

restores energy

HL 3688

power to dictate the terms and conditions under which all wage earners will be permitted to earn a living. They demand a monopoly power in industry which they rightly denounce whenever such a power is sought by managers.

The right of the individual to control the employment of his own labour, and the use of property gained by his labour, was once a fundamental principle. To protect the liberty and dignity of the individual was the major objective of unionism. The workers were not organized to get rid of one set of industrial masters, called employers, in order to substitute a new set of masters, called labour leaders. They were organized in order to set themselves free from all masters and to establish a society of self-governing, self-respecting people, co-operating for the common good.

Compulsory unionism is more clearly menacing to the welfare of the people when it is seen that, as labour monopolies have grown in power, irresponsible and vicious uses of the strike weapon have steadily increased. This unrestricted power to injure not only large communities but all the people cannot be permitted to any segment of a free society.

A strike against one employer, or a group of employers, may be tolerated as a crude but effective way of inflicting a competitive injury. It need not be always regarded as an assault against the public welfare.

But an industry-wide strike is nothing less than the deliberate infliction of injury upon an entire nation for the purpose of forcing the suffering public to compel managers to accede to the strikers' demands, regardless of how unreasonable or harmful to public or private interests these demands may be.

Many a strike which the public could not endure for more than a few days has been called or threatened against transportation agencies and other public utilities. Such conduct has no more justification than other forms of extortion.

It is time for the people generally to recognize that extortion is extortion, no matter whether it is practised by a racketeer for his personal gain or by a labour organization to make private gains for its members. It is the *method* that is criminal, regardless of the objective.

The need to curb an unrestricted power to strike has been proved, not merely by the vast injuries done by industry-wide strikes but also by the repeated use of a costly strike to enforce some petty demand or to rectify some petty wrong. Not long ago a strike of 1,500 American trainmen deprived about 50,000 other workers of employment—all because of a ten-day suspension imposed on two conductors accused of a slowdown! Obviously the union, the employer or the community would have gained heavily by paying the suspended men five times the amount of their lost wages. Or

the dispute could have been settled by a quick arbitration at a trifling expenditure compared with the enormous cost of idling 50,000 men for even a day

Over and over again we have seen such examples of arrogance in the use of the great powers now held by labour organizations. The record proves conclusively that labour unions should be compelled to accept public responsibilities commensurate with their powers to do harm, or else such powers should be taken away from them.

I offer a practical programme of obvious remedies for abuses of labour's powers of collective action

1 The creation and exercise of

monopoly powers by labour unions should be made unlawful.

2 Compulsory unionism, a form of involuntary servitude, should be abolished by law

3 The right to strike should be qualified by defining the lawful objects, the lawful methods and the lawful occasions for strikes. Strikes should be held unlawful which are: (1) against the public health, safety and welfare, (2) designed to compel political action, (3) without a preceding reasonable effort to avoid a strike, (4) conducted with the aid or toleration of criminal violence.

We can no longer tolerate civil warfare as the means of deciding conflicts of economic interest

Slightly Clock-Eyed

HE'D STAYED much too long with the boys, as usual, and he'd got tipsy—as usual. Here it was nearly 3 a.m., when he'd promised her faithfully to be home by 11. What a row he was in for! He fumbled delicately with the latchkey, tiptoed unsteadily across the corridor, undressing as he went, and started up the stairs. It was here that his chance came. As he reached the landing the cuckoo clock cuckooed three times. For a precious moment the mental overcast seemed to clear and inspiration came: when the cuckoo clock stopped striking he went right on cuckooing himself, up to 11. That would fool her. He finished undressing in the upstairs corridor, moved gingerly into the room, slipped into bed—and she never even stirred. He was home!

Next morning at breakfast she said, "We're going to have to do something about that cuckoo clock, Henry."

"Why," he asked, "it's keeping perfect time, isn't it?"

"I don't know what it's doing," she said, "but it's certainly behaving very funnily. Imagine what happened last night as I was lying in bed waiting for you! It cuckooed three times, then it hiccuped, then it said damn, and then it cuckooed 14 times more."

--Contributed by Terry Hargreave

*César Ritz, the Swiss peasant who became the world's
great authority on pleasing people in hotels*

THE WORD FOR

Elegance

By
George Kent



THE name Ritz has become a synonym for luxury in every Western language. The story of César Ritz, a Swiss peasant whose education never took him beyond simple arithmetic, is the story of a genius who did much to transform hotel living into an art. You will find his mark on every continent today, wherever an hotel puts an accent on grace, comfort and imaginative good taste.

Ritz lived at the turn of the century, when women were beginning to demand equality. He encouraged them, helped bring them out of their Victorian cloisters. When he arrived in London in the late '90s, for example, no woman of good family cared to be seen dining in public. Ritz persuaded a few great ladies—like the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Dudley—to come to his hotel dining-rooms. Others

followed, and soon dining at the Savoy, Carlton, Claridge's or the Ritz—all owned or managed by Ritz at one time or another—became a social must.

Ritz introduced soft lighting to flatter women's complexions and show their gowns to best advantage. He planned his dining-rooms so that women, mounting a short flight of stairs, could make an "entrance." He conspired with his famous chef, Auguste Escoffier, to create scores of dishes that would appeal especially to women. And he presented dinner music—for the first time in London. Always the perfectionist, he chose the orchestra of Johann Strauss to play for his guests.

César Ritz was born in the Swiss mountain village of Niederwald, and went to work at 16 in an hotel dining-room in the nearby town of Brigue. A few months later he was

discharged. "In the hotel business," commented his employer, "you need an aptitude—a flair. You haven't a trace of it."

Ritz got another job as a waiter—and again was booted out. He went to Paris, where he got—and lost—two more jobs. His career really began with the fifth job, in a chic little restaurant near the Madeleine, where he climbed from commis to waiter and finally to manager. He was still only 19 when his employer invited him to become his partner. To any other young fellow this might have been a wonderful opportunity. But Ritz knew now what he wanted. the world of great names, of epicurean feasts.

Rolling up his aprons, he walked down the street to the No. 1 restaurant of the day, Voisin's, and went to work as an assistant waiter, once more at the bottom. He watched and learned—how to press a duck and carve a roast, how to decant a Burgundy; how to serve food in a way that pleased the eye as well as the palate. Everybody dined at Voisin's. Sarah Bernhardt, Alexandre Dumas the younger, the Rothschilds.

In 1871 Ritz left Paris and for three years worked in fashionable resort restaurants in Germany and Switzerland. There opportunity twisted the doorknob.

He was by then restaurant manager of the Rigi-Kulm, an Alpine hotel noted for its view and its cuisine. One day the heating system

broke down. Almost at the same moment a message arrived—40 wealthy Americans were on their way for lunch!

The temperature of the dining-room was around freezing-point. Ritz, wrapped in an overcoat, ordered the lunch table to be set up in the drawing-room—it had red curtains and *looked* warmer. Into four huge copper pots, employed until then for holding palm trees, he poured alcohol and set it ablaze. Bricks were put into the ovens.

When the guests arrived the room was tolerably warm, and under the feet of each diner went a hot brick wrapped in flannel. The meal was a cold-weather masterpiece, starting with a peppery hot consommé and ending with flaming crêpes suzette. The party, warm without and within, departed chanting the praises of the young manager.

This small miracle of quick thinking was gossiped about wherever hotelmen gathered. Finally it reached the ears of the owner of a large hotel in Lucerne that was steadily losing money. He asked Ritz to become general manager.

In two years the 27-year-old peasant put the hotel on a paying basis. Here he developed the methods we associate with his name. For Ritz no detail was too trivial, no enterprise too large if it meant the happiness of a guest.

"People like to be served," Ritz used to say, "but *invisibly*." The rules he formulated are the four

THE WORD FOR ELEGANCE

commandments of a good hotel-keeper today: to see all without looking; to hear all without listening; to be attentive without being servile; to anticipate without being presumptuous.

"The customer is always right," he said to a waiter, using that now-hackneyed phrase for the first time. If a guest complained of the size of a bill he smiled genially, took it away and forgot to bring it back. If the diner did not like the meat or the wine it was whisked from the table. Ritz had a prodigious memory. He remembered who liked a certain brand of Turkish cigarettes, who had a passion for chutney—and when they arrived these things were waiting for them.

He also catered to his more permanent guests. The tall man found an eight-foot bed in his room. Mrs. Smith, who could not bear flowers, was never annoyed with them, but Mrs. Jones, who loved gardenias, always found a bowl of them on her breakfast tray.

Ritz combined the imagination of an impresario with his other talents. When Princess Caroline de Bourbon told him he could have carte blanche in arranging a fête at Lucerne to celebrate her engagement, he produced a party that is still talked about. Waiting at the edge of the lake were 12 beflowered and illuminated sailing boats, and as each guest came aboard, a sailor at the stern let go with Roman candles. Large boats moved among the

smaller craft serving food and drink. On the four peaks that look down on the lake bonfires sprang to life.

In 1892 Ritz went to London to take over the financially tottering Savoy Hotel. With Escoffier in the kitchen and César everywhere, the public responded and the hotel was out of the red in an astonishingly short time. Roving from room to room Ritz remade beds to be sure they were right, once, inspecting the dining-room, he smelled soap on a glass and sent several hundred glasses back to be rewashed.

He was studying the redecoration of a bridal suite one day, and the bronze chandelier protruding from the ceiling offended him. As he looked for a way to light the room less obtrusively, the projecting cornices gave him an idea. He put the lights behind them—and indirect lighting was introduced.

Arranging a party for Alfred Beit, the South African diamond king, Ritz flooded the Savoy ballroom, transformed it into a miniature Venice. Guests were served as they reclined in gondolas. Caruso sang to a gathering which included Cecil Rhodes, James Gordon Bennett, Gilbert, Sullivan and Lord Randolph Churchill.

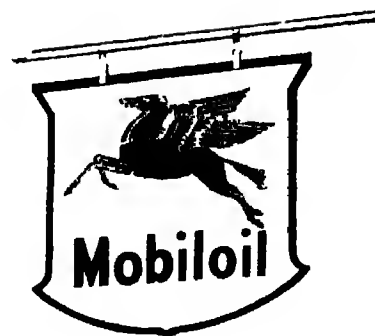
Ritz had a puckish sense of humour and occasionally played jokes on his guests. One victim—also one of his greatest admirers—was the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Ritz served him a dish he called *Cuisses de Nymphes à*



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l'Aurore—Thighs of Nymphs at Dawn. His Royal Highness loved it. Later in the evening he learned that the dish was frogs' legs, served with cream and Moselle wine—the Prince detested frogs' legs

Ritz's golden era at the Savoy ended with a quarrel between him and the directors Ritz walked out. The reaction among César's friends was instantaneous. Where Ritz went, they followed.

Now he returned to his beloved Paris and realized a dream he had cherished for years. He established, in the Place Vendôme, the grandest of all Ritz hotels. To discourage idlers he planned a small lobby. To encourage conversation over tea or coffee he designed a garden. Wishing for cleanliness, he painted the walls instead of papering them because paint could be washed. For the design of his furniture he went to Versailles and Fontainebleau. The colour scheme he borrowed from a painting by Van Dyck.

An innovation was the number of rooms equipped with private baths. On the day of the opening people streamed through the corridors as through a museum, largely to inspect the bathrooms.

The success of the Ritz of Paris was never in doubt. On one dinner menu preserved by an old Ritz employee were the autographs of four kings, seven princes and assorted nobility. Among Britons and Americans who lived and dined there were Lord Northcliffe, Nellie

Melba, Lily Langtry, John Pierpont Morgan, Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt. On all Ritz lavished his extraordinary attention, sensitive to every mood and caprice.

Here Ritz fixed the traditional waiter's costume: white tie for the waiter, black tie for the maître d'hôtel. He also gave the pages their brass buttons.

At the turn of the century Ritz built and opened the Carlton Hotel in London, and a few years later came the hotel in Piccadilly which bears his name. The latter was the first building in England to use steel-frame construction, which Ritz, enamoured of the Eiffel Tower, had insisted on. A group of financiers joined with Ritz to create the Ritz Hotel Development Corporation, which produced most of the Ritz hotels scattered throughout the world.

In 1902 Ritz prepared a huge dinner and reception in honour of the coronation of Edward VII. Arrangements were complete to the final detail when word came that the King was seriously ill and required an immediate operation. Ritz attended to all the details of the dismantling and cancellation, and then collapsed. It was a mental attack from which he never recovered.

Ritz lived on until October 1918. As he lay dying, he murmured, thinking his wife was at his side, "Take care of our daughter." They had two sons, but no girl. Between them, "daughter" was the way they referred to the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

The author calculates that "the 701," a new electronic computer (illustrated), is just 100,000 times the man he is



MACHINES THAT THINK

By Stuart Chase

EARLY on the eve of the American Presidential Election in 1952, a machine called "Univac" was given a number of cards punched with early returns from representative voting districts, together with comparative figures from the same districts in the 1948 election. Univac digested the cards and almost immediately predicted an Eisenhower landslide! Attendants were alarmed—the declaration contradicted the widespread opinion that the election would be exceedingly close. So they announced that Univac must have had an internal breakdown.

A few hours later all the world knew that Univac was as right as the political forecasters were wrong.

As Univac showed, a pretty brainy act can be put on by thinking machines. Not only can they do astronomical sums in an incredibly short time but they can store memories, learn from experience, and

control the performance of other machines, such as drills and lathes.

The first "giant brain" was built in America by Bell Laboratories in the late 1930s, as a by-product of research on dial telephones. However, the Mark I, built in 1944 jointly by Harvard University and International Business Machines, was the first thinking machine to get wide publicity.

International Business Machines has gone into quantity production with its latest giant computer, "the 701." Meanwhile, the Bell Laboratories are working on a super-giant brain to supervise connections among 50 million U.S. telephones.

Suppose we visit the IBM building in New York and inspect the 701. It was unveiled in the spring of 1953 and works 25 times faster than the 1948 IBM machine.

Our first impression is that we have entered an ultramodern kit-

chen, with 11 units in soft grey-blue—they might be refrigerators, cabinets, washing machines — arranged along three walls. Our guide opens the doors of the various units and shows us instrument panels, revolving magnetic drums, a battery of large cathode-ray tubes, reels of magnetic tape and the slot into which punched cards are dropped to start things going. One unit especially rivets our attention. Sparkling and flashing like a display of multi-coloured jewellery, it turns out to be hundreds of small vacuum tubes doing sums.

The whole exhibit could be put in your living-room, if not in your kitchen—a great reduction from the size of earlier giants, which would fill a small house. When a new device called the transistor* displaces the vacuum tubes, as some day it will, the whole business may fit into a bathroom.

What is happening as the jewellery flashes and printed tape rolls out? The 701, they tell us, can add or subtract 16,000 times a second, multiply or divide 2,000 times a second. On a typical problem it performs 14,000 mathematical operations a second. These figures mean little to me until I relate them to what I can do myself.

I write two four-digit numbers on a pad of paper. With pencil and stop watch in hand, I add the figures—six seconds; subtract one from

the other and check—eight seconds; multiply them—50 seconds; divide to three decimal places—80 seconds. (These results are the average of half a dozen trials with different four-digit numbers.) Though no lightning calculator, I did learn to step along when I got my degree as a Certified Public Accountant.

Assuming that the machine can multiply numbers like these 2,000 times a second, instead of once in 50 seconds, it is clear that the 701 is just 100,000 times a better man than I am!

What actually happens when a problem is tackled? First, the problem has to be stated by man. Second, the complicated equations are brought down to index-card size. These cards are punched not only with the problem but also with instructions in coded numbers telling the machine how to handle it. The human programming may take hours or days, while the solution of the problem may take the machine only minutes. But no machine can do this preparatory work. Only men or women. Preferably Ph.D.s.

In the next step—the third—the machine is activated. The cards are fed into a slot. Fourth, the machine stores the data and instructions in a memory unit. Fifth, the 701 proceeds to follow the instructions in order. Sixth, the result of each completed task is stored in memory units. Seventh, the sub-results are compiled into a final solution, which, eighth, is printed on a roll

* See "Fabulous Midget—the Transistor," *The Reader's Digest*, June, 1953.

of tape and issues from the outgo unit.

After receiving 963 instructions, the 701 can calculate the path of a guided missile, performing 1,100,000 operations in two minutes. (This calculation I could toss off in a matter of 15 years) It can compute the density and velocity of air at selected points on a section of aeroplane wing, and thus aid aircraft engineers in working out new wing designs. In this instance, eight million operations are completed in seven minutes—a job that would take a desk calculator seven years.

THE HUMAN BRAIN has the power to store memories and learn from experience. When new signals come in, we check them with past experience before we act. The first time we try to drive a car, we are terrified by hazards on every side. After 1,000 miles, however, the brain has taken in the sights and sounds of every mile of experience, and has continually refined our operating ability. When a red light looms ahead, we remember other red lights in the past. Down goes the foot on the brake, almost automatically.

The 701 and his brothers and cousins also store memories and learn from experience. The memories they store are simpler—mostly numbers—but their power to imitate this function of the brain gives them the right to be called “machines that think.” A computer’s memories are stored on magnetic

drums, on tape or in cathode-ray tubes.

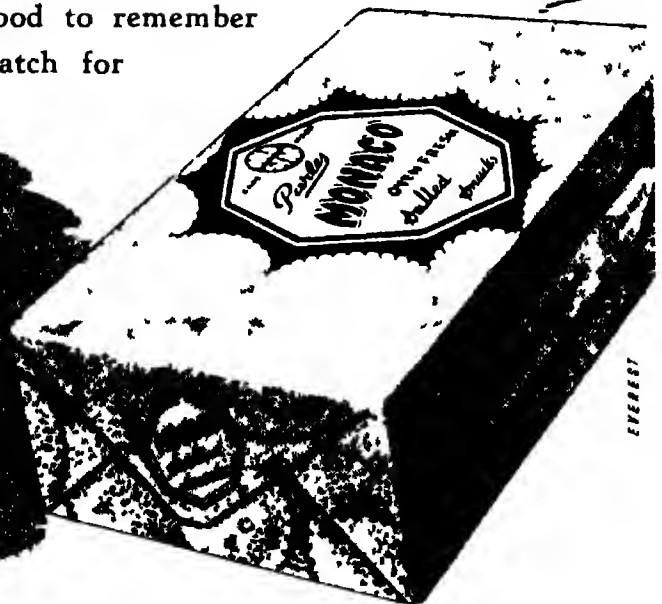
The prize mechanical example of learning from experience is undoubtedly the Bell Laboratory’s electronic mouse. His body is a permanent magnet two inches long, his feet are three retracted wheels, his whiskers are copper wires. The “cheese” he seeks is an electric terminal. You put him in a maze about two-by-two feet composed of 40 movable aluminium partitions. In one corner is the “cheese,” reached by only one possible route. You throw a switch and away goes the mouse, in a headlong scramble. He bangs into a wall, bounces back, tries another direction with energy unimpaired. Bang, bang, bang!—but he is continually getting nearer the goal. Finally, after about two minutes of strenuous buffeting, he reaches the cheese and a bell rings.

Pick him up now and put him back at the starting point. Away he goes again, but this time he doesn’t hit a single wall. He goes right to the terminal without a false move. He cuts his time by 90 per cent—from two minutes to 12 seconds! If you place him in a part of the maze not visited before, he will bang round again by trial and error until he finds a section already visited—then off he goes in straight course to the “cheese.” Quite a mouse! If you shift some of the walls of the maze to form a different pattern, he will remember any parts which remain unshifted.

**GAME, SET, MATCH
AND MONACO !**



And it is good to remember
that there is no match for



THE FIRST AND STILL THE BEST SALTED SNACKS

This remarkable rodent operates with the help of a thinking machine under the metal floor of the maze. It's all the invention of a brilliant young scientist, Dr. Claude Shannon, to help him and his colleagues improve telephone switching equipment that can remember the telephone number you dial, and then automatically search the circuits until it finds a clear line to the party you want. The significance of the mouse, Dr. Shannon says, lies in the four unusual operations the machine performs. It can solve a problem by trial and error; remember the solution and apply it at a later date; add new information to the solution already remembered; forget one solution and learn a new one as soon as the problem is changed.

HUMANS are too slow in their reactions to control the industrial mechanisms now coming off their

drawing boards. The speeds, temperatures, radiation, complexities are too much for the human nervous system to handle, and men, the engineers say, are becoming bottlenecks in production. Automatic control is imperative if certain operations are to be handled efficiently, and the thinking machines are just the chaps to be put in charge. They never get tired, make few mistakes—the latest models correct their own mistakes—and they perform their functions at fantastic speeds.

Computers are giving us some dramatic sidelights on how the human brain stores memories, and how we learn from experience. They are destined to do a lot of supervising in mass-production plants and in communication industries. They will become more and more clever, rapid and useful in answering more kinds of questions. But that is all they can do with questions. They will never be able to ask one.

"There Must be Some Mistake"

A FEW MINUTES after the elegant \$6,000,000 Pittsburg post office was opened to the public, customers began complaining that there was no letter box. The dismayed postmaster got in touch with the architects, who shamefacedly confessed that they had actually forgotten all about that important item.

THE Co-operative Bank of Newburyport, Massachusetts, spent the equivalent of £150 on doing up an empty house. Then they discovered that the house didn't belong to them—theirs was two doors away.

WHEN A film studio was annoyed by aeroplanes passing overhead, the officials had a huge sign painted on the roof—FILM STUDIO—QUIET, PLEASE. It was a sad error. The pilots only dropped down closer, in order to satisfy their curiosity as to what the sign said.

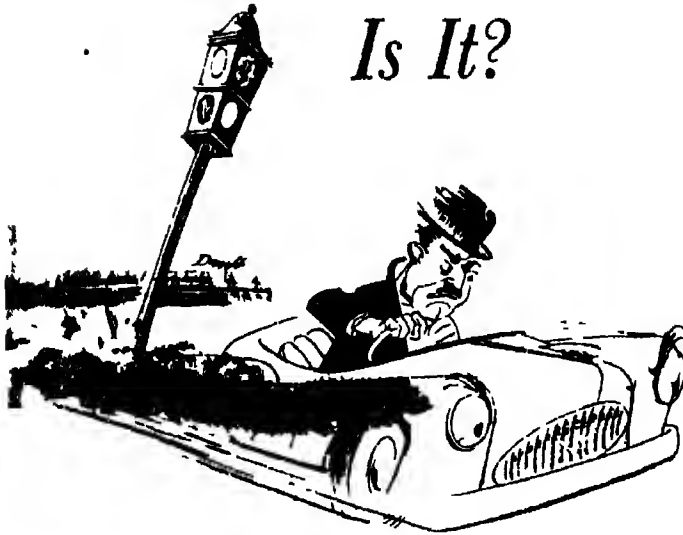


. . . and as part of
her dowry a ticket to Paris
on Air-India International.

If teen-agers drive recklessly—

Whose Fault

Is It?



By Paul Jones

IN THE TRAIN the other evening I heard one regular traveller say, "I'm having a bad time with my boy. He's car mad, and he's driving me mad, too. Last night he was bragging to us that he had driven from our house to George's place in 32 minutes through heavy traffic. Thirty-two minutes! That's just plain suicide!"

"Certainly is," his friend agreed. "Can't you slow him down?"

"Well, I tried," said the father. "And do you know what he said? He wanted to bet me that I had done it myself in less than 40 minutes."

"Have you?" the friend asked.

"Well, yes. But I'm an experi-

enced driver. This boy is just a child."

There you are. It's perfectly all right for Father to tear along like a speedway rider. But let his son do it—a lad who has better timing, better eyesight and faster reflexes than Father will ever have again—and that lad's a problem child.

Where did he pick up the idea that it's clever to drive so fast in the first place? From Dad, the middle-aged Dan Dare!

When are we parents going to pull ourselves together and realize that we can't ask our youngsters to act in one way while we act in another?

Take my word for it: the boy in the stripped-down and hotbed-up sports-car with the exhaust wide open and a pretty girl almost in his lap isn't a whit more dangerous than his father, who is batting along hell for leather, trying to make up time after stopping too long at the club. Neither of them ought to be driving.

Look, parents, do you *really* want your child to drive safely? Youngsters follow the example of their mothers and fathers. Do you plan your own driving so that, if your children drive exactly as you do, you can be satisfied that they will be courteous, careful, considerate? Let's give our boys and girls the right example to follow. They'll live longer and have more fun. For that matter, so will we!

*Taha Hussein's amazing fight for modern freedoms
in an ancient, backward land*

The Blind Man Who Brought Light to Egypt

By
Donald Robinson

IN CAIRO not long ago, Gen. Mohammed Neguib called a meeting of the army officers who had helped him to dethrone King Farouk and seize control of the Egyptian Government. In addition to his army colleagues, General

Neguib invited a civilian—Taha Hussein, a 64-year-old author and educator

Neguib asked Hussein to address the group. Hussein did not pull his punches. The title of his talk was "Democracy." To their faces he told the army men "Discipline and order are not enough. A government which achieves order at the expense of freedom is like those behind the Iron Curtain, where man is reduced to the status of an ant."



Hussein enlarged on this theme, and when he finished there was silence in the room. Some of the army men obviously didn't care for these ideas. But General Neguib bounded to his feet, embraced Hussein and, turning to his colleagues, said:

"I want you all to learn Dr. Hussein's words by heart. They can serve as the cornerstone of our movement."

For more than 30 years now, Taha Hussein has led the fight against ignorance and oppression in the Middle East. More than any other man, he helped pave the way for the overthrow of King Farouk. And, more than any other man, he has made the people of Egypt recognize the value of freedom of speech

and the press. Most important of all, he fought till his government offered free education to every Egyptian child—the first time any Arab country has taken this forward step.

Dr. Hussein has achieved these victories in spite of a crippling handicap—he has been completely blind since he was three years old. But his attitude towards his blindness is characteristic of his attitude towards life—he refuses to recognize it as an obstacle. “Think of all the distractions I’ve been spared because of my blindness,” he said recently to a friend.

A slender man of medium height, Hussein has a lean face and clean-cut features beneath a crop of grey hair. He dresses in well-tailored Western clothes. He is quick to laugh and easy to know. His features are so animated that you soon stop seeing the dark glasses he wears—you forget that he is blind.

The son of a poor peasant, one of 13 children, Taha Hussein was born in Maghagha, a village in upper Egypt. At three he began to realize that his brothers and sisters frequently talked of things that were strange to him. “Eventually,” he recalls, “I knew that they were seeing things which I didn’t see.” He had contracted ophthalmia, the dreaded eye disease which afflicts, in varying degrees, almost 50 per cent of Egypt’s rural population.

In spite of his blindness, or perhaps because of it, he showed an insatiable appetite for knowledge.

He went to the local school, and studied at home by having others read to him. He memorized the entire Koran. His brilliance won him a scholarship at Al-Azhard, a religious university in Cairo, and from there he transferred to Cairo University. In 1914 he was awarded the first Ph.D. to be given by that institution, and the university sent him to Paris to study at the Sorbonne. There he gained another Ph.D.—and a wife, a pretty French girl named Suzanne Bressau, whom he married in 1918.

Upon his return to Egypt Hussein was made a professor of Arabic literature at Cairo University. He taught his students to approach every problem with a free mind—something unprecedented in Egypt, where students were expected to accept without question the beliefs handed down from previous generations. Until Hussein, even the mythical folklore of Islam had been regarded as gospel truth. The blind professor outraged religious fanatics by writing a book which stated that many traditional Arab beliefs were fairy tales.

The outcry was so great that the government set up an official investigating commission. The commission found the book both honest and accurate, but a strong faction in parliament still called for its suppression. A parliamentary crisis resulted. The cabinet supported Hussein and asked for a vote of confidence on the issue.

Sir Ian Fraser, C H , C B E , M P , Chairman of St Dunstan's, who was himself blinded in the Great War, writes of Dr Hussein :

"He is a very famous man whose main interest is free general education for all Egyptians. Despite the fact that he is blind, he does not specialize in blind education and has in fact never learnt Braille. Nevertheless, he is an exceptionally well adjusted blind man and has done some first-rate translations into Egyptian of the classics, he is, also, one of the finest Islamic scholars in the world. Two of his books which are autobiographical, *Memories of an Egyptian Childhood* and *The Stream of Days*,* are shortly to be printed in Braille in this country."

The vote was in favour of Hussein. A long step had been taken to secure freedom of speech for Egyptians.

In 1930 Hussein was elected Rector of Cairo University. Now his views on free speech brought him into conflict with Egypt's strong man, Prime Minister Ismail Sidky, who demanded that Hussein halt all criticism of the government at the university—or resign.

"Your Excellency is wasting his breath," Hussein replied.

Sidky forced Hussein's resignation, but the blind man continued to speak and write against restrictions on academic activities. His life savings exhausted by doctors' bills for a chronically ill son, he had to borrow money to feed his family.

* Published respectively by Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd, and Longmans, Green & Co, London.

For three desperate years he risked imprisonment, torture and death—and turned out seven books. Some of them were banned in Egypt, but they spread his fame throughout the Middle East. Finally, in 1933, Sidky was ousted from power. Hussein was immediately reinstated as rector, and freedom was restored to Egyptian colleges.

Those years of struggle made a deep impression. "I saw then that the only hope for attaining true democracy in Egypt," he says, "was through education of the people."

The right to free public education may seem a harmless idea to you and me, but in the Middle East it was—and, in parts, still is—revolutionary. Until recently the Egyptian Government exacted a fee of about £20 a year—almost as much as a farmer earned—for the primary-school education of each child.

Hussein fought against this fee. "Education and learning should not be commodities for sale in the market place," he argued. "They are like sunshine and fresh air, and society should deny them to no one who seeks them."

To this the government replied, "The country can't afford such luxury."

Cost wasn't the only objection. Farouk and the aristocratic clique around him protested that universal education was "a radical notion." "If the poor learn how to read and write," they declared, "they will become dissatisfied."

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THE BLIND MAN WHO BROUGHT LIGHT TO EGYPT

"The poor *should* be dissatisfied with their lot," Hussein answered. "How else can they get it improved?"

At first, sentiment was solidly opposed to him. Parliament and the press attacked him as "a wild-eyed dreamer," "a fuzzy-minded Utopian." Gradually, though, he won over the great masses of the people, and they began exerting *their* pressure.

At the opening of parliament in October 1943 an important change was announced. "As from this day, primary education will be free" This wasn't all Hussein wanted—fees were still to be charged in the secondary schools—but he had won a round. He agreed to serve as technical adviser to the Minister of Education in putting the programme into effect.

In this post Hussein instituted free lunches and free medical care for school children. Also, he founded Alexandria University, now a thriving institution with 8,000 students.

In 1950 a new administration asked Hussein to be Minister of Education. "I'll accept," he said, "if you'll let me give Egypt the kind of educational system it needs."

Anxious for the prestige of his name, the new administration agreed. Hussein at once made the secondary schools free, and put through a law making education compulsory up to the age of 17. This raised a huge problem: How

to supply the necessary schools and teachers?

Hussein launched a vast programme. In some villages he was able to put up modest new classroom buildings, in others he converted houses to school purposes. In a short time he had boosted the number of schoolrooms by 2,600.

To provide teachers, he organized intensive training courses and produced some 12,000 new teachers in 18 months. To obtain money from a parsimonious government, he used many a wile, his most effective being a letter of resignation which he carried in his pocket at all times. Once when the cabinet declined to give him £2,500,000 needed for teachers' salaries he pulled out the letter. The cabinet gave him the money.

As Minister of Education, Hussein worked to develop cultural ties between Egypt and the Western World. He had the best books in English and French translated into Arabic, and sent hundreds of Egyptian youngsters to study in Europe and America.

Hussein's biggest obstacle was King Farouk. Time and again he publicly attacked him and the grafters in his entourage. His magazine, *The Egyptian Scribe*, was such an effective spokesman for the honest, democratic elements in Egypt that the government closed it down. An article he wrote entitled "Honesty in Government" was so vitriolic that he was arrested,

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THE READER'S DIGEST

hailed to court and fined for *lèse-majesté*.

In 1946 a committee of eminent critics designated by the King nominated Hussein for the first Fouad I Award, a £1,000 prize for the best Egyptian writer of the year. Farouk refused to accept the recommendation of his own committee and cancelled the award entirely.

Hussein had no connection with the coup by which General Neguib dislodged Farouk in July 1952. This was entirely an army move, and Hussein was in Italy when it took place. It is commonly agreed, however, that Hussein's long campaign was an important factor in undermining Farouk's hold on the people.

The Neguib government is a dictatorship, but Hussein continues to support it because of its solemn pledge to give Egypt a genuine democracy in the near future. One of Neguib's first official acts was to appoint Hussein to a committee to draft a new democratic constitution.

The General has repeatedly paid tribute to the blind man. People in Cairo recall especially the excuse Neguib gave for arriving late at a diplomatic reception at the home of the Papal Nuncio last year. "Please accept my apologies," he said, "but I could not miss a lecture by our master, Taha Hussein."

Neguib has given his wholehearted backing to Hussein's free-education project. At last count, the

pupils in Egyptian schools had reached a record total of 1,900,877.

Today Hussein lives with his wife in a modest house in a quiet district of Cairo. Thousands of books in French, Greek and Arabic line its walls. Each day someone reads aloud to him. His other passion is listening to music—especially Bach and Mozart.

Hussein spends a considerable amount of time lecturing and working on the new Egyptian constitution, but he devotes most of his energy to his writing, which has won him fame far beyond Egypt. After André Gide, the late French novelist, received a Nobel Prize in 1947, he was asked by the Nobel Committee to recommend several writers to be considered for the next award. "I have but one choice," Gide declared. "Taha Hussein."

Blind Dr. Hussein has received almost every honour Egypt has to bestow. Beyond its boundaries, the universities of Oxford, Rome, Lyons and others have conferred honorary degrees on him. The Belgian, French and Greek Governments have given him special awards. Last year there was a move under way to make him Director-General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. The Neguib government stopped it, though—for a reason easy to understand.

"Egypt cannot spare Taha Hussein," his government said.

February 1959

Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST • 33rd YEAR OF PUBLICATION

A Thousand and One Lives	A. J. Cronin	
"The Trouble with You Yanks"	Saturday Evening Post	
"Himself," the Inquisitive Earl	Saturday Night	1
Out of This World	American Magazine	1
Quick Way to Catch Crooks	Banking	1
Portugal—Europe's Garden-on-the-Sea	Réalités	2
I'd Want My Husband to Marry Again	Chatelaine	2
Blizzard of Flames	"Fabulous Chicago"	2
The Queen of Greece	Time	3
How to Help Someone in Sorrow	Christian Advocate	3
And Now It's Frozen Bread	Nation's Business	3
I Saw the Forbidden City	Saturday Evening Post	3
America's Shabby Welcome to Visitors	Lester Vele	4
The Man Who Beat Diabetes	Life	4
The Freedom to Be One's Best	Saturday Review	5
My Most Unforgettable Character	May Dawson Rhodes	5
Hospital that Breaks Rules and Cures Patients	Today's Health	6
European Teen-Agers Look at America	Quentin Reynolds	6
The Hidden Message	Drama in Real Life	7
The Rights and Wrongs of Labour	Freeman	7
The Word for Elegance	George Kent	8
Machines That Think	Stuart Chase	8
Whose Fault Is It?	National Parent-Teacher	9
The Blind Man Who Brought Light to Egypt	Donald Robinson	9
U S Negroes Make Reds See Red	Frederic Sonder, Jr.	10
Must Hospitals Terrify Children?	Redbook	10
A Ride Through the Sound Barrier	New York Times	11

Book Section

"Stay On, Stranger"	William S. Dutton	11
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But Didn't You Know?

BY DAVID MILIS

It was just past Carlisle that it happened, the Royal Scot was racing on the last two hours of its journey from Fuston to Glasgow. I had welcomed the opportunity to catch up on my reading, and after five hours in the train I *thought* I had read three issues of The Reader's Digest from cover to cover. Suddenly my eye lighted on an advertisement about moth-proofed carpets.

Sounds a silly story, doesn't it?

But I read in that advertisement that there's a firm in Scotland that makes carpets from the wool of black-faced Scots sheep and those carpets are *permanently* moth proofed. What a blessing, I thought—remembering how my wife spends weary hours every Spring going round the edges of the carpets in our flat spraying them with some strange disinfectant to keep the moths away. We're moving to a new flat soon, so I made a note of those moth proofed carpets.

And as we still had some time before arrival at Glasgow, I began reading *all* the advertisements in those Digests I had with me. I found information of great interest.

Did you know, for example, that you can take lessons by post to train your dog for road safety? I made another note of that—because as we can never make our young poodle do as he's told, we never dare let him off the lead near a road and that's no fun for him—or us.

And then there is the big organization which offers a service of modern grassland management, telling the story of four years on an Ulster farm. They stepped up the use of fertilizers from five to nine cwt. per acre and rationed summer grazing by means of portable electrically-charged fences which were moved twice a day. The results were that silage production on that farm went up from 85 to 450 tons a year, the consumption of bought feeding stuffs was halved and

(Continued on inside back cover)

By Wilfred Funk

THE 20 WORDS below, commonly used in discussion of national and international affairs, will also give force or variety to your own everyday talk. Test your understanding of them by writing down definitions of those words you think you know. Then check the printed definitions which you believe *come nearest in meaning* to the key words. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) BASTION (bast'-yon)—A *a receptacle*
B *part of a fortress.* C *a battering ram*
D *a huge pillar*
- (2) COALITION (kō ā lish' un)—A *a compromise* B. *a defeat* C *an alliance* D *a triumph*
- (3) DISCRIMINATORY (dis krim' i nuh tri)—A *argumentative* B *disreputable* C *treating unequally* D *completely confused*
- (4) EXPOSITORY (ex poz' i tri)—A *making clear.* B: *argumentative* C *impulsive* D *apologetic*
- (5) ALSERIIY (oss tēr' i ti)—A *pride*
B *severe simplicity* C. *power* D *great poverty*
- (6) PROVOCATION (prō vō kay' shun)—A *a publi. authoritative declaration* B *a prophecy* C *a cause of anger* D *a denial*
- (7) HIERARCHY (hy' ur ahr ki)—A *a secret code.* B *a governing body, with higher and lower ranks* C *a vast empire* D *absolute power*
- (8) MALIGNITY (mā lig' nī ti)—A *great power* B *ugliness in looks.* C: *mistrust*
D *violent enmity*
- (9) ENFRANCHISED (en fran' chuzd)—A *hired or contracted for* B *set free* C *imprisoned* D *laden or charged*
- (10) ARMAGLDDON (ahr muh ged' un)—
A: *a Biblical beast.* B. *an overwhelming victory.* C *any great and final conflict*
• D *a mythical army.*
- (11) BOURGEOISIE (bōor zhwah zē')—A *stout people* B. *poverty-stricken people*
C *dissipated people* D *people of the middle class*
- (12) INSULARITY (in su lar' i ti)—A *oddness.*
B *impudence* C: *narrow-mindedness.* D:
pride
- (13) INITIATE (i nish' i ate)—A *to begin*
B *to hesitate* C *to order* D *to act in an innocent way*
- (14) MACHIAVELLIAN (mak i ā vel' i un)—
A *unscrupulous* B *magnificent* C: *reverent* D *pompous*
- (15) HOI POLLOI (hoy' pollov')—A *a cry of warning* B *a hopeless tangle* C *the common people* D *nonsense*
- (16) COHESION (kō hē' zhun)—A *a swelling* B *a clear understanding* C *a thickening* D *a holding together*
- (17) IRIPARTITE (try pahr' tite)—A *shared by three parties* B *sharply disputed* C *widely separated* D *seriously attempted*
- (18) CHAUVINISM (show' vin iz'm)—A *unscrupulous politics.* B: *exaggerated patriotism* C *buffoonery.* D. *defeatism*
- (19) DOCTRINAIRE (dok trī nair')—A *an impractical theorist* B. *a teacher* C *any system of philosophy* D *propaganda*
- (20) SUBJUGATE (sub' jū gate)—A. *to omit.*
B *to subdue* C. *to be modest* D: *to surrender.*

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) BASTION—B Part of a fortress, especially a projecting part having two flanks. Hence, figuratively, "the West is the *bastion* of democracy"
- (2) COALITION—C An alliance of persons, parties or states, as, "The times call for a *coalition* government" From the Latin *coalescere*, "to grow together."
- (3) DISCRIMINATORY—C Dealing unequally; showing favouritism
- (4) EXPOSITORY—A Serving to set forth and make clear, as, "His *expository* remarks made the matter easy to understand." Latin *expositus*, from *ex*, "forth," and *ponere*, "to set"
- (5) AUSTERITY—B. Severe simplicity, strictness, as, "For many years England has been on an *austerity* programme"
- (6) PROVOCATION—C A cause of anger or resentment, an incitement to feeling or action, as, "There was ample *provocation* for the citizens' complaints" From the Latin *provocare*, "to call forth"
- (7) HIERARCHY—B Originally a body of ecclesiastical rulers, and thus any governing body with higher and lower ranks, as "the *hierarchy* of the dictator nations" From the Greek *hierarches hieros* "sacred," and *archos*, "ruler"
- (8) MALIGNITY—D Violent enmity; bitter animosity, extreme hatred, as, "The *malignity* he held for the man was terrifying" The Latin *malignus*, "malicious"
- (9) ENFRANCHISED—B Set free, as from bondage or slavery, endowed with political privilege, especially the right to vote Old French *enfranchire*, from *en*- and *franc*, "free."
- (10) ARMAGEDDON—C The Biblical scene of the decisive battle between the forces of good and evil at the end of the world Hence, any great and final conflict
- (11) BOURGEOISIE—D: People of the middle class. A French term often used in a demeaning fashion.
- (12) INSULARITY—C From the Latin *insula*, "island." Hence, the sometimes limited viewpoint of islanders, narrow-mindedness, prejudice; as, "Europeans sometimes charge the British with *insularity*"
- (13) INITIATE—A To begin, to be the first to start, as, "The group met to *initiate* the proposed legislation" Latin *initiatum*, from *initiare*, "to begin"
- (14) MACHIAVELLIAN—A Politically unscrupulous, crafty, treacherous, from policies recommended by Machiavelli, the 16th-century Florentine statesman.
- (15) HOI POLLOI—C Greek words that mean "the many" Hence, the common people, the masses It has become common practice to say "the *hoi polloi*," though *hoi* itself actually means "the"
- (16) COHESION—D A holding together, sticking firmly together, as, "There was a lack of *cohesion* in the party" The Latin *cohasus*, from *coherere*, "to stick together"
- (17) TRIPARTITE—A Shared by three parties, as "a *tripartite* agreement" From the Latin *tres*, "three," and *partiri*, "to divide"
- (18) CHAUVINISM—B Nicolas Chauvin was such a fanatical worshipper of Napoleon and the imperial cause that his name became the word for exaggerated and belligerent patriotism
- (19) DOCTRINAIRE—A An impractical theorist, one whose views are derived from theories rather than facts From the Latin *doctrina*, "teaching"
- (20) SUBJUGATE—B To conquer, subdue; enslave, as, "It is impossible to *subjugate* a nation of such size" From the Latin *sub*, "under," and *jugum*, "yoke."

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct..	exceptional
19-16 correct	. . .	excellent
15-13 correct	. . .	good

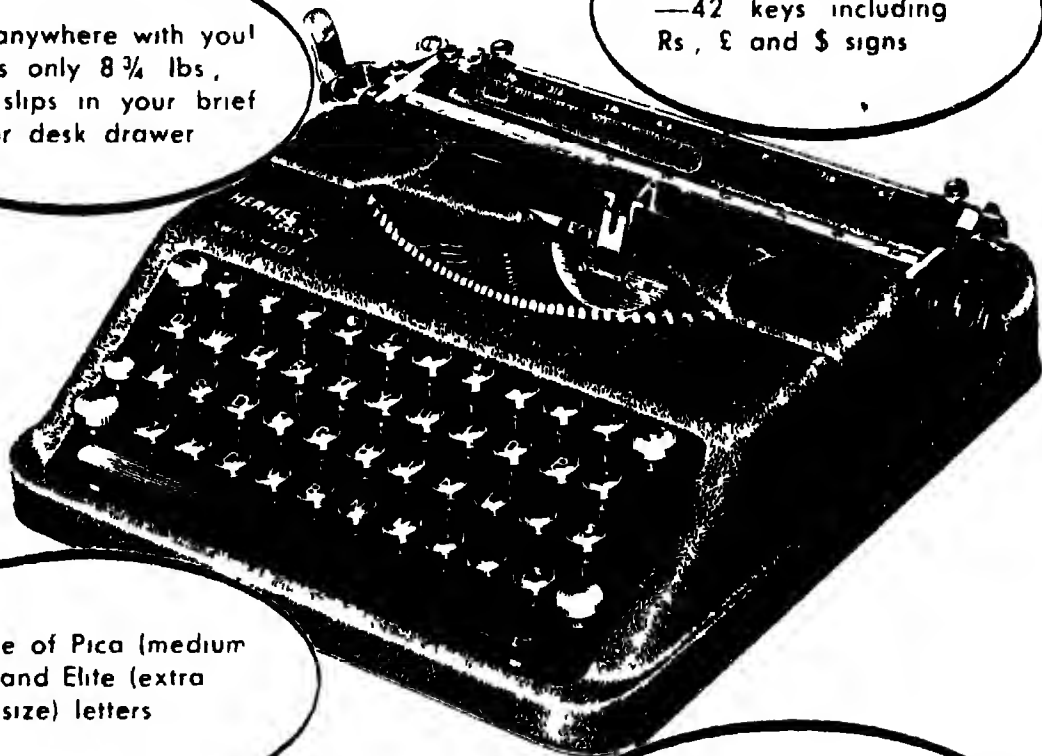
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PKQ



AS ALLIED prisoners of war began collecting in North Korean stockades three years ago, the Kremlin's alert Department of Psychological Warfare, *Agitprop*, thought it saw a unique opportunity to gain converts to Communism. To the Soviet propagandists, their most important captives were American Negroes, surely these "disgruntled and rebellious" troops could be made into stalwart Communists without much trouble. But though *Agitprop* worked hard at this special project it was an almost total flop. After the Panmunjom truce, only three of the more than 700 "liberated coloured slaves of capitalism" elected to stay in China.

With the co-operation of the army I was able to talk to a number of returned Negro P.O.W.s. They were men of many different backgrounds and various walks of life.

How Negro P O W s in Korea hamstrung their would-be "indoctrinators"

This is what they went through:

Early in 1951 approximately 80 Chinese "Comrade Instructors" arrived at P.O.W. camps in North Korea. Most of these men, carefully picked by their Soviet preceptors, had university training and an effective command of English. A dozen of them had studied in the United States. All were taught the techniques which had converted many German and Japanese prisoners to Communism during and after World War II.

Each prisoner was compelled, soon after capture, to write a complete history of his life. This history established what sort of treatment he was to receive. If he seemed un-

likely fodder for Communism, he was sent to a stockade where starvation diet was the rule and men died like flies. If he seemed a candidate for conversion, he was sent to one of the camps where prisoners were occasionally given a small piece of meat, had some medical treatment and were allowed a certain amount of recreation. Most Negroes, for *Agitprop's* purposes, were automatically sent to these latter, which were primarily indoctrination centres

P.O.W. Camp Number Five, at Pyoktong, was the largest such centre. Here Comrade Instructor Sun and ten assistants had a chance to work on 1,300 American officers and enlisted men, of whom some 400 were Negroes. Comrade Sun, a pompous little man in a jacket much too large for him, assembled the prisoners for his first speech—and made his first mistake

"Comrade soldiers," he shouted from a platform on the camp's parade ground, "we will treat you not as prisoners but as comrades liberated from the capitalist yoke!" Then he pulled out a stop which *Agitprop* had found effective with Germans and Japanese. "Henceforth," he said, "you will pay no attention to your officers. They are capitalist-appointed murderers. If they try to intimidate you, we will have them shot."

Comrade Sun paused for the expected response. There wasn't any. He saw only stony, hostile faces—

black and white. Finally a resounding, rich Negro voice broke the quiet. "You just try an' shoot our major. You couldn't kill him *no-how*. He'd take your whole damned army apart—Gawd bless him!"

The indoctrinators ran into further obstacles. For two hours every morning they delivered memorized speeches to mixed groups of 200 or 300 P O W s, on the history of Russia, on the Communist revolution and on Marx and Lenin. Then they would compare life under Communism with that in the United States. A Negro GI summarized his reaction to it this way

"Look," he told me, "I'm a farmer. I don't have too much education, but I can read and write. Their stories about the United States were wrong. No, sir. They didn't know what an American was!"

The P O W s recalled their endless tricks to plague the Chinese. They arrived at classes late, fell over each other finding places to sit, had fits of coughing, had to visit the latrine continually. They shouted, "Louder! We can't hear you!" at intervals, and during particularly violent tirades pulled their caps over their eyes and went ostentatiously to sleep.

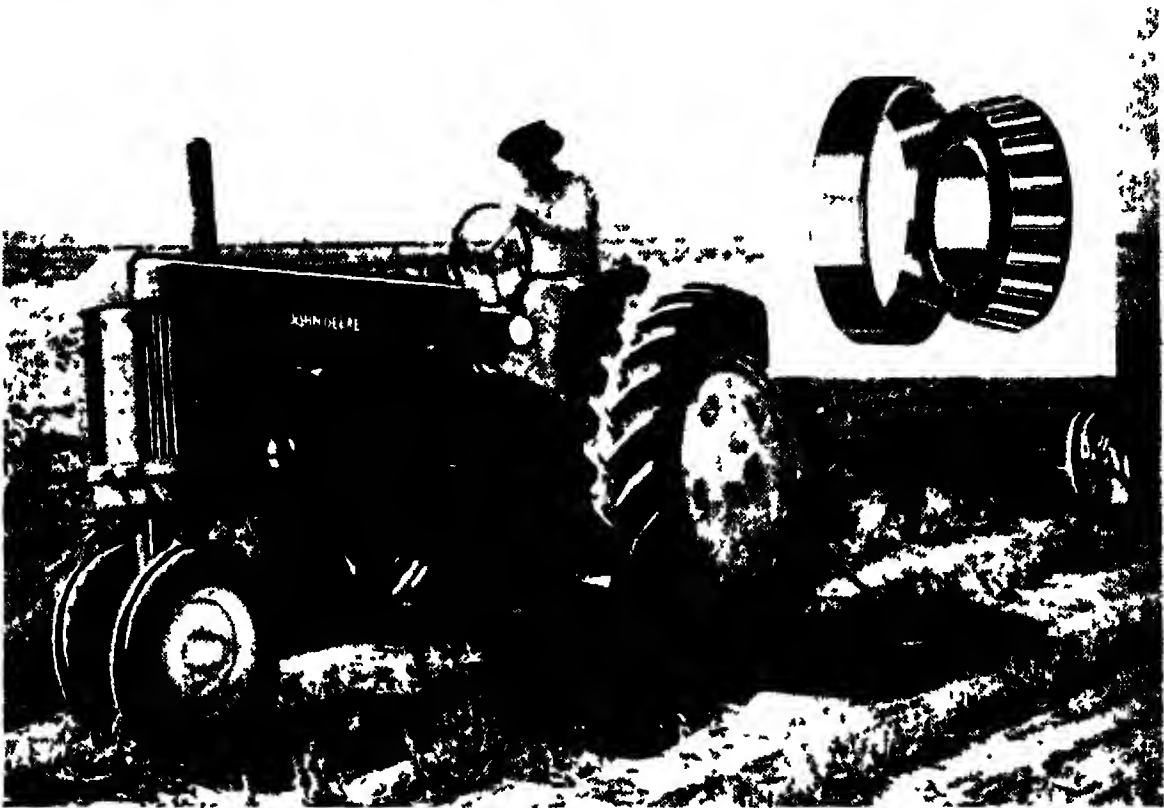
On one occasion Instructor Sun was explaining the similarity of life under the Czars to present conditions in the United States. "And the Czar, with his bloated aristocrats around him," shouted Sun

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with raised fist, "spat upon the poor people of Russia as the Wall Street money-makers spit upon you!"

A lanky Negro from Georgia turned to his neighbour. "Long live the Czar," he said in a gravelly stage whisper that echoed across the parade ground. And from a hundred throats there came a spontaneous, solemn, liturgical response: "Long live the Czar!" The astonished Sun, literal and humourless, couldn't imagine the reason for Russian royalist sentiment among American Negro troops.

The instructors had their worst troubles in the afternoon "discussion groups." These groups consisted of some 20 men who were gathered together several times a week to read aloud from the *Daily Worker*, write "confessions" about the evils of capitalist ways and ask "constructive questions." The Negroes were segregated for these sessions.

One of the individuals at Camp Five who attracted Comrade Sun's particular attention was a Negro major—a six-foot-three, craggy-faced giant with a soft voice and unfailingly gentle manner. What Sun did not know was that the major was a professor of modern history. After a "discussion period" during which he had dwelt on the subject of anti-Negro demonstrations in the American South, Sun drew the major aside for a persuasive personal conversation. "How can you Negroes bear these lynchings, these atrocities?" he asked excitedly.

The major fixed his questioner with his deep-set eyes. "I seem to remember, sir," he said quietly, "that various Soviet commissars have done far more dreadful things to many more of *their* people. I will tell you something, Comrade Instructor. The suffering of the Negro in the United States is almost over. Yours, the suffering of the Chinese at the hands of your Russian masters, has just begun. You are the people to be pitied, not we."

Comrade Sun tried to make his anger boil convincingly. "That is an infamous lie," he shouted. "I will have you punished!" But there was not much conviction in his voice, for the major had hit his most sensitive spot. Intelligent Chinese Communists are very conscious of the useful but interior position they occupy in Soviet plans.

Interestingly, now Sun's chats with the Negro officer became more frequent. There were some things, apparently, that he wanted to check. But since the instructors constantly spied on each other for signs of "deviation," he developed a roundabout technique. He would declare heatedly, for example, that the statement that there is a refrigerator in almost every American home was a capitalist lie. The major would calmly say no, it was quite true. "How much do they cost?" Sun would snap. The major would oblige. "That's impossible! How can you pay that much?"

The major, thus prompted,

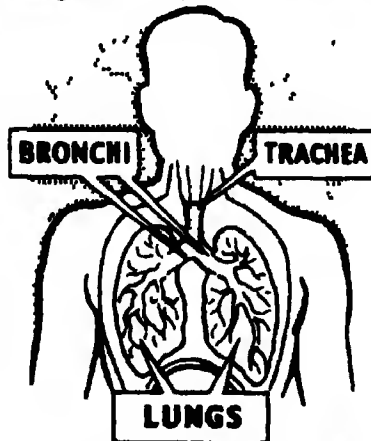
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THE READER'S DIGEST

would proceed with a lecture on American wages, housing, food—which was exactly what the Comrade Instructor wanted to know.

Still, camp instructors did do damage. Remorselessly, day after day, they repeated the faults of the American democratic system. Juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, gangsterism, the divorce rate were catalogued as though they existed only in the United States.

At the end of every week the prisoners were compelled to write answers to a list of questions based on the lectures. If the replies of a P.O.W. were not satisfactory, his food ration was stopped until he wrote acceptably Communist responses.

"This may sound silly to you," an ex-P.O.W. told me, "but that process does queer things to you. Here I was—a tired, sick, hungry man. I wanted that little piece of meat, those cigarettes. So I memorized that stuff and wrote it down. Some of it sticks with me, no matter how much I don't like it."

In 1952 *Agitprop*, evidently disappointed with the lack of Negro conversions achieved by the Chinese, pushed Operation Negro into high gear. All officers were collected in a single camp, Number Two, ten miles from Pyoktong—there had been too many incidents like the major's neat job on Comrade Sun. In any case, *Agitprop* decided the GIs would be more susceptible to Communist indoctrina-

tion if their officers were not there to win their respect with telling off the instructors and similar performances.

Dr. Chang, a brisk little man proud of his two-year stay in the United States, confidently replaced Comrade Sun as chief instructor at Camp Five. Despite the absence of the officers, however, he ran into the same sort of difficulties that had plagued his predecessor.

"I know New York's Harlem well," he told a Negro group "How those miserable people suffer! I have been in Chicago and seen *its* outrages against the coloured man. I have been in San Francisco and seen the plight of the Negroes there." A dramatic pause. Then—a GI boomed: "Have you ever been in China and seen the plight of the Chinese?"

During the transfer of prisoners of war near Panmunjom, a little-publicized but significant incident took place. Singing the Communist "*Internationale*" and shouting slogans from a truck, 23 American P.O.W.s, the only ones who had chosen to remain in North Korea and China, drove past U.N. detachments. As they passed a group of Negro soldiers, one of the three Negroes on the truck told the driver to stop and got down to harangue his countrymen. He met the stares of more than a hundred pairs of coldly hostile American eyes—and quickly climbed back to safety without opening his mouth.

MUST HOSPITALS TERRIFY CHILDREN?

By John Kord Lagemann

EVERY DAY in many hospitals, including some with the finest medical reputation, infants and children go through a trial by terror that shocks parents and inflicts grave emotional scars on young patients

I saw a five-year-old boy, scheduled for a routine tonsil operation, struggling violently with two doctors and shrieking for his mother. "Oh, we don't mind it when they scream," the head nurse told me. "We're used to it."

In an isolation ward, a dozen children had their hands and feet tied down by straps. Some were wailing and screaming. "Don't worry—they're not in pain," a house physician said. "They're just scared to death."

Many children come home from their first hospital experience with an aftermath of night terrors, clinging dependency or fear of strangers. In a study of 124 hospitalized children, aged one to 11, Dr. David

Levy, child psychiatrist, found that one in every five suffered emotional disturbances lasting more than a month.

"The situation in the hospital," reports Dr. Levy, "is similar to battle—a dangerous place far from home with strange persons. The symptoms of the child are similar to the symptoms of an adult suffering from combat neurosis."

Hospitals don't *have* to do this to children. A strong movement has developed within the medical profession to humanize hospital treatment of children. At Albany Hospital in Albany, New York, I saw how doctors and parents can collaborate to take the horror out of a child's hospitalization. The Albany programme, set up by Dr. Otto Faust, is simplicity itself:

Find out what frightens the child, do everything you can to modify or eliminate it, then give the child the moral support to face the pain which can't be helped.

MUST HOSPITALS TERRIFY CHILDREN

During the five-year study just completed, Dr. Faust and his colleagues found that these experiences aroused the most fear: anæsthesia, separation from parents, the various jabs and punctures connected with transfusions, injections, enemas and temperature-taking.

In many hospitals, putting the child under anæsthesia is still a *mêlée*. As one doctor described it to me, "the child is picked up out of bed without warning, carried kicking and screaming to the operating-room, held down by sheer force and smothered with ether."

Children are afraid of anæsthesia because they interpret loss of consciousness as impending death. In the Albany study, it was found that children who were emotionally prepared for the operation needed *one-third less* anæsthetic than children handled by routine school methods.

At Albany doctors and nurses win the trust of young patients by telling them simply and honestly what they face. "But no one," Dr. Faust assured me, "can prepare a child as well as his parents can. Mother or father should be with the child not only before the operation but when he wakes up. This should be considered absolutely essential to the child's emotional welfare."

In many hospitals, however, this is still "absolutely forbidden."

Eighteen-month-old Jimmy was sent to the hospital with diarrhoea and a slight fever. He recovered from these quickly enough, but he never got over the shock of this abrupt separation from his mother—the first in his young life. Before he entered the hospital he was a bright, active baby who had just begun to talk. When his mother

The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, in London, has for a long time allowed daily visiting, and mothers are encouraged to come and help put their children to bed at night. Another hospital, the Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children, has recently opened a new ward with cubicle sleeping accommodation for mothers. And at the Royal Victoria Infirmary Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sir James Spence, the famous children's specialist, is often quoted as saying: "A mother can interpret her child's health better than anybody, and tell the doctor quite a bit herself."

Even so, a Ministry of Health inquiry showed that only 300 out of 1,300 hospitals taking children were allowing daily visiting, and 150 prohibited the visiting of children altogether. Following this inquiry, on March 5 last year the Ministry issued a circular to all Health authorities urging them to allow "daily visiting of children by their parents, with adequate safeguards against the introduction and spread of infection."

The Lancet comments. "The Ministry's request that all hospitals should allow daily visiting of children is thus not only wise but necessary. Hospitals which have already adopted the plan have not found it impossible or even specially difficult to administer; and they agree that it has been beneficial."

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SHOEMAKERS TO THE NATION

took him home, speech had deserted him completely. It was over a year before he tried to use words again.

Abrupt separation from the mother shatters a small child's faith in himself and his loved ones. Thereafter, like Jimmy, he may see a new situation in life as a kind of booby trap that might blow up in his face. Instead of grasping at opportunity to experiment and grow, he may simply withdraw.

Under pressure many hospitals have lately extended their visiting hours. But, as Dr Faust told me, "the child should see his parents whenever he needs to, not just when it suits the convenience of the hospital."

There are important jobs parents could do. In many hospitals, for example, infants and small toddlers are tied down in their cribs to restrain them from scratching or touching bandages or pulling away during a painful treatment. But few children would have to be tied down if their mothers were permitted to substitute for nurses who can't give them continuous attention.

"When my three-year-old David went to the hospital with bronchitis, the doctor prescribed steam," one young mother told me. "Because they couldn't spare the time to watch him, the nurse tied him down hand and foot, put a canopy over his crib and turned on the steam. I begged them to untie him and let me handle him, but I was told, 'Rules are rules!'. For three days David was

untied only to sleep and to eat. Back home, it was three months before he stopped screaming in his sleep."

One of the biggest problems in hospitals is getting sick children to eat, and here again mothers could help. Children in one of the more realistic hospitals I visited were thriving on home-cooked favourite dishes sent by their mothers. When all other measures fail, the mother's presence at the bedside is enough to get a child to eat. I was told by doctors of several cases in which it had saved the patient's life.

Many other routine hospital procedures which frighten children can be modified or eliminated. At Albany Hospital the only jab that tonsil patients have to take while conscious is the finger prick for haemoglobin readings and, in some cases, an atropine injection. Enemas and rectal temperature readings are often dispensed with entirely. Rectal temperature is more accurate than oral or armpit reading, but the difference is not enough to matter except in cases of high fever. And Dr Faust states, "There is certainly no legitimate excuse for arousing a child at 2 a.m. the night before the operation for a routine temperature check."

Feelings have the power to kill or cure. Yet, because they cannot be isolated in a test tube, cut out with a knife or scheduled by the clock, many hospitals operate as though feelings did not exist.



Rip through the Sound Barrier

By Bliss K. Thorne

I BROKE the sound barrier. . . ." Not many civilians have ever had this experience, which is still surrounded by uncertainty, mystery and a lack of scientific knowledge

Air is a fluid. It moves smoothly over a plane's surfaces up to the vicinity of the speed of sound—760 miles an hour at sea level, less than that at higher altitudes. Push air beyond that speed and it becomes almost as solid as a solid. Planes and pilots suffer.

People living within miles of the air spaces where experimental flights are made know every time anyone breaks through the barrier because of the "supersonic bangs" that ring out like catastrophic claps of thunder. These noises are two quick, loud claps, followed by a diminished third roar. On my trip through the barrier neither the pilot nor I heard the bangs—we were travelling ahead of them faster than the speed of sound, and so they were inaudible to us.

The U.S. Air Force's Starfire (Lockheed F94-C) can rip through the sound barrier because its wings and fuselage are made to withstand the shattering blows. It can't exceed the speed of sound in level flight, although in a dive from eight miles or so above sea level the Starfire can work up to



A RIDE THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER

Neville Duke, the famous test pilot, describes in *Everybody's Weekly* (September 12), his own reaction on crashing through the Sound Barrier, a feat which he has achieved some 60 times

"There is still something about supersonic dives which provides tension and an excited expectancy not unlike the experience of anticipation before combat in war-time

"The human reaction of flying faster than sound is mental rather than physical. It is the excitement and the satisfaction of doing something new. It is test flying at its best."

a speed that is still classified as top secret but is quite fast enough

In our Starfire, Major Daniel James, the pilot, and I were encased in flying suits designed to guard the wearer against blacking out (from blood draining out of the brain), against redding out (too much blood being forced into the brain) and against the thin air at high altitudes. Eight miles up over New England, Major James pottered about at 450 miles an hour. Then he pushed the nose down—and we headed for a strange new world.

As we picked up speed, Major James read his instruments and reported our progress. "We're almost there," he said . . . then, "We're at it!"

And everything happened at once. The wings of the ten-ton fighter wobbled as though they had broken free of the fuselage. The whole plane bounced and rocked, turned to the

right, then to the left. It tried to climb and then tried to slam itself and us down to earth on its back.

The controls reverse themselves at that speed. If a pilot pushes the stick to the left to stop a turn to the right, the plane instead turns farther to the right. The Starfire started winding clockwise, its wings flapping. Major James halted the right-hand spiral by pushing the stick farther to the right.

Just as abruptly as the buffeting began, it stopped. "We're through it," the pilot reported. The shaking stopped and we sailed along smoothly—but still hurtling straight down.

Then the pilot reduced the jet engine's power to bring it back to the subsonic side of the barrier. There was no buffeting this time, but the pilot did have to reverse the controls again to steer the plane. After slowing to about 550 miles an hour, Major James opened up his jet control and headed for the barrier a second time. Only now the earth was considerably closer.

Again we hit the sonic barrier with the wallop of a bomb. If it had not been for all the safety equipment, the belts and big shoulder harnesses that held us against the seat, we should have been thrown about like pebbles. The controls reversed again and the plane tried to do an outside loop, diving at an angle towards the earth with its belly facing up and the cockpit underneath. In this position gravity



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Does advertising influence quality?



SUPPOSE you want to buy a watch. You find two that are the style, type and price you want. One is a well-known make, the other has no maker's name shown anywhere. Almost certainly you'll choose the one made by a maker whose name you know and trust.

How do you come to trust a certain maker's name? Simply, because he is not ashamed of telling you about his products. The article itself, the package are clearly marked with a brand name. More than that, he *advertises*. By seeing advertisements in which he tells you about his goods and their qualities, you learn what advantages they have for you, what needs they are designed to meet. If when you bought his goods they proved unsatisfactory, you would certainly never buy them again - you'd know that brand was one to avoid.

That is why "advertised goods are

good goods." The manufacturer or retailer who advertises knows that if his products do not live up to the claims he has made for them, no one will want to buy them a second time.

Advertising, therefore, is a powerful influence in maintaining the *quality* of goods - and so performs a most valuable service to the public. For the manufacturer himself, advertising is just as useful; it enables him to tell large numbers of people, cheaply and efficiently, about his product, so that he sells more. Because he sells more, he can very often reduce prices, and so enable more people to buy better goods.

So advertising makes an endless chain of cause and effect, benefiting everyone. And, because *The Reader's Digest* accepts only advertisers of repute, you can place extra reliance on what you see in its advertisement pages.

has the opposite effect to a blackout, and I went into a redout—literally seeing red because of the excess blood that was being forced into the head.

Major James did everything just the opposite to what he “should” have done and got the Starfire under control and safely through the barrier. Again, everything seemed perfectly normal except that ahead of the plane’s nose the ground was coming at us fast. There wasn’t much space left when Major James finally levelled off.

The pullout from such a dive tests the plane’s construction almost as harshly as does breaking the

sound barrier. The safety belts gripped us so hard that the imprint of light clothing remained on my skin for days. Gravity works for a blackout in this manoeuvre, and the pressures it exerts left me limp and beaten.

Having cracked the sound barrier, aeronautical scientists are now up against an even more frightening obstruction—the thermal barrier. Heat generated by skin friction at supersonic speeds weakens metal. This is a problem for the engineers: to search out new alloys that can withstand such heat, to build a shell round the pilot that will keep him alive in a white inferno of friction.



Slim Chance

IN Manchester, after Mrs. Maude Mitchell had produced photographs to show that her husband’s alleged cruelty had caused her to lose two stone in two years, the judge remarked that the loss of weight had enhanced her appearance, denied her separation plea.

Office Daze

AN EXECUTIVE hired a new secretary, pretty, blonde and eager to please. He left the office one day and on his return he asked if the cheques were ready to sign.

“Don’t worry,” the girl answered blissfully. “I signed them for you.”

—Sidney Skolsky in *New York Post*

AS THEY RODE up together in the lift one morning, one businessman was telling another about a bad day which his secretary had had recently. Her mistakes got so frequent and blatant that he finally demanded, “What’s the matter with you? Are you in love?”

“Goodness, no,” she replied. “I’m married.”

—Dallas (Texas) *Morning News*

Lessons in Etiquette

DR LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, former conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, once angered and amused a whole nation of music-lovers by an object-lesson in manners which he gave his Philadelphia supporters

The last concert of the season was scheduled to begin at the usual time, but those members of the audience who took the trouble to arrive before the appointed hour were surprised to note that evidently no preparations had been made for the concert. Only two or three ushers were at their posts, the stage was dark and bare, and the scheduled time for the concert had come and gone before a caretaker crossed the platform and noisily began to bring in the music stands.

At nine o'clock two performers seated themselves on the stage and began to play the first bars of the opening selection, and from time to time other musicians strolled in, took their places and joined in the chorus. Much stumbling, coughing and rattling of instruments marked the entrance of each man, and almost half an hour went by before the full orchestra was assembled and ready to perform in the accustomed manner.

The middle section of the concert proceeded without undue disturbance, but the concluding number on the programme was simply a reversal of the first. Musicians stopped playing from time to time, noisily folded their instruments and banged and stumbled their way off the stage. Dr. Stokowski alone remained to face the verbal brickbats of an outraged audience. But though indignation ran high, there were no vacant seats at the first concert of the new season, and the audience were not only noticeably prompt in arriving, but unusually hesitant about leaving before the last note had been sounded. — Robert Barlow in *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

PERHAPS MY first real appreciation of the great truth of etiquette was born when I was playing at the old Onyx Theatre in Chillicothe, Ohio. The headliner was a trained seal who stayed with his trainer in a room adjoining mine at the hotel. One evening, I entered the bathroom, intent on a refreshing tub. Whom should I discover in the bathtub but the seal, sandwiched between two cakes of ice. I spoke sharply—perhaps too sharply—and stalked out in high dudgeon.

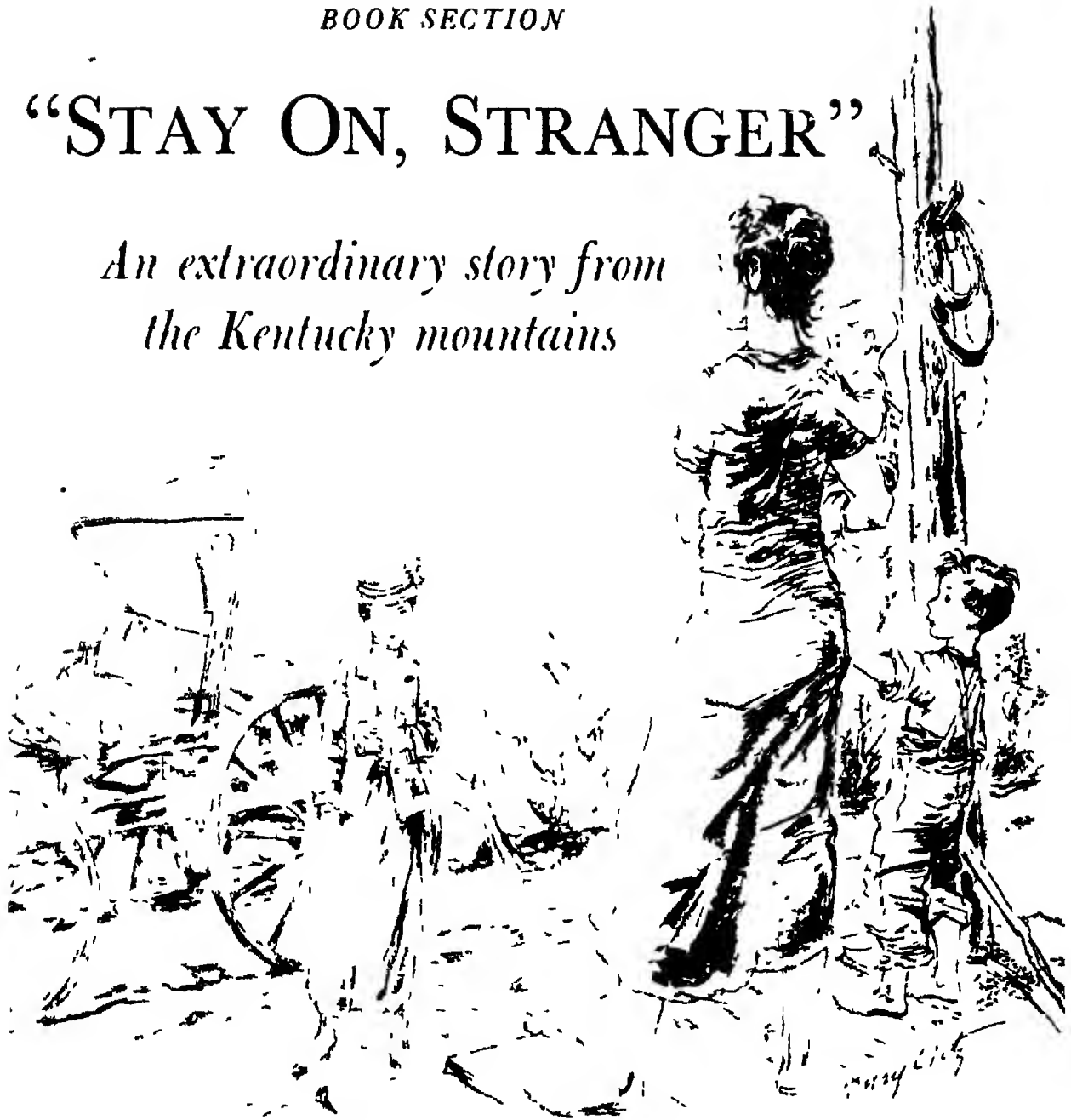
Presently I heard the ring of a buzzer from the bath between, then a considerable sloshing of water. I went to investigate and—on my word, friends—the seal had buzzed the reception desk for a brush and was scrubbing the ring from the tub for me! Great tears streamed down my cheeks. I never forgot that lesson. It taught me in a flash what true etiquette is.

W. C. Fields

BOOK SECTION

“STAY ON, STRANGER”

*An extraordinary story from
the Kentucky mountains*



CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK

William S. Dutton

EVEN today the mountainous section of eastern Kentucky is difficult of access. In the early years of the century this remote and isolated land was almost completely cut off from the rest of America. Except for breeding more people, more blood feuds and a denser ignorance, it had hardly changed at all since settlement days. Until—

But read this uniquely heart warming and inspiring story!



“STAY ON, STRANGER”

Most of the houses now have windows along rocky little Caney Creek, and in Onion Blade and Defeated and a hundred other dim hollows in eastern Kentucky's mountains.

Perhaps you take windows for granted. They don't in this, until recently, forgotten heart of America where blank log walls and earthen floors ruled for more than a century. The advent of windows has marked a dramatic change in thousands of lives. Earthen floors have become planks; many homes have electricity. Three out of every four persons can now read, write and sign their names—names such as Martin, Hall, Owens, Slone, Watson, Watts—among America's proudest.

Today doctors and nurses, lawyers, engineers and above all teachers are at work in the isolated hollows. And this is the miracle—they were all born there. They constitute a growing army unlike any other. Each member is pledged to serve his people, not until better offers but for life.

It is an army of some 1,500 selfless leaders.

Back in 1916, when Alice Lloyd

came to Caney Creek, none of this was true. The land had stood still since the days of the earliest settlers, except to breed more people and a denser ignorance. Ignorance had stripped the forests, killed off the game, sowed disease. Left was a feudin' and moonshinin' stronghold governed by the rifle and "short-gun." No man worth shootin' went unarmed.

The tiny village of Pippapass, where Mrs. Lloyd settled, was then merely a few lonely cabins with a tumble-down log school astride the creek. For miles around, no cabin had a window. The average income was less than \$25 a year. Only two persons in 100 could read and write. In all Knott County there was one college graduate, a "furriner from Ameriky." Over an area peopled by more than 100,000 descendants of pioneers, there was no public secondary school, or hope of one. Most school trustees signed their name with an X.

Alice Lloyd came down to this lost land from Boston, Massachusetts.

"What brung you-uns here, stranger?" asked a mountain woman,

her least-un of 11 children on her hip, her face old at 40, her feet bare.

Alice Lloyd gazed into the woman's eyes with the sisterhood of despair. She too was 40. She was sick, and beaten Spinal meningitis in childhood had partially paralysed her right side. She had driven from Boston in a buggy, the last remnant of her family's fortune. All else that she owned was in a trunk strapped on the back.

"Misery seeks company," she said.

"Stay on, stranger," said the woman. "You-uns won't git lonely here."

Alice Lloyd stayed on. Today, she is over 77. It is 20 years since she has been "beyond the mountains." Her possessions have dwindled to a few white cotton dresses and a worn-out typewriter. She owns not even the bed she sleeps in. She has no income except board and keep.

But look well at that typewriter. It is a relic of bygone days. Because her right hand is helpless, Alice Lloyd must punch its keys with the fingers of her left hand. Since 1916 that old typewriter has raised \$2,000,000 in money and more in useful gifts. For others.

It has sent more than 200 boys and girls to universities, all expenses paid. It has educated more than 1,200 teachers, school principals and county superintendents. It has provided the stimulus for 15 flourishing secondary schools in an area where Alice Lloyd found none.

Near where that crumbling log

school straddled Caney Creek, the old typewriter has founded a college, something that couldn't happen, but did!

Caney Junior College, at Pippa-pass, isn't easy to describe in this day of labour-saving devices, television and jet planes. It was hewed out, literally, from a mountainside by sweat, aching backs, mule-power and faith. Most of its 50-odd buildings, braced against the steep mountain slopes with stone and log buttresses, are small and made of plank. There is no indoor plumbing, and no telephone—that is at the village shop.

Students do the work, cook the meals. They built half Caney College, and their fathers built the other half. Yet Caney has a staff of 20, graduates of some of America's best schools. It has 135 resident students. Five times as many other boys and girls, for whom the crowded dormitories lack room, would almost give their right arms to be admitted. Admission is a coveted honour, for only potential leaders are enrolled. They come from 50 miles around.

The two-year course is a testing of the fittest. About two-thirds complete it. Most go forth to teach in mountain schools. About ten per cent are sent on to the University of Kentucky.

The college is the heart of Caney Creek Community Centre. This includes a 150-pupil primary school, and a public secondary school of

about 100 students, almost half of whom are housed and fed by the college to enable them to attend. There is a Little Theatre. Two libraries hold 60,000 books, and as many more books have been donated to other mountain schools. The Science Hall sits proudly amid tall trees.

"Here," one of the college trustees told me, spreading his arms, "is a monument to the stubbornest woman in Kentucky."

The trustee is himself a mountain man, Caney-educated. He went on: "She began with two barefoot young-uns, ten dollars and her typewriter. She asked no tuition, no charge for room or board. The gifts she received—they now average about three dollars—were often as little as a bag of potatoes or a settin' hen. I doubt if she has been without pain for ten years. Yet today our college properties alone are valued at \$425,000."

He told a story that seemed to sum up why. It had happened after the college had been started and the big depression settled down. Science classes were being held in makeshift classrooms, with crude equipment. The trustees were warned that a science hall would have to be built and equipped before the following spring if Caney hoped to be accredited by the University of Kentucky. And there was not one extra dollar for the job.

The boys of Caney and the men of the hollows and the mules from hill farms began work. The hills

supplied stone and timber. When the accrediting committee came to view the result, the up-and-down paths of the Caney grounds were icy, and snow was falling. The educators skidded and slipped to the new Science Hall.

Puzzlement spread over their faces. Walls, doors, windows were complete, but there was no roof. Yet the faces of students could be seen behind the frosty windows.

The educators went inside. Classrooms were in order, desks in place, teachers and earnest young students at work, apparently unconscious of the bizarre scene. Two inches of snow covered the plank floor and clung to clothing. Blankets set up like tents were guarding the new scientific apparatus.

The instruments were new and well chosen. It was explained to the bewildered committee they had been presented by Charles Kettering, the famous Detroit research scientist, and that he had also been the adviser on the courses of instruction.

"What brought *him* here?" asked a committee member.

The answer was simple. He was needed. He came. Perhaps a friend had told him of Caney College. "Such things aren't hard to grasp if you have faith," said a teacher. "We've never been without help when we've needed it."

"But you've no roof over you!" said a visitor.

"The sky's servin' us now, sir," ventured a senior student in his soft



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mountain drawl. "The roof'll be along."

The trustee telling me the incident gazed at the roof of Caney's Science Hall, a fine stout roof.

"Thanks to that spirit," he said, "we're accredited by the University of Kentucky." The chin lifted "I was born yonder in a hollow My father couldn't write his name But he sent me to Caney, and he helped build that roof "

ALICE LLOYD regards the first 40 years of her life as a closed book, painful to reopen. She was a Geddes, of an old New England family, and she "belonged." As a girl, she went to the select Chauncey Hall school and later to Radcliffe College. Then a job writing feature articles for the *Boston Transcript* taught her how the other half lived. Her own crippling infirmity helped her to understand the infirmities of others that she found too often there.

Gall must have been in her soul when she left Boston for Kentucky. She had been doing what she wanted to do—write—but the illness of her childhood had exacted an unending toll, which Boston's winters made worse. "The doctors told me I had to find a milder climate," she said. She lost her husband by going, for his career was in Boston, and the two quietly agreed that no need existed for a double sacrifice.

Why to the eastern Kentucky mountains?

Friends had suggested it as a haven because, it so happened, a shack was there to be had free for the taking. It had been abandoned by a Boston church mission. In that remote region, friends said, one could live on very little. So the buggy was loaded, the family driving horse hitched up. Alice's mother, Ella Geddes, then 65, accompanied her. After a journey of nearly three weeks the two women reached a speck on the Kentucky map called Ives, on Troublesome Creek.

Ives is about 12 miles "crost the mountain" from Caney. The inaccessibility of the region is due to the sheer nature of its mountains, its tangle of narrow hollows, and the absence of navigable streams or other natural passages in or out. Once inside, you've drawn a curtain on the outer world.

Alice Lloyd and Ella Geddes found that the post office at Ives was a loft in a cabin. If any mail arrived, it was put in a box under the postmistress's bed. A ladder was the way up. "If you-uns think a person might o' writ, jest go up an' take a look," the postmistress invited all inquirers. She couldn't read.

The meeting house abandoned by the church mission had been sold for the worth of its timber, but the shack known as Hope Cottage had found no bidders. Its roof was caving in, its floor rotting, its scant furnishings mildewed. Alice Lloyd

needed no key, for the door sagged ajar.

Hope Cottage made good its name. It opened Troublesome Creek's first window, and it was in Alice Lloyd's soul Through it she saw that fortune is largely the product of a viewpoint So, too, is misery A small mountain girl made that fact clear

Wide-eyed, speechless in her wonder, the girl in homespun looked at the well-groomed horse from Boston, at the brass ornaments on the harness, at the varnished buggy, all worn and shabby by New England standards She touched the threadbare sleeve of Mrs Lloyd's oldest coat At last she gasped, "Be you-uns a prin-cess?"

"Comparing my lot with my neighbours'," said Alice Lloyd, "what had seemed my mountain of trouble became so small that I was ashamed To them, my least was much It was then that I buried my past, forgot my ills I knew humility before my Maker for the first time He had given me untold wealth to share "

She tried to understand why the church mission had failed. It had been in the hands of devoted men and women, yet the windowless cabins had closed their doors Proud and independent, bowing only to the stern God of their fathers, the mountaineers had grimly warned the furriners to leave.

"They-uns warn't kin," said the postmistress.

Could any outlander become kin to these people? Alice Lloyd asked herself.

One raw winter day the answer came to Hope Cottage. It was borne on barefoot from Caney Creek by Abisha Johnson, called Bysh, clad only in the jean shirt that he had rinsed in the creek, and his soil-stiff jean trousers No humbler Summonser, as he is called in the annals of Caney, ever moved to found a college

Bysh was head of a family of nine. Their earthen-floored cabin was one-roomed with a lean-to. The only utensil was a black iron kettle in which the meals were cooked and the wash was boiled. There Bysh, his woman and child after child had sickened and shrivelled. There, in the night, Bysh had had a vision.

The man was shaking with cold and exhaustion when he was admitted to Hope Cottage. He fell on to his gaunt knees His speech was halting, but purpose was in his eyes He had heard, he said, that the furrin women asked no alms to uplift the mountain folk from the miseries that the Lord had visited upon them But he owned land. If the women would help his young-uns, help them to live "not liken the hog but unliken the hog," he would give the strangers 50 acres of land and a house in payment.

"Who sent you to us?" asked Mrs Lloyd

Bysh looked up at her. "I heered a voice, ma'am," he said.

Come spring, Alice Lloyd, her mother, the horse, the buggy and all they owned moved to Caney Creek and the shack that Bysh and his kin had built for them

They had a sponsor

THEIR new home was the traditional one room and lean-to, but there it broke from the past. For the floor was planked and it had windows

"Winders?" Bysh's kinfolk had asked in disbelief

"They-uns want winders," Bysh had insisted

Why, with winders, a rifle bullet could catch a man as he sat in peace by his fire. Winders *asked* for trouble.

One night Mrs. Lloyd was working by oil lamp at her typewriter. A rifle cracked and a pane of glass shattered just over her head. She kept on working. A second pane shattered, and a second bullet plunked into the plank wall opposite. She had glass in her lap.

Next morning a mountain man silently replaced the broken panes without being asked. After he had finished, he drawled as if remarking on a bit of disagreeable weather. "That-un'll bother you-uns no more, ma'am. We-uns figgered he needed to move."

He was lean and straight, and his short-gun swung easily from his hip. His riding mule glistened. As he mounted he said, "We-uns are close by if you-uns want

us. The name is Slone, ma'am."

Ma'am, not stranger!

The furrin women had a new sponsor

THE Slone tribe was powerful. Of them, young Commodore Slone, who had had elementary schooling, taught at the tumbling log school. That fact signified much. Feuding families elected the school trustees, who hired the teacher, and the candidate backed by the best guns won. "In them days," an old-timer told me, "a few dead men lyin' about a pollin' place wasn't unusual in electin' trustees. He grinned. "I'm not a-savin' Commodore got to be teacher that way, but bein' a Slone sure wasn't held against him."

Big, easygoing Commodore Slone agreed to let Mrs. Lloyd call a meeting of parents in the school. So many came that, when the men got to one side to talk, the underpinnings on that side gave way and the log structure tilted crazily.

"Looks as if we need a new school," said Mrs. Lloyd.

That brought good natured laughter.

"We're going to get one," she said.

The meeting sobered. A man asked, "Where we-uns going to git the money?"

"I'll get the money," she said. "But I want every man's help when it comes time to build, and I want your good will now."

Then she made three promises: not to mix in their politics, not to meddle with their moonshining and not to interfere in their religion

"Stick to that, ma'am," said the quiet-voiced man who had mended the window, "and we-uns and you-uns will get along "

Throughout the years Alice Lloyd has kept her word No meal is served in Caney's dining hall today until somebody rises and says grace No Sunday evening passes without the singing of hymns, and discussions of the right or wrong in life Nowhere have I found so unwavering a faith in the bidding, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find " But no person in Caney could tell me Alice Lloyd's religion Or her politics

AFTER the meeting in the school, Ella Geddes and Alice Lloyd drew up a list of 40 friends in Boston and elsewhere who might help make a new school possible To each they wrote a letter They told of the needs of the people for clothing and shoes, even things so small as needles and pins, and forks and spoons, but doubly for books, teachers and real schools

Schools that would bring to the fore those children who were most capable of advancing Then, upon the capable, future effort could be centred Leaders must be educated, selfless men and women who would come to the rescue of their people

Leaders? In those starved hills?

The vision was beyond all reason. It defied the conclusions of the authorities who had studied the plight of the Southern Highlands. Generations of stagnation, they said, had made incompetents of all but a negligible few The most to be hoped was that the simpler trades might be taught Leadership must be sought from outside

"The leaders are *here*," wrote Alice Lloyd stubbornly "YES, LEADERS!" and she banged out the words in black capitals "Doctors and lawyers and engineers, school principals and ministers and public officials They're here, and they must be found and given the chance "

None of the friends to whom the letters went were rich Most of them were women Alice Lloyd had known in college or in her newspaper work But the railway office, 15 miles distant by the creek trail, soon reported an odd assortment of bundles and boxes coming in, obviously sent by amateur packers Forty homes in New England had cleaned out attics and emptied old trunks Every letter brought gifts of some kind one cheque for \$5,000.

A Vassar friend wrote "I've no money to send but I can teach You have a year of my time on call, longer if you need me " From graduates of other famous colleges came similar offers A hundred or more college-trained women rallied to Alice Lloyd's call during the next ten years They took over Caney

Creek's school, and Commodore Slone took a seat among his pupils. "Here's my proper place," he said. They took over other log schools, paying expenses from their own pockets, working for a very small fee or without salaries at all.

One of the women was June Buchanan. She had just completed her third year of postgraduate work, preparing for a career in higher education. She never went back for it, and today is Caney's dean of women, secretary, treasurer and a trustee. "How could I go back?" she asks. June Buchanan became Alice Lloyd's right arm.

By mules and pack horses, the books from Boston went out to remote cabins. There Moonlight Schools were held, to which came folks from neighbouring cabins. Parents l'arned readin' and writin' while the young-uns played. With quiet dignity mountain men unloaded their guns and left them by the cabin door, as a simple courtesy to their hostess.

From the money raised by the 40 letters Caney got its promised new school, a thing of wonder with six classrooms. It was painted white, and the walls were mainly windows. Alice Lloyd looked ahead a generation, and Bysh Johnson's entire farm of 150 acres was purchased for \$1,000, as the property of the Caney Creek Community Centre.

A shop was opened, using as stock the clothes and shoes, the

needles and pins, from Ameriky. To it came the countryside, with vegetables, eggs, berries and whatever surpluses the starved hills might yield. The surpluses were traded for shoes or dresses. The mountain folk asked no charity. Today, the Caney Exchange Store is an institution. The food that it trades in, its main currency, supplies the meals of half Caney Centre's 200 resident students.

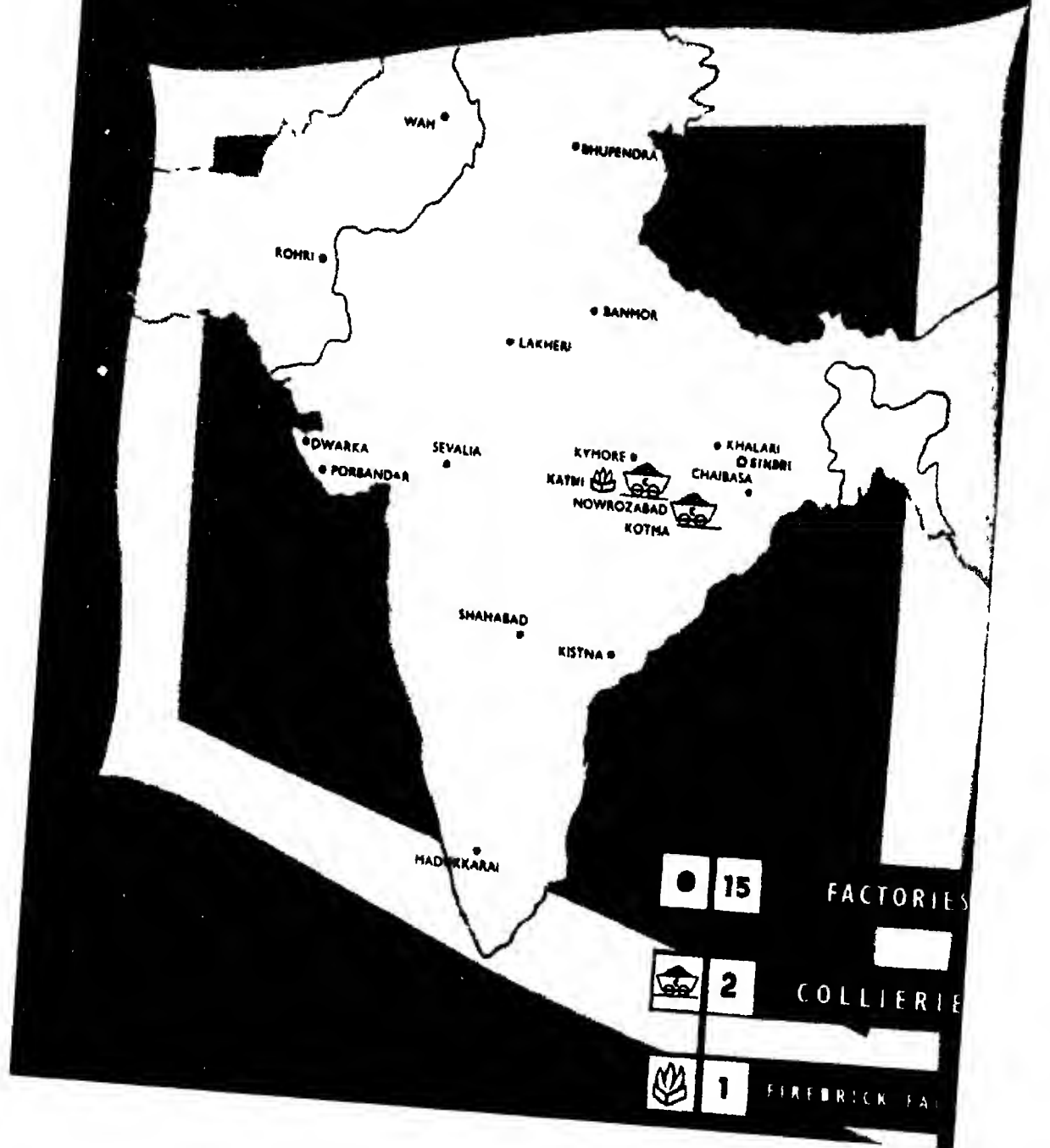
The 40 friends in New England were not 40 for long. They passed the word to their friends, and those friends passed it on to others, all over America. Today almost 20,000 names are on Alice Lloyd's list, and the ancient typewriter rattles and creaks under the burden of its endless task of saving. "Thank you, Friend."

RESISTING the ways of the mountains brought many trials to Caney's teachers. Sometimes they were bedevilled out of sheer cussedness. "Flingin' rocks" is a mountain pastime, like whittlin' or banjo pickin', and the furrin teachers often made fine targets for skilful stone-throwers. The idea was to near-miss, and the nearer the miss, the more the fun. Near-missin' with a rifle bullet was even better sport when a man's eye was sharpened by moonshine liquor.

The mountain people's ingrained suspicion of all outlanders was hard to overcome. During World War I, when the draft was calling up many



ACC



mountain boys, the rumour got going that Alice Lloyd was a German spy. The angry story grew. It was said that Mrs. Lloyd schemed to blow up everybody once she got folks into one place. A recreation hall was built. It introduced petrol lamps. The night of its opening about 150 mountain men and women gathered. They stood in ominous groups, the men fingering their guns. Nobody would enter the hall.

Mrs. Lloyd got a woman aside. "What's wrong?" she asked. "Why are you all waiting outside?"

The woman pointed to two petrol tanks under the building, the supply for the lights. "It's them tanks," she said. "Folks say we air goin' to blow up we-uns soon's we go in."

Not until the tanks were removed to the creek did a person enter the hall.

Two schoolgirls died, perhaps of influenza. The whisper started that Mrs. Lloyd had poisoned them. Nobody spoke openly, but like a fog suspicion settled everywhere. Some said later that it was started by politicians who wanted no l'arnin' in those parts.

How do you fight a fog? A thing you can neither pin down nor strike back at.

"You don't fight," Mrs. Lloyd told me. "You wait. These people settle such matters in their own way. They had no trust in law courts. Whether or not I had mur-

dered those girls had to be tried before their own hearths. I must have had friends, for in time the verdict was not guilty."

The Caney High School was started in 1919, the first in a radius of 30 miles. It had two pupils, which was a major victory. The sceptics had said that not two persons in the mountains could be raised to secondary school level.

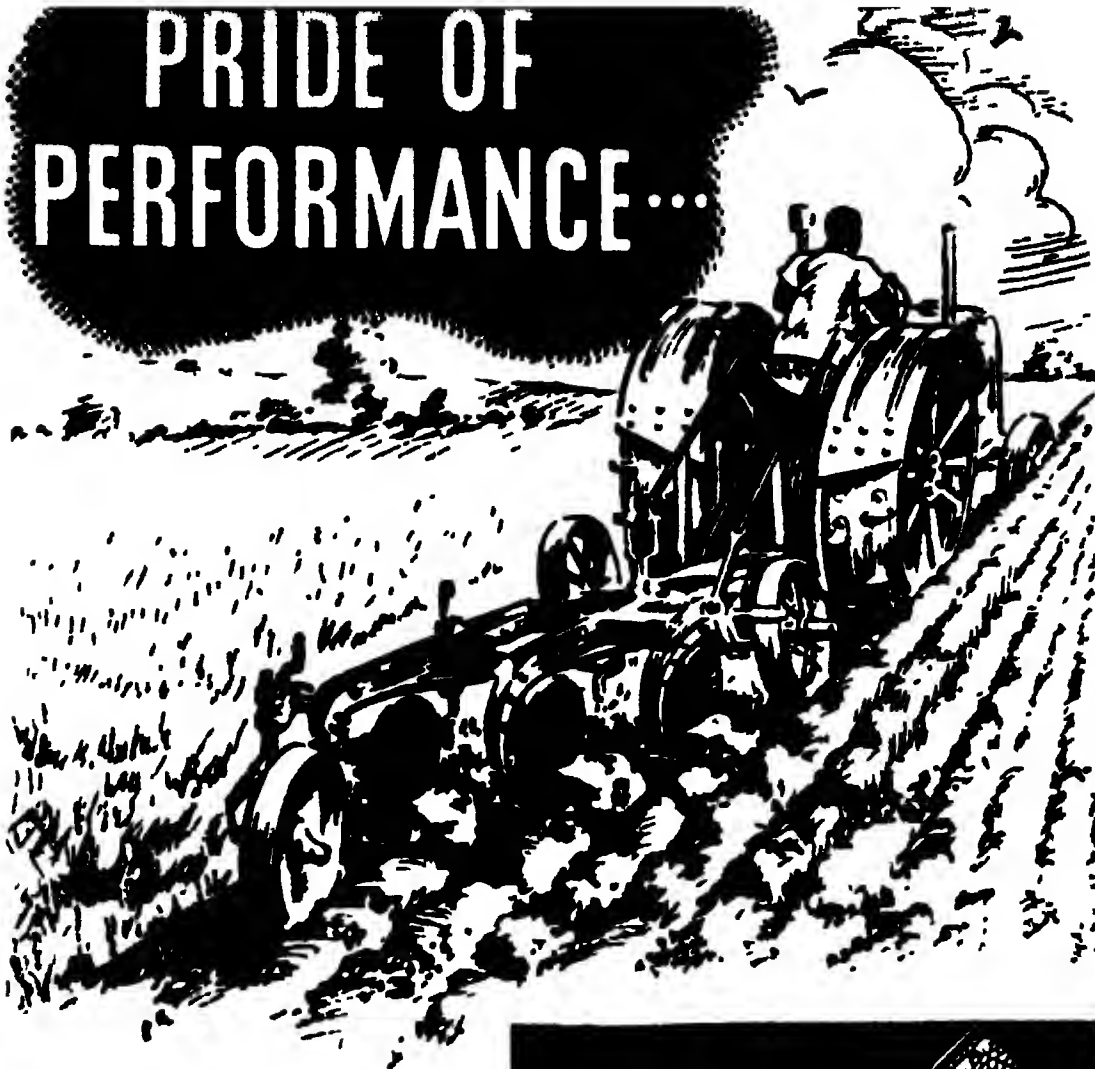
"We hadn't changed the people," said Mrs. Lloyd. "We had merely given them new teachers."

Within the next five years seven other secondary schools were opened in the surrounding countryside. Each was made possible by donated funds and the efforts of volunteers from the women's colleges. The state of Kentucky has since merged all the schools into the public school system, which now encompasses 15 secondary schools in the same area. Caney College supplies most of the teachers for both secondary schools and primary schools.

The college was begun in 1923, also with two pupils. But, by then, 100 pupils were in training in the new secondary schools. The college was free. Ability to learn, not ability to pay, was made the iron rule for admission. Parents may make a goodwill offering if they wish, and most of them do. What is given is known only to a few and to the giver; no distinctions are made among the students because of it.

However, a lifetime fee is exacted

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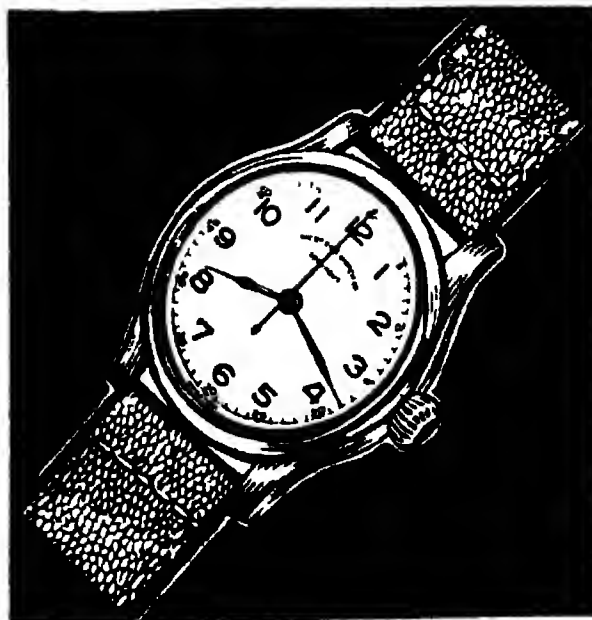


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of every boy or girl who enters the college. It is the unwritten pledge "to settle in the Southern Mountains and take a decided stand for capable and consecrated citizenship."

Is the pledge kept?

"A week ago I would have answered, 'Not always,' " Mrs. Lloyd said. "One boy seemed to have been lost. He had been away seven years. All that we knew was that he was with a military mission in Asia. I took his picture from the wall—the first. Then, next day, he walked in. He was back home to stay."

The pull that brings Caney's chosen leaders back is terrific. Their training in the Caney ideal of service begins at the age of six. It continues uninterruptedly through secondary school and two years of college. The schools operate all the year round, and they are as secluded as a convent. The one place to go is home, even deeper into this mountain world. Perhaps, to the outlander, the comforts of Caney may be few, the buildings crude, but, to students, merely being there means a long step upward. In their gratitude, the inspiration of Mrs. Lloyd's "slit of infinite sky" goes deep.

I talked with a Caney boy who was leaving for the University of Kentucky, and later, he hoped, for the Medical School of the University of Louisville. I asked him why he planned to return. He looked at me wonderingly. The question had been settled when he gave his word.

Where the art of writing is still new, and the written contract is unknown, a man's word is his bond. And you accept it if you would "stay on, stranger."

The college rules are austere. A story is told about two Caney boys at the University of Kentucky. It was a scorching day. They were the only two men in the mixed class wearing coats and ties.

"You may remove your coats," invited the professor.

The boys thanked him, but their coats stayed on. "We're from Caney," one of them explained after class. "We were taught to wear coats when ladies are present. We hope you don't mind, sir."

However, the "no guns" rule was once broken by a student leader. A gang of young die-hards boasted that they were going to shoot up the boys' dormitory. They named the night. Such a boast couldn't be ignored. A council of war was held in the dormitory. Every boy wanted to rush home for his gun. The student leader ruled there would be no gun except his own. That night he slipped home, fetched his short-gun and hid it under his mattress.

Next night, as promised, the gang appeared. Its six members were well moonshined. The student leader took his stand in the open doorway, gun in hand. He was known to be a dead shot. As soon as the marauders were in range, he proved his skill by sending a hat spinning from the head of its wearer.

Delicious

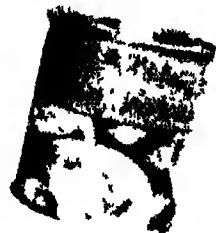
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"That's just a warning," he called. "The next-un is goin' to be where it hurts somebody"

The gang melted into the night. It never came back.

But a rule is a rule at Caney. The leader was not graduated. He was relieved of his post by Mrs. Lloyd, reprimanded, and sent home—to go on to law school with a Caney scholarship that paid all expenses. Today, he is a leading lawyer.

THE Eagle's Nest, as the students call Mrs. Lloyd's office, is perched well up on the campus's steep hillside. Its bleak plank walls are hidden behind pictures of Caney graduates. Home-made tables of unfinished wood are a foot deep in books, records and letters. A bare electric-light bulb illuminates the old typewriter and its mistress, whom you will find at that post 12 hours daily, seven days a week. The office is barracks-like and comfortless, but look closely you might mistake the small grey woman in white for a figure of the Madonna. Her dedication affects all around her.

One of these is Carew Slone, 45, Caney's mountaineer printer, a lean, wiry man with a touch of rheumatism. He has a wife and 11 children, and his wages are a third of what he might make in a town job. His day begins before dawn, and ends whenever it may. He takes no pay for the use of his truck

(which is the college transport corps), though it cost him more than a year's wages. Why should he? he asked when I raised the question.

"Caney's teaching my children," he said. "I'm doing what I can for it."

His faith is simple: what Mrs. Lloyd says can be done, can be done. He doesn't doubt.

Some years ago, he told me, Alice Lloyd was approached by a large manufacturer. He offered her a salary of \$30,000 a year to quit Caney and become his advertising manager.

"She's still here, drawin' nothin' a year," said Carew. "And you ask me why I don't ask hire for my truck!"

William Hayes, Caney's vice-president and Dean of Men, is a graduate of the University of Missouri. He studied at the University of Wisconsin, and knows the world. Yet Carew's faith is equally his.

"The usual rules of business don't mean much here," he said. "We start each year with nothing, often end it with less, and yet we grow. That's been true for almost 40 years. Caney keeps going, with free students, no assured income, no endowment, no government grants. To us, ten dollars is a substantial gift, yet—I'd like to show you something."

He showed me the stone foundation of a new building among the trees bordering Caney Creek.

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Weeds grew in what was intended to be the basement some day. Plainly no work had been done for a year.

"That's our new girls' dormitory," he said. "We need \$30,000 to complete it. How we'll get the money, or when, we don't know, but we *do* know this the money will come! Against that certainty, we've begun our building "

CANEY's old students include more than 1,200 teachers, 15 college-trained engineers, four ministers, seven nurses, ten lawyers and ten physicians.

"If the only result of Caney were Denzil Barker," Alice Lloyd told me, "we could still hold up our heads."

Dr. Denzil Barker accepts all calls regardless of how remote or poor may be the cabins from which they come. Or the hour of the night, or the season.

He was born in a mountain shack, and first walked to Caney without shoes. In due course, Caney sent him on, an honours student, to the University of Kentucky. From there he went to study medicine, Caney paying his way even to the clothes on his back. A dozen famous institutions would have welcomed him, but Dr. Denzil Barker's plate is on a modest second-floor surgery opposite the county court-house.

His most valued property is an ex-army jeep, the one vehicle that

can negotiate the "roads" of the hollows. Where the hollows are dead ends and roadless like Onion Blade, he plods in afoot, or mounts the mule sent to meet him.

His surgery is crowded with patients by day, and night calls leave him little time for sleep. But he isn't awed by the magnitude of his task. "My value here is that I'm one of these people," he said. "So they listen to me.

"Right now," he added, "I'm barely holding the line. But others are coming on, both doctors and nurses. Caney is seeing to that."

His fees?

"Mountain people pay what they can, that's all anybody could ask. They pay as certainly as the sun rises. You don't need to send bills. And they don't forget a service."

AT CORDIA, on Lotts Creek, a smaller version of Caney itself has blossomed. Its founder is another Alice.

When Alice Slone was 13, Mrs. Lloyd gave her \$15 and told her to go to Cleveland, Ohio. There a friend would take her into her home and treat her as a daughter. A single promise was asked. "Some day, child, I may ask you to return. Then, without question, you must come."

"I promise," said Alice Slone.

She went to a Cleveland secondary school, on to a business school, and then to the University of Ohio. Upon graduating from the univer-

sity, she was thinking of getting married. She was 23. Then Cinderella's clock struck 12.

"I cried bitterly when the word came to go back to Kentucky," Alice Slone told me. She smiled "But here I am, and I'm glad."

Her youngest sister was trying vainly to start a secondary school on Lotts Creek, in addition to the primary school she was teaching. A feud was being waged between the up-creek and down-creek folks over which would control things.

"Mrs Lloyd told me to get that secondary school going somehow," Miss Slone said. "How I did it was up to me. I knew less about the Lotts Creek feud than I knew about Baghdad, so of course I barged right into the middle of it."

Alice Slone decided to begin with a library, and get the children to build it. The boys were not big enough to handle logs, so light trees were substituted. The boys built the walls, then ran into difficulty. Putting on the roof was men's work.

"I asked the down-crickers to help, and they promised," Miss Slone recalled, her eyes twinkling. "The up-crickers promised, too, not knowing I had asked the down-crickers. On the appointed day, both sides sent men. Every man had his gun, for that was usual. On sight, the two factions squared up, each thinking the other had come uninvited and ready to fight.

"I was in the middle. The children stood by wide-eyed. I pre-

tended that everything was lovely, and made a little speech. I said it was simply wonderful how mountain men always kept their word, even forgetting their own differences to do so.

"The opposing leaders edged off to one side. The decision on which they agreed, I learned afterwards, was that there was no point in arguing with a woman. They asked me who was to boss the job.

" 'I will,' I said, and meant it.

" 'You-uns heerd her, boys,' said one of the men, grinning. 'We-uns better git to work.' "

In 1933 the library of Lotts Creek Community Centre was opened with a dozen books on its shelves. They were Alice Slone's old college textbooks, a mail-order catalogue and a Bible. Today, its shelves are full. Nearby are girls' and boys' dormitories, a recreation hall, three service buildings, and a school surrounded by its own gardens.

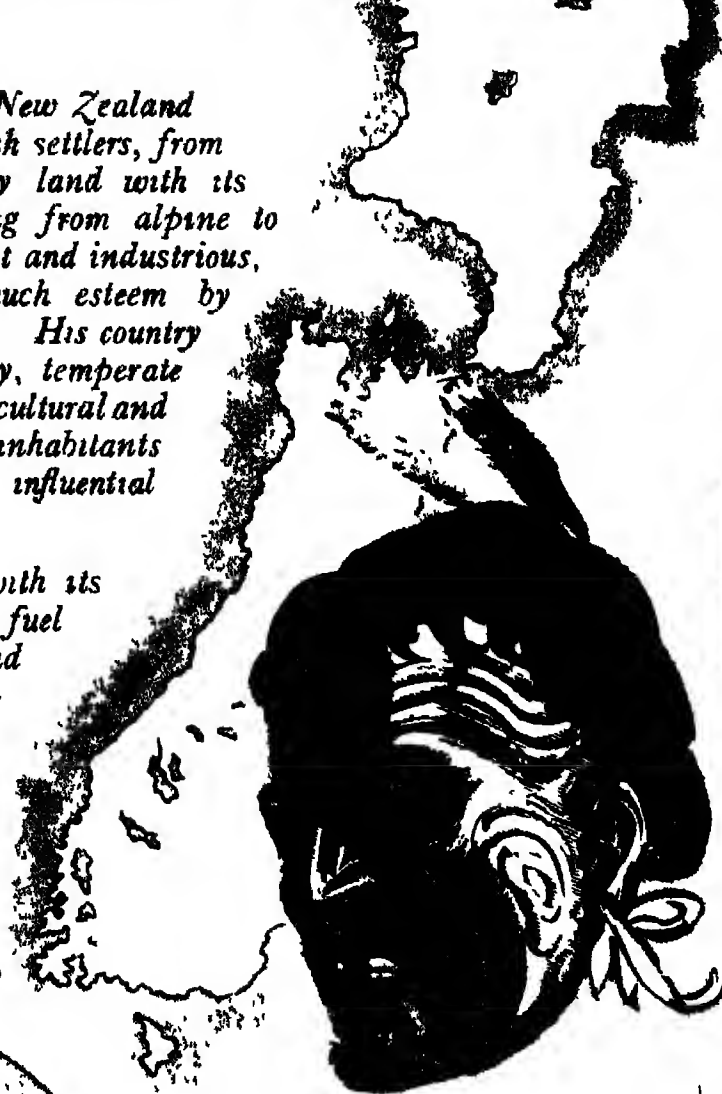
"The school belongs to the state, but all else is the property of the Centre," said Miss Sloane. "The same methods that built Caney Centre built ours, though the two are independent. Many times I doubted the wisdom of Mrs. Lloyd's ways. I had brash ideas of my own, which I tried. Hard experience and time proved me wrong. Credit for Cordia High and all else here belongs to Alice Lloyd."

"It belongs to Alice Slone," said Alice Lloyd. "My one credit is that I discovered her."

NEW ZEALAND

The Polynesian Maori of New Zealand came, like the later English settlers, from over the sea to this lovely land with its variety of scenery ranging from alpine to tropical. Brave, intelligent and industrious, the Maori is held in much esteem by his fellow New Zealanders. His country is not large, but its healthy, temperate climate and its growing agricultural and pastoral wealth enables its inhabitants to play an increasingly influential part in world affairs.

The Caltex organisation with its fund of technical advice on fuel and lubrication problems and its efficient system of distribution, serves the people of India as its associates serve the people of New Zealand.



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(Continued from inside front cover)

the farmer added to the numbers of his dairy herd each year so that his milk production rose from 223 to 344 gallons per acre

From pondering the relative merits of manure and modern fertilizers, I noted that one can travel the thousands of miles across the United States to San Francisco by motor coach for £20. A paper-making concern passed on the welcome news that more and more bakers are now selling their bread wrapped in waxed, grease proof paper. Another British paper corporation detailed the astonishing account of its activities in Tennessee, in the heart of America, where it has been building a /20,000,000 pulp and paper mill that will produce 50,000 tons of sulphate pulp and 130,000 tons of newsprint per year. And the output has already been sold, for the next 15 years, for dollars!

And then, there I was at Glasgow

What a wealth of information there is in *The Reader's Digest*—in the advertisements, as well as in the editorial pages

OUR COVER is a collection of oil nautical souvenirs temporarily housed at Gravesend, Kent. Note the double ship's figurehead between the flays on the back wall. This is "The Golden Cherubs," from a smuggling vessel of that name operated in the late 1600s off the Cornish coast by Captain Thomas Jacob. Carved by Grinling Gibbons (1648-1720), wood-carver, sculptor and collaborator of Sir Christopher Wren, it constitutes the oldest known merchant ship's figurehead in existence

Lect-chrome by David Potts

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THE READER'S DIGEST

Vol. 64, No. 382 FEBRUARY 1954

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION LTD

7 Old Bailey, London, E.C.4

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The parent magazine, *THE READER'S DIGEST*, which has its headquarters in Pleasantville, N.Y., U.S.A., was first published in 1922 by Dr. Will Wallace and Lila Acheson Wallace, its present editors and publishers

THE READER'S DIGEST INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Barclay Acheson, Director

Marvin Lowes, Asst. Director

Eduardo Cardenas, Adrian Berwick,
Editors

The Reader's Digest is published in other editions in the following languages: ENGLISH (Sydney) John Grant Cooper, Business Manager; ENGLISH (Montreal) Fred D. Thompson, Jr., Managing Director; FRENCH (CANADA) (Montreal) Pierre Ringier, Editor; FRENCH (Paris) Paul W. Thompson, Managing Director; Pierre Democler, Editor; DANISH (Copenhagen) Olli Kyster, Editor; FINNISH (Helsinki) Seppo Salminen, Editor; GERMAN (Stuttgart) M. C. Schreiber, Editor; (Zurich) Hans Schmidt, Editor; ITALIAN (Milan) Mario Ghisalbetti, Editor; JAPANESE (Tokyo) Senchi Iukuoka, Editor; Sterling W. Fisher, Business Manager; NORWEGIAN (Oslo) Astrid Søndov, Editor; SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE (Havana) Eduardo Cardenas, Editor; Roberto C. Sanchez, Business Manager; SWEDISH (Stockholm) Brita B. Hebbe, Editor; Ture Agren, Business Manager

TWO LANGUAGES?

By G. V. Carey

AUTHOR OF AMERICAN INTO ENGLISH *

WAS IT Chesterton or Shaw, or some other, who furnished after-dinner speakers with the aphorism about Britain and America being "divided by a common language"? I regretfully confess my ignorance, yet, discarding epigram, I believe it to be truer to say that a bond between the Britain and America of today is their share in two kindred languages. For since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, with the gradual influx of settlers from many nations, American speech and writing have naturally and properly tended to diverge from the parent tongue. There is thus nothing derogatory in saying that there has developed in the United States a separate and distinct form of the English language. Some (on both sides of the Atlantic) may account this an exaggeration. Yet consider the several categories of difference between English and American usage.

First and most obvious are the spelling variations, wherein America probably—and with some reason—prides herself on phonetic common-sense. Obvious, yes, and for the most part familiar to English eyes (*honor, marvelous, program*, and all that), but more numerous, I'll be bound, than many realize—for instance, what about *cozy, good-by, skeptic, maneuver, vise* (the thing you grip with), *tire* (the thing you skid with)?

Next there are the words—dozens of them—to which English and Americans attach a different meaning. *Pants, suspenders*—of course we all know how they suffer a sea-change, and *crackers, dessert*, and a few more may be nearly as familiar. But how many know the American meaning of, e.g. *yard, orchestra* (in a theatre), *hood* (of a car), and the verb instanced by Sir Winston Churchill as a source of misunderstanding and consequent acrimony at an Allied council of war to *table*.

(Continued on inside back cover)

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Monsoon Stocking on the West Coast

*Condensed from
the "Burmah-Shell News"*

South from Bombay, stretching for 400 miles to Mangalore, India's West Coast is unconnected by rail except for a link line running down the Ghat to the harbour of Marmagoa. With no minor ports or rail developed, markets on this stretch of coast depend on "country craft" for their supplies and it is during March and April that every effort must be made to stock all coastal points with sufficient supplies for the duration of the monsoon.

As far as petroleum products are concerned, this operation calls for a great deal of preparation each year. In an effort to assist Agents and Dealers, Burmah-Shell have erected or rented large godowns placed in charge of the Agent and at Chiplun, Ratnagiri and Karwar, "depots" have been built, controlled by their own staff.

Main installations in this area are at Bombay and Vasco-da-Gama where different products and packages await careful shipment. Where the Company does not have its own controlled depot, the Agent must arrange for the country craft himself. Despite steamships, "country craft"—nearly 4,000 in number with a total

tonnage of 250,000—still monopolize the trade along India's 2,500-mile coast.

There is a conveniently situated "banda" or wharf at Sewree, Bombay, for the loading of dangerous and other categories of petroleum products, and similarly in the proximity of Wadi Bunder, also in Bombay, there are other wharves. The actual loading of the craft calls for a high degree of skill, and even more so, the handling and loading of barrels.

Wind and weather permitting, the sea voyage on an average takes 12 days for destinations such as Malvan and Vengurla, and sometimes twice as long for Malpe, the farthest point fed from Bombay. Each port has its own peculiarities and as few have well-built jetties, the unloading has its own problems. Once unloaded, the cargo is overhauled and either moved to a stocking point in the interior or housed in the Agent's or Company's central godown to await final delivery.

Operation Monsoon Stocking involves transport of several thousands of gallons of Kerosine—the well-known brands being Rising Sun, Chukker, Swan and Victoria. Also, large quantities of petrol, High Speed Diesel Oil, Light Diesel Oil, Powerine and Lubricants go forward by country craft.



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MALARIA—Close-up of a Killer

ON AUGUST 20, 1897, at Secunderabad, Ronald Ross, a forty-year old Scot surgeon in the Indian Army Medical Service, adjusted his microscope and peered into it.

Since his thirty-eighth birthday, Ross had been pricking people's fingers, peering and probing hours on end, every day. On this day he found what he was seeking, and a place in the Valhalla of discoverers too.

For centuries men had been looking everywhere and doing everything to find out the cause of malaria—blaming the marsh vapours, drinking marsh water, and even propitiating deities. Ross was the first human being to see a pigmented malaria parasite from man growing within the stomach wall of an *Anopheles* mosquito.

How did Ross come to suspect the mosquito to be the criminal that carried malaria? Another Scot surgeon, Patrick Manson had done a bit of detection before him and had suggested the connexion. While other scientists laughed at Manson, and gave him the sobriquet of 'mosquito', young Ross had taken him at his word.

With the death-dealing *Anopheles* captive on a slide under the microscope, Ross brought the hunt for the carrier of malaria to an end. At long last the enemy had been tracked down, trapped—the elusive, insidious enemy that had since the beginning of human society laid waste far more territories and claimed far more human lives than all the Attilas and Genghis Khans of history.

Even today, 56 years after Ross's discovery, malaria remains one of the world's greatest killers. At a rough reckoning, every year, over 650 million people are racked by its raging fever and bone-rattling chills, the casualties, in deaths alone, number over 3 million. Actuarial experts have used their slide rules and adding machines to tot up the deaths and economic losses inflicted by malaria indirectly—colossal is the word for them.

This is indeed a grim picture. But though far from being conquered, on many a front, malaria has been on the retreat. "My work", Ross once said, "had not been done for the sake of parasitology but in order to find a method of reducing the incidence of malaria." Ross did not hope in vain.

The technique of warfare against mosquitoes developed rapidly on the basis of his discovery. The sanitary victories won by men like W. A. Gorgas in Panama (1904-14) and by Sir Malcolm Watson in Johore (1929) show how the sting can be taken out of malaria. More spectacular was the victory in Natal, Brazil. In 1930, Brazilian doctors looked askance and felt a chill run down their spines when they discovered *Gambusia*—one of the deadliest of malaria-carrying mosquitoes—in their country. Immediate investigation revealed that these 'African agents of death' had slunk past the quarantine into Brazil as stowaways on French commercial planes from Dakar, West Africa. Steps were at once taken to prevent further infiltration. But the *Gambusia* had already invaded their hemisphere. Soon certain areas of Brazil became hell-holes of malaria. For nine years the battle raged. By 1940, the mosquito-fighters of Brazil, aided by their own Government and the Rockefeller Foundation, had succeeded in putting the *Gambusia* to rout completely.

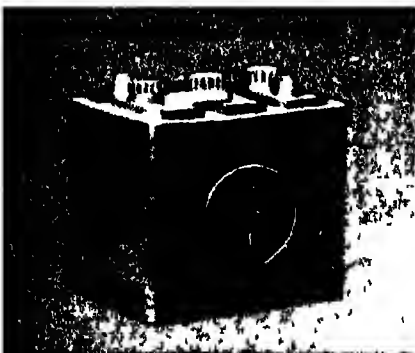
Today we know a whole lot about mosquitoes and malaria. We have at our disposal potent anti-malarial drugs that afford us complete immunity from the disease. We have powerful chemicals and insecticides that can rain death on the mosquitoes. What's more—because *Anopheles* is no respecter of national sovereignties—the war against it is being carried on regardless of frontiers, with the World Health Organisation leading the attack. Now indeed we can look forward to a future when malaria, if not wholly eradicated, will become a minor disease.

This is the story of a battle to which the World Health Organisation is now leading the attack. It is the story of the fight against malaria from the earliest times to the present day.

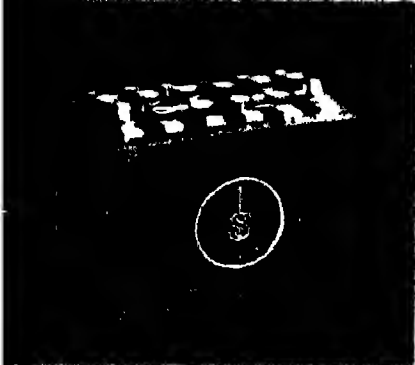


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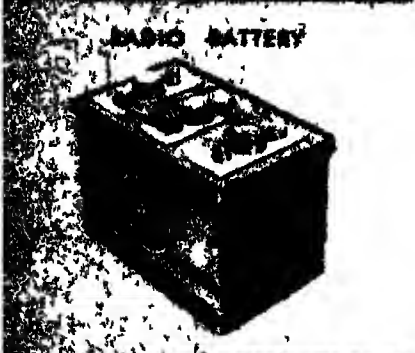
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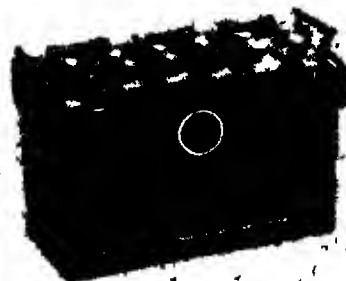
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VOLUME 64

The Reader's Digest

MARCH 1954

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form



*A true and simple love story,
typifying the glory and wonder of human devotion*

Only a Question of Time

By Robert Littell

LAST SUMMER IN Salzburg I came face to face with one of those personal tragedies that are war's grim aftermath—a tragedy with the redeeming power of human faith. I met there a young mother with two small sons and a husband who had gone to war and had not returned.

She was Dutch, she told me, "but my husband is Austrian. We must stay and wait for him here, because this is his country, and where he will come back."

"He is in Russia," said one of the boys.

"In a prisoner-of-war camp," said the other.

And how long had she been waiting?

"Nine years. . . ."

I HAD heard about her the year before. And still she was waiting—

waiting in the deserts of the heart where time stands still.

She was christened Johanna Philippine Marie Theodora, but her friends call her Philine. One winter, while skiing in Austria, she met Kurt Eggenberger. They fell in love and were married in 1937—just before Hitler swallowed Austria. She was then 29. Kurt was a builder's foreman who had also been a mountain guide and ski instructor. He was a man of sensitive firmness and warmhearted reserve, with a web of fine wrinkles round his eyes from looking at mountain skies and snows. Philine, then as now, was strong and slender. She has a generous mouth, short blonde wavy hair, and deep blue eyes.

The outbreak of war found them in Berlin, where Kurt, working from dawn to midnight, took his

engineer's degree in a year and a half instead of the usual four. When the Nazis invaded Russia he was drafted into Hitler's gigantic construction enterprise, the *Organisation Todt*. Eventually he reached the rank of major. On the Nazi flood-tide he went deep into Russia, with its ebb he floated back to Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Yugoslavia. He was twice decorated for valour under fire.

Philine, who had moved from Berlin to Austria, lived for their boy Rolf—who is now almost 12—and for Kurt's rare, short leaves. Late in 1944 Kurt suddenly appeared and was as suddenly gone. He wrote that he was in the midst of the fighting round Budapest, but hoped to be home for Christmas. So on Christmas Eve she decorated a tree, banked it with presents and lit the candles. For Rolf there was his first pair of skis—he was nearly three, quite old enough to begin learning. Philine waited, and waited, and the little boy went to sleep on the floor in the midst of all the beautiful things. When Kurt did not come, she put the child to bed and then, Philine says, she "had a wonderful Christmas all alone with my husband wherever he was that night."

After Christmas there came a letter, a few days later, another. Then a fortnight went by—nothing. The weeks became months—months of silence until it seemed that something in the world must break.

Was he alive? If so, where? Over

and over she saw him clearly pictured, as in a dreadful waking nightmare, with his hands tied behind his back, his body straining forward in an agony to be free.

To erase this picture, she would remember pleasanter ones. The time, for instance, when Kurt came home unexpectedly on the eve of her birthday, in late September. Next morning Kurt had got up at five, and made the rounds of his former friends in the neighbourhood, begging all the flowers which the frost had spared. He brought them home in armfuls piled high as hay, so that when she woke flowers filled the room, and were heaped over chairs and tables and window sills.

Her mind went back to their first happy weeks together in a little room in the mountains. It was a humble room with brown paper on the floor instead of carpets, but a room gay with their carefree love.

Over the void of time and space between herself and Kurt she flung a gossamer bridge, daily woven stronger of such memories of their love and life together.

In May of 1945 war's end brought hope, but no news. Three months later there was some joy for Philine, and distraction too—a second son, Dan, was born. She had no doctor, only a midwife, and next day she steeled herself to be up and about her business of helping the refugees now streaming from the East. Life was not easy. The allowance from

Kurt's pay had stopped, and she had to sell some of her jewellery and trinkets.

The grey days came again, and the first flurries, and then the deep, sparkling snows. Suddenly it was New Year. He had been gone over a year. She remembered their first New Year's Eve. As the village church bells struck 12, in a ceremony all his own Kurt had swept her up in his arms and held her high as if she were an offering before an altar. "In my hands I bear you high into the New Year," he had said, smiling.

"And even when we were parted," says Philine, "I could still feel his strength lifting me."

But there were silent, relentlessly empty years. Until one day there came an official-looking card on which was written "Dearest—since December 28, 1944, I have been a prisoner of war in Russia, and am in good health and unwounded. You need not worry any more. . ." The card was dated July 25, 1945, almost a year earlier.

A few months later there came another card, and then a third ". . . things will go well with us again some day."

Over the next seven years Philine was sustained by a thin trickle of such messages from him. Once she had no news for ten months. He could never tell her where he was or what he was doing.

• His words, from behind what height of barbed wire, from what

depth of loneliness, dirt and hunger she dared not imagine, built ever stronger the bridge of their love. It was not in him to complain. After four years of captivity he could still cry out, "Dear one, what great gifts of happiness has life brought to us! Each day I hold your hands in mine."

One day in 1947 Philine heard a radio announcement that several thousand Austrian prisoners were to be released by the Russians, in 39 convoys. Surely Kurt would be among them! She mended her best dress, washed the windows and the glasses until they sparkled.

But his name wasn't on the first list. Or the second. For 39 days she held her breath each time she read the lists. Until one day she read the chilling words "The operation for the return of Austrian prisoners of war has been concluded."

For the first time since he had left, she packed Kurt's clothes away in moth-balls. She began to hear from some of the released prisoners who had seen Kurt in Russia. Most of their letters were reassuring but vague—like faded snapshots "Your husband is in good health," repeated a friendly chorus. "He will soon be out. It is only a question of time."

These letters ceased, and for a long time there were none from Kurt himself. Then one day came a brief card from him with a new location number—6118-P. When she asked the help of the Austrian Red

Cross in locating him, an official who had learned many dismal secrets about which he could do nothing said gently, "It's rather far away," and put his finger on a map at Sverdlovsk, in Siberia.

Siberia. . . It was from there, she thinks, that she received the only discouraged words Kurt ever wrote her "Without you my heart would cease beating in order to have rest."

Four years ago Philine and the two boys moved to Salzburg. She took some tiny rooms under the eaves of a house in the suburbs. Work was hard to find, but she made a little money doing translations. Much against her will, she sold some of Kurt's things. "The hardest was selling his ski trousers," she says "I'd so often seen them from behind—with him in them."

Her friends and family in Holland put pressure on her to "stop waiting for that man and come home." But her faith, her certainty that he would return, grew stronger through the years of separation. "Though parted," she insists, "we came closer. Other women whose husbands were prisoners speak of the 'lost years, the years we might have had together.' Kurt and I *had* those nine years together."

Nine years is more than 3,000 days, 3,000 nights. Yet when neighbours asked when Kurt would come, Philine always answered confidently, "Soon, now. It's only a question of time."

Only a question of time—and love, and infinite faith, and the all-conquering courage of the human spirit.

Then, last October 13, the radio announced that 609 Austrian prisoners would cross the border the next day. But no names were given out! In Philine's heart the hours ticked slower than years, while another sun rose and set, and yet another. Then there were footsteps on the stairs, but not his.

A telegram. It was from Vienna. ARRIVED SAFE AND SOUND—PLEASE DO NOT COME TO MEET ME AT THE STATION—KURT.

Soon the whole neighbourhood had heard, and flowers and messages began to pour in.

Philine could not bear waiting at the window. A neighbour on the floor below stood watch for her. When a little bell rang, Philine ran out on to the balcony. There, striding along the alley below, was Kurt. He was joyously carrying Dan in his arms—Dan, the son he had never seen.

I FIRST saw Kurt Eggenberger ten days after his return. He talked of his captivity simply, without dramatics, holding Philine's hands in his. "I still don't feel close to real life," he said, looking round the little low-ceilinged room. "You can't emerge all at once from nine years in the grave."

The sight of the most ordinary things was for him like being re-

born. "It makes me happy," he said, "just to have a bath once more, to turn taps, to open a door with a door handle, to sit in a chair."

Nine years of longing and hunger; of filth and lice and cold; of long, senseless journeys in cattle-trucks from dismal camp to stinking gaol to yet another dismal camp; of toil, toil so far north that the soil chipped like glass under the pick.

Yet back from this torment Kurt came with a clear eye, level voice, steady hand. How did he keep from going mad? How did this intelligent, sensitive, affectionate human being preserve his humanity?

The answer lay partly in granite will power. Whenever he had dysentery, for example, he cured himself by eating nothing at all for five or six days. The answer lay also in the intensity of his imagination. He kept thinking "What would my wife say if she could see me now?" So he kept up his appearance as best he could, and thus a measure of self-respect. He made a point of shaving daily, no matter how dull the razor blade, though the beards of other prisoners flourished about him.

Just as with Philine, his greatest source of strength was his memory of happy days. "I would lie on my bunk, close my eyes, and look with inner eyes on all the things that filled our lives together."

Kurt told of his journey back from Russia towards home and freedom. "My heart was tempted to be happy, but my brain said, with the song of the rails beneath us, 'Wait-a-little, wait-a-little, wait'" When the train rolled into Poland, the prisoners caught their first glimpse of Western European houses, of real villages, of oak and maple trees. "More and more pieces of home came by to greet us," says Kurt.

As Kurt stepped off the train in Austria, his homeland, he had nothing on him to show who he had been. He was only a name on a list which a Russian official checked over. But his brain at last let his heart rejoice when he saw his name written large on a piece of cardboard being waved by his friends from Vienna.

At our last meeting Philine said, "Kurt's hands will again lift me into a New Year—and a new home."



Three Times and In

A PLANE coming in for a landing at a small airstrip thumped the runway, bounced high into the air, smacked the airstrip again and bounded a second time. After a third bounce, it finally stayed down. Having taxied over to the hangar, the pilot radioed the control tower for the official time of his landing, so that he could enter it in his log.

A quiet voice flashed back, "Which one, sir?"—*The Saturday Evening Post*

This woman readily recognizes—

The Natural Superiority of Men

By Jean Pearson

WOMEN should remember they're merely ribs, not roosters. Men *should* rule the roost.

The natural superiority of men is easily recognized by every woman who has spent the best years of her life chasing, snaring, trapping and guarding one of these prize specimens of humanity. She can see it in a thousand ways (and if she can't, he'll cheerfully point them out).

Men are tougher. They can overcome incredible weariness to play golf or go fishing or install a new carburettor.

Men are braver. They do not wince when their women empty mouse-traps or spray against cockroaches. They do not fear losing an ear to a fish hook, getting shot while they are out rabbiting or getting hit on the head by a golf ball.

Men are more frugal. They save money by wearing the same hat for ten years, by not squandering on insurance and by not stamping Christmas cards.

Men are more objective. They can see your faults better than you can.

Men are more careful of their health. They don't risk respiratory diseases by cleaning out dusty attics or court colds by washing cement floors in damp basements. When they have a cold they go to bed and never risk a chill by getting up for meals. And when they're in a hospital they don't risk unattended death but try to see that a nurse is always nearby.

Men are more ingenious. They think of dozens of reasons why the carpets should not be beaten, why washing the car hurts the finish and how the lawn is improved by not mowing it.

Men are more honest. When asked to give their honest opinion about a new hat they give it. They also generously give it when not asked.

Men have sharper senses. They can spot a trim ankle at 100 yards.

Men are cleverer. They know how to delegate authority. They let women decide what should be on the grocer's list, how the meals should be cooked, how the house should be cleaned, how the children should be disciplined—and then let them do it.

Norman Vincent Peale shows people
how to have faith

PASTOR OF TROUBLED SOULS

By Lois Mattox Miller & James Monahan



IN THE Sunday morning when the new pastor appeared at Marble Collegiate Church in New York fewer than 300 people were seated in the pews. Many of them had come with heavy hearts and troubled minds, for this was October in the depression year of 1932.

In the pulpit they saw a pleasant, round-faced man with thinning brown hair and keen blue eyes, perhaps a trifle young to be pastor of the oldest Protestant congregation in America. Except for his robes he didn't look much like a clergyman—more like one of the businessmen in the congregation.

His sermon was unrhetical. He spoke quietly, almost conversationally. He reminded his listeners of a faith they had quite forgotten—a faith that puts power in the soul, sweeps away fear and self-doubt, enables the believer to triumph over any odds. He spoke of prayer power, and of Christ's promise.

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray *believe* that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

Time-honoured words, heard a thousand times before; yet this young man said them differently. Parishioners left the church that morning feeling uplifted, strengthened, ready to tackle their problems anew.

The new pastor was Norman Vincent Peale. Under his ministry Marble Collegiate Church has grown from a few hundred members to more than 4,000. Twice each Sunday throngs, swollen by out-of-towners, fill the big church, and the overflow is seated in two chapels that are linked to the pulpit by television circuit. Men outnumber women in the flock; young people outnumber the old.

Dr. Peale's influence extends far beyond the church membership. Through his books, magazine articles, syndicated newspaper column,

platform lectures, and radio and television programmes, he has changed millions of lives. Almost 200,000 people get his sermons regularly by post. The religious-psychiatric clinic which he founded has given a new direction to the mental-health movement. His most devoted admirers, all proud to proclaim how he transformed their lives, include businessmen, scientists, soldiers, statesmen.

A prominent physician explains the success this way. "Norman Peale simply preaches an old truth—that faith and prayer can transform our daily lives. People try it, and are amazed to find that it really works."

Dr. Peale says "The failure of the Church has often been that it tells people to pray and have faith, but doesn't tell them how. The really important thing is *how*."

By practising what he preaches, Norman Peale bears his stupendous work load with an ease and calmness that leave plenty of time to spend with his wife and three children, relax with friends or run a tractor on his 100-acre farm north of New York City.

The New York that Norman Peale found in October 1932 was a challenge to his faith in Christian principles as a dynamic force in life. Defeated by the depression, people were afraid to tackle the rebuilding of their shattered lives. Many had lost jobs, savings, businesses. Fear had created in their minds such

a pattern of negative thinking that purposeful, constructive action had become next to impossible.

Norman Peale recognized the trouble. "Change your thinking," he urged "Your mind gives back to you only what you put into it. Shift from negative to positive thoughts."

Scientifically, this was sound advice. But how does the average man achieve this miracle? His own gloomy, fear-ridden mind is an unlikely source of happy affirmations. Dr. Peale had a ready answer.

"Turn to your Bible. It is the incomparable source of powerful, uplifting thoughts. And these inspired words apply directly to you. Fill your mind with them. Counter every negative thought with a glowing verse. Let these verses seep into your unconscious. Soon your mind will give them back to you automatically. There'll be no room for thoughts of defeat and failure."

To prove his point he prepared a booklet containing some of his own favourite texts: *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me* (Philippians 4:13), *The things which are impossible with men are possible with God* (Luke 18:27), *God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind* (II Timothy 1:7).

"This is amazing," one man wrote Norman Peale. "I've found that these texts are not mere words. They're power—distilled power."

Some psychiatrists believe that

Norman Peale's greatest work has been accomplished in the quiet of his church study, where more and more people went seeking help with personal problems—marital troubles, emotional conflicts, jangled nerves. Often he found it possible to "talk things out" to a happy solution. Yet he was saddened by the number of cases of anxiety and mental depression that failed to respond to counsel and prayer.

Dr. Peale knew he was up against problems beyond him. He felt he must enlist the aid of a top psychiatrist who was also a devout Christian. A few weeks later he met the man he was looking for—Dr. Smiley Blanton, then assistant professor of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical Schools.

"We found that we shared a dream," Dr. Peale recalls, "that psychiatry and religion, working together, might accomplish more together than either could alone."

The Marble Collegiate Church Clinic began modestly. Smiley Blanton simply took a seat in Dr. Peale's study and they received visitors together. They listened and questioned. Later they discussed each case, decided whether the individual needed religious guidance, further psychiatric treatment, or both.

Soon Dr. Blanton had to bring in more psychiatrists to help. People who otherwise might have shied away from psychiatry gratefully accepted it in the warm, friendly atmosphere of the church. Many

learned for the first time about their unconscious mind. They were surprised to find that their fears, anxiety or depression came not from the familiar levels of consciousness but out of the deeper recesses of the mind where repressed and forgotten hatred can linger very much alive.

"For all these unhappy people," says Dr. Peale, "the first step is to exorcise the devils of submerged emotional conflict. That is the psychiatrist's job. Only then can religious guidance stimulate the flow of healing faith in the ultimate power and rightness of God."

Psychiatry plus religion produced results that amazed the doctors. Frequently cases that would have required many months or even years of psychiatry alone were cleared up in a short time.

Many doctors had observed that people with deep religious faith seldom have "nervous breakdowns." The celebrated psychiatrist Dr. Carl Jung declares that among his thousands of patients "none has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook." But the wonderful possibilities of a working arrangement between religion and psychiatry were not demonstrated until Norman Vincent Peale brought Smiley Blanton into the sanctuary.

In 1953 the clinic, now grown to a huge activity commanding the services of seven additional psychiatrists, five clinical psychologists and four minister-counsellors, was incorporated into the American

Foundation for Religion and Psychiatry. Besides treating patients, the foundation trains ministers, seminarians and religious workers in the important work of collaborating with psychiatrists. Soon, it is hoped, there will be church clinics

similar to Dr. Peale's in many cities.

"Millions of people," says Dr. Peale, "can be helped simply by turning wholeheartedly to God. If others need psychiatric help, it is the Church's duty to see that they receive it."



Father Knows Best

NO AMOUNT of coaxing could persuade their 16-month-old son to take his medicine in any shape, form or fashion. In utter disgust Mother gave up and left the room. When Mother came back, she stared in amazement, for there stood her son gleefully opening his mouth for it.

Her husband had solved the problem by mixing the medicine with orange juice, putting it into a water pistol and shooting it into him!

—Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine

EACH TIME I put our two-year-old on the closed front porch to play, he objected violently when I locked his gate to make sure he stayed there. Then one day my husband put the youngster in his "playroom" and locked the gate, and for once he didn't scream, but played happily by himself.

My husband's explanation was simple. "I just told him I was locking the gate," he said, "so that you couldn't get in and bother him."

—Contributed by I O O

JOE LAURIE, JR., the actor, tells about a friend of his who made the mistake of leaving her baby daughter in her husband's care while she closeted herself in the library to pay bills. He buried himself behind his newspaper and forgot about the baby until he heard a series of thumps, followed by a horrendous wail. Clearly, baby had fallen down the stairs.

"Martha," called the father excitedly. "Come quick! Our little girl just took her first 24 steps!"

—This Week

THE FORTH BRIDGE has a permanent staff of 30 painters who spend the whole of their lives painting the bridge. They start at one end and do not stop until they reach the other, then they start all over again. Fifty tons of iron paint and three years are needed to cover the structure from end to end. No ordinary painter can be a Forth Bridge painter, he must come to the Bridge as a boy and be reared on its giddy heights. When these men die their sons step in to take their places.

Even to an experienced observer, the world of the wild is full of mystery



Nature's Guarded Secrets

By Archibald Rutledge

FOR MORE THAN 50 years I have roamed the wild woods, the deep river-swamps, the lonely sea-beaches, trying to understand something of nature's ways and the ways of her wild children. I am constantly being surprised

On my Carolina plantation, two miles from the river, there was a deep lake, some 12 acres in area. About six years ago, for no apparent reason, the lake went totally

dry, and bushes, grasses and wild-flowers grew where the water had been. Then a year ago, during a rainy spell, the lake suddenly and mysteriously filled up again.

Even more mysteriously, within a few days there appeared in the lake big bass, water moccasins, patriarch bullfrogs, grim alligators—all the normal inhabitants of a large, permanent body of fresh water in that part of the world. Where had they been for five years? How did they find their way home so quickly? By what secret radio of the wilds had they been informed that their lake was once more brimming with water? Their sudden return filled me with wonder.

WHEN I was ten years old, we had a summer home in the mountains. One July day I went berry-picking with two mountain children and their baby brother, then about nine months old. We put the baby down where the grass was short. We planned to stay within sight, so we thought all would be well.

After a while I went back and peered over the blackberry canes at him. He was petting something and talking to it—"Da, da, da . . ."

A huge rattlesnake lay across the baby's legs!

I retreated and called my companions. We decided the only thing to do was to do nothing. Even at our ages we realized that to disturb or alarm the rattler might easily be

fatal. Finally, after what seemed ages, the snake slithered away.

Any mature person would have shrunk with horror at sight of that evil, flattened face. What was there in the baby's dulcet tones, in the caressing touch of those elfin hands, to win that implacable heart? And was there not wonder, too, in the child's having no instinctive fear?

WELL do I remember, too—and wonder at—the genius of Gypsy, a little thoroughbred mare I used to ride after cattle. She and I were familiar with a territory extending for several miles. Beyond these limits lay the "backwoods"—a wild sea of pines into which we rarely ventured.

One day we were after two young cows that had wandered with their first calves into the solitary greenwoods. There had been a flood in the river, and all the creeks, estuaries and backwaters of the woods were brimming with the flood water. Thus cut off, the cattle might stray so far I would never see them again.

Gypsy and I, following fresh cattle tracks, crossed a flooded creek some five miles from home. Two hours later, we came upon the cattle we had been following. A glance

showed me they were not mine. Immediately I turned my horse homewards. But we were in strange, morass-like woods, and a sleety November rain was falling. Night came quickly. Under me, Gypsy shivered.

"Little girl," I said, "I haven't the least idea where we are. See if you can take us home."

I dropped the reins. She started off in a direction I would never have taken—but I let her have her way.

On we went through darkness and sleet. Far off I heard the drumming thunder of waters. Soon Gypsy was wading deep in the flood, the cold tide about my waist. Now she was swimming valiantly, nosing her way among the trunks of the drowned swamp trees.

At last Gypsy's feet touched bottom. She gave a happy little neigh and waded out confidently. In five minutes more she had struck a road that even in the dark I recognized. In a blinding storm—and without help from me—she had brought me straight home.

FAMILIARITY with nature never breeds contempt. The more a man learns, the more he expects surprises, and the more he becomes aware of the inscrutable.

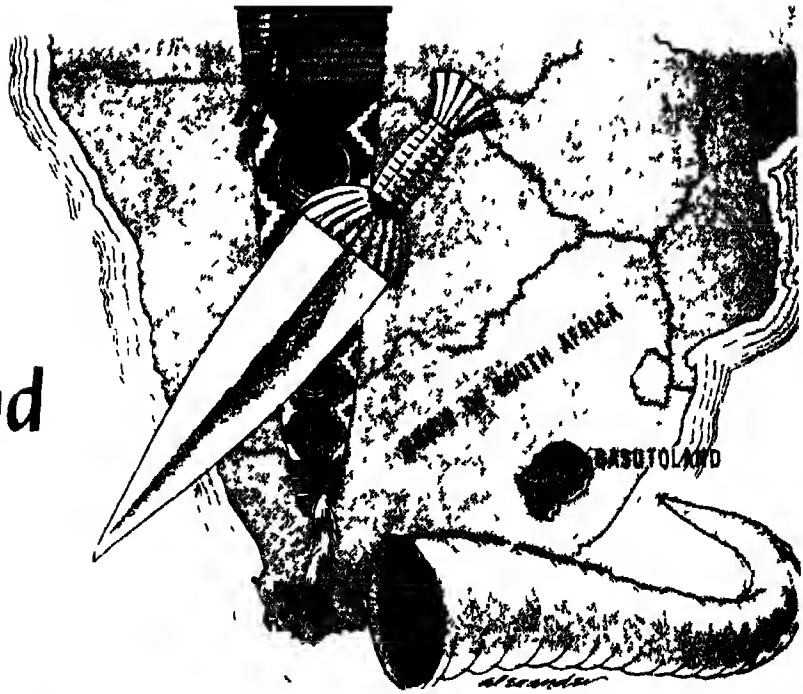


A GUEST once asked Mrs. Thomas Fendall, a *grande dame* of Leesburg, Virginia, why she had a portrait of George Washington hanging behind a door. "But, my dear," said Mrs. Fendall gently, "he was not a member of the family."

—The Saturday Evening Post

Murder Most Foul in Basutoland

By John Gunther



DON'T THINK I've ever been in a place more beautiful than Basutoland. The first feeling you get is of height and sparkle. In the sharp, vibrating sunshine the lopsided mountains look painted against the sky; the countryside seems to lie on a slant towards the lofty, burning sun.

Basutoland is a British colony completely surrounded by the Union of South Africa. It covers an area approximately the size of Belgium and the population is about 600,000, of whom 2,000 are white. There are no railways and practically no roads; three-quarters of the country can be reached only on horseback.

You get to Maseru, the capital village, by road from Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, one of the four provinces of the Union of South Africa. You can drive the 80 miles in about two

hours. Maseru has something of the atmosphere of an early American frontier town. Two or three trading companies have shops there, but it is without cinema or newspaper and it was the only British town I saw in Africa without a Barclay's Bank.

The physical beauty of the landscape makes Basutoland seem an incongruous setting for murder. Yet this remote little state has long been addicted to killings of the most appalling nature.

They take the form of "medicine" murder—a person is killed so that his remains may be utilized as a kind of sorcerer's charm. Bits of flesh are severed from the victim while he is still alive. The flesh is mixed with blood, fat and herbs and pounded into a paste which is then cooked to the proper consistency. This gruesome "medicine" is supposed to give magical powers to

the person using it; he smears it on his body, or sometimes eats it. It is prescribed to achieve the most prosaic ends: a man who wants to get more land, or rise to a better political appointment, or find his son a job, may arrange the murder of an innocent person to acquire the baleful mixture that will ensure the granting of his wish.

British authorities have done their best to check the butchery, with little success. In an effort to cope with the forces of Basuto superstition, the Government appointed a Cambridge anthropologist, G. I. Jones, to make a survey. Jones's report makes grim reading.* Here is one of his case histories.

On a Saturday evening in January 1948, Mochesela Khoto sat drinking beer with other guests at a wedding feast when the chieftainess of the district arrived with a number of her men. She told them "I want you to kill Mochesela for me, because I want to make a medicine which I will use in getting my son an appointment." The men seized Mochesela and marched him off to a satisfactory spot, where they stripped him and held him naked on the ground. By the light of an oil lamp they cut circular pieces of skin from parts of his body with a knife. As they were cut, the pieces were laid on a white cloth in front of Mosala, the native doctor who was going to make the medicine. One of the men held a can to collect the blood from

the wounds. Then another man took the knife and with it removed the entire face of Mochesela. Mochesela died while his throat was being cut. The chieftainess stood by watching. Mochesela's body was thrown over a low cliff near the village.

In this case the murderers were caught and brought to trial. The chieftainess and her leading accomplice were hanged. Other members of the gang got sentences of seven and 15 years.

The Jones report contains an analysis of 93 murders, almost all conform to a basic pattern. First, the victim is usually somebody inconspicuous. A chief never murders another chief. If he needs medicine with which to oppose a rival, it is taken from someone who has nothing to do with the dispute. Second, the victim is often a relative or close associate of the murderer. Apparently the medicine's power is augmented if it comes from a kinsman.

Third, the murder is carefully planned, never accidental, and is almost always committed by a number of persons working together. Fourth, flesh must be cut off the victim while he or she is still alive. Fifth, the victim's body is usually placed where it is certain to be found.

In Case No. 47 of the Jones report the victim was "ironed" with hot stones before portions of his body were excised. In Case No. 16 the flesh had to come from "a recently confined woman." In another

* *Basutoland Medicine Murder: A Report on the Recent Outbreak of Murders in Basutoland* (London, 1951). I have drawn on this document for many of the details that follow.

a young woman was murdered by her father-in-law, who needed flesh particularly from her eyebrows. In another, in which "deceased and accused were related and on good terms," the victim was killed by pouring boiling water down her throat and making a hole in the top of her head.

The Basuto murders cannot be dismissed merely as gruesome anthropological curiosities. From recorded cases this butchery seems on the increase, and has become involved in the political life of Basutoland.

The ruling class in Basutoland derives from a great chieft named Moshesh, who created the Basuto nation after the Zulu Wars and who ruled it for almost 50 years, until his death in 1870. His descendants, 1,330 in all, call themselves the Sons of Moshesh.

It is they, in their fierce feuding, who have produced most of the recent murders. There were 14 killings reported in 1952, and they are still occurring at an ugly rate.

A forbidding lady named 'Mantsebo Seeiso has been Paramount Chieftainess of the country since 1940. Jealous chiefs felt she had no legitimate claim to the title, but she will hold it now until her stepson, 16, comes of age. The British probably would have preferred a male ruler to the complicated, unstable regency under a woman, but it is colonial policy to let Africans settle their own dynastic affairs.

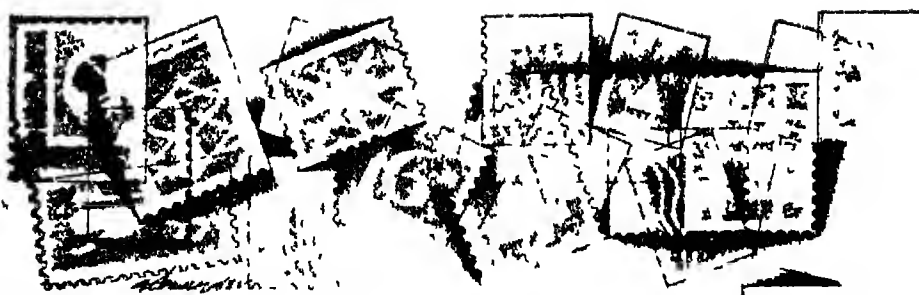
'Mantsebo is not spoken of with much affection in Basutoland, but I had the feeling that she is respected as well as feared. She has a small farm near Maseru, works hard on it, and is not eager to give up her salary as Chieftainess, which is £3,600 per year.

My wife and I met this extraordinary woman. We were in Maseru on June 2, 1953, which was Coronation Day in England, and the British Resident Commissioner invited us to the mass meeting which was held to celebrate the event. Tribesmen gathered on the parade ground in bright blankets while the chief dignitaries of the state, some of them in formal day dress with grey topers, assembled on a covered dais.

'Mantsebo arrived, 20 minutes late, in a bright-green American car. She took her place, and one of her courtiers read out a speech that had been prepared for her.

Eventually the meeting broke up, and we went to the Residency for a sherry party on the lawn. We were duly presented to 'Mantsebo, who spoke to us through an interpreter. People came and went, she stood rigidly in the reception line, her head bobbing. She acknowledged greetings without smiling.

'Mantsebo, one should point out carefully, has never been accused of any crime herself. And this dumpy, formidable woman is still very much the ruler of Basutoland. But not even the witch doctors know what may happen next.



FUN and GAINS with Stamps

By Marion Hargrove

SOME MONTHS AGO an advertising executive got talking at lunch about his insomnia. Every day was so hectic, he said, that when he got to bed at night, he found it impossible to unwind.

His friend had a suggestion. "Start playing with postage stamps. Best way in the world to relax."

Feeling that he had nothing to lose, the advertising man dropped in at a shop, whose stamp advertisements he had seen in a newspaper. He came away with a heavy bundle which the salesman assured him would take care of his insomnia for a year—a huge album (1,250 pages . . . spaces for over 55,000 stamps from all countries of the world), a pair of tweezers, a supply of gummed stickers called "stamp hinges" and an assortment of 10,000 postage stamps.

Three days later he turned up at the shop again. He was having difficulty, he reported, in differentiating between some of the stamps; there were numerous stamps for which

no space had been provided in his album; in some cases he could not even decide what country a stamp came from. This time he came away with a small booklet on stamp identification and a copy of *Stanley Gibbons Postage Stamp Catalogue*.

The next day, a little red-eyed, he came in again. Evidently he had acquired a good deal of philatelic knowledge and confidence overnight. His purchase this time consisted of a Japanese reading glass, a small perforation gauge and a watermark detector.

His insomnia is completely gone now. He relaxes with his stamps for hours every night—or until his wife screams downstairs at him—then goes to bed and sleeps like a log.

Figures on the number of stamp collectors at large in the world would be impossible to obtain. It is generally estimated, though, that in America at least one person in 15 is a collector, and in Europe at least one person in 20 is not.

Stamp-collecting in Britain has a

long history. The Royal Collections, which are priceless, have given pleasure and relaxation to busy monarchs and the yearly turnover of the stamp dealers is very big.

In the United States the hobby has grown tremendously in the past 20 years, largely because of men like Franklin Roosevelt, who was an ardent collector. Until Roosevelt, the average American stamp collector kept discreetly quiet about his hobby, assuming that his neighbour would regard it as rather infantile. Roosevelt's unashamed addiction not only attracted millions of people into the hobby, it also made the thing respectable.

No one has succeeded in explaining the fascination of stamp collecting. It gets you first, apparently, as an idle diversion like a jigsaw puzzle: you pick up a piece, work out where it goes, fit it in and reach for another. Gradually you lose track of the time and of the cares that infest the day.

This mechanical preoccupation is soon displaced by a preoccupation with the stamps themselves—the different sizes, shapes, colours, faces, languages, uses—and a desire to find out something about them. The moment the beginner reaches for a reference book (to find out, for example, where Ingermanland is, or why a Haitian stamp should commemorate Alexandre Dumas the elder) is the moment at which his soul is no longer his own.

Even in the uses to which stamps

The Royal Philatelic Society, founded in 1869, is the oldest philatelic organization in existence, and is strictly confined to amateur collectors. Meetings are held once a fortnight, a monthly journal, *The London Philatelist*, is circulated free to all members, and there is a reference library of 9,000–10,000 books at the Society's headquarters at 41 Devonshire Place, W 1.

The British Philatelic Association, 3 Berners Street, London, W 1, extends its membership to both amateurs and professionals. It runs lectures and meetings and issues the journal *Philately*.

Both Societies have an Expert Committee which will examine stamps sent in by members, and issue Certificates of Genuineness where applicable.

are put there is wild variety. Besides the regular and commemorative issues, air mail, special delivery, postage due, and such, there are stamps for sending letters by zeppelin or pneumatic post, for collecting special taxes or money for charity, and in one instance (the 1855 "Too Late" issue of the colony of Victoria) for getting a letter sent out after the regular mails had closed. In Czechoslovakia there used to be a stamp ensuring that the postman would give the letter only to the addressee.

The amount of knowledge to be picked up in looking at stamps is enormous, and the curiosity it can arouse is infinite. A quick glance through an album can turn up pictures of Pasteur, Sarah Bernhardt,

an okapi, Kaffir huts, Robert Louis Stevenson's bungalow in Samoa and a World War II invasion.

The legends sometimes overprinted on stamps, to show a change in their value or in the government, are in many cases more intriguing than the stamps themselves. Inflation overprints show values in 1948 Chinese stamps running as high as \$60,000 (Chinese), in 1923 German issues, 50 billion marks.

Having passed through the mesmerism of the first stage and the goggle-eyed fascination of the second, the collector finds himself in a third phase characterized by restlessness and compulsion. His album is more like a crossword puzzle now—every blank space is a reproach, “completing a set” is an obsession. In a general collection, a world album, completeness is impossible—there are already more than 125,000 major varieties of stamps, ranging in market value from twopence to £17,000 (The £17,000 stamp is an 1856 one-cent British Guiana stamp erroneously printed on magenta paper. Only one copy is known to exist.)

Every year brings forth about 2,500 new stamps, many of them aimed directly at the collector. The national economies of places like Andorra, Liberia, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco and San Marino depend heavily on postage-stamp exports. Faced with this flood, the “general” collector has to push his album to one side and

begin specializing. The lucky ones find a topical interest—birds, beards, maps—and have great enjoyment at small cost.

Every time a new stamp comes out, great numbers of people buy one or more full sheets (generally of 50 or 100), sure that they will be worth a lot some day. Their worth will depend on how many others have had the same idea and whether anybody needs them when the owner wants to unload them.

A certain coolness exists between these mint-sheet buyers and other stamp enthusiasts, who regard them not as collectors but as hoarders. The hoarders, in turn, regard the album crowd as wool-gatherers.

Perhaps the most fortunate mint-sheet buyer in history was a collector in Washington who went to the post office the day the 24-cent air-mail stamp was issued in 1918. The man ahead of him in line ordered a sheet, probably to be used for some such sordid purpose as posting letters, and indignantly handed it back to the clerk because the aeroplanes on all the stamps were upside down.

Feeling the Hand of God upon his shoulder, the collector took his place at the window. “A sheet of 24-cent air mails,” he said, “and make it the one the other guy didn’t want.” The sheet, which proved to be the only such error in existence, was sold in a few days for \$15,000 (£5,250), and any single stamp from it is valued today at \$3,500 (£1,175).

The Japanese flight commander tells the inside story

I Led the Attack on Pearl Harbour

Capt Mitsuo Fuchida
of the former Imperial Japanese Navy
Edited by Roger Pineau

"I WANT YOU to lead our air force
in the event of our attacking
Pearl Harbour "

It was all I could do not to catch my breath. It was now late September 1941 and, if the international situation continued to intensity, the attack plan called for execution in December. There was no time to lose in training for this all-important mission.

In mid-November, after the most rigorous training, planes were taken on board their respective carriers, which then headed for the Kuril Islands, traveling singly and on different courses to avoid attention. Then, at 0600 on the dark and cloudy morning of November 26, our 28-ship striking force, including six carriers, left the Kuriles.

Vice-Admiral Nagumo was in command of the Pearl Harbour Attack Force. "If negotiations with the United States reach a successful conclusion," he had been instructed, "the striking force will return immediately to the homeland." Unaware of this, however, the crews shouted "*Banzai*!" as they took what might be their last look at Japan.



I could feel their keen enthusiasm and fighting spirit. Still I could not help doubting whether Japan had the proper confidence for carrying out a war.

Our course was to be between the Aleutians and Midway Island so as to keep out of range of American air patrols, some of which were supposed to extend 600 miles. We sent three submarines ahead to report any merchant ships sighted, so that we could alter course and avoid them. We maintained a constant alert against U.S. submarines.

Strict radio silence was observed throughout, but we listened for broadcasts from Tokyo or Honolulu to catch any word about the outbreak of war. In Tokyo a liaison conference between the government and the High Command was held every day from November 27 to 30 to discuss the U.S. proposal of the 26th. It was concluded that the proposal was an ultimatum tending to subjugate Japan and making war inevitable, but that peace efforts should be continued "to the last moment."

The decision for war was made at an Imperial Conference on December 1. Next day the General Staff issued the order: "X Day will be December 8" (December 7 in Hawaii and the United States). Now the die was cast. We drove headlong towards Pearl Harbour.

Why was that Sunday chosen as X Day? Because our information indicated that the American Fleet

returned to Pearl Harbour at weekends after training periods at sea. Also because the attack was to be co-ordinated with our operations in Malaya, where air raids and landings were scheduled for dawn of that day.

Intelligence reports on U.S. Fleet activities were relayed to us from Tokyo:

December 7 (December 6, Hawaiian time). "No balloons, no torpedo-defence nets deployed round battleships in Pearl Harbour. All battleships are in. No indications from enemy radio activity that ocean-patrol flights being made in Hawaiian area. Aircraft carrier *Lexington* left harbour yesterday. *Enterprise* also thought to be operating at sea."

About this time we received Admiral Yamamoto's message: "The rise or fall of the Empire depends upon this battle; everyone will do his duty with utmost efforts."

We were 230 miles due north of Oahu, on which Pearl Harbour is situated, shortly before dawn on December 7 (Hawaiian time) when the carriers turned and headed into the northerly wind. The battle flag was now flying at each masthead. There was a heavy pitch and roll that had caused some hesitation about taking off in the dark. I decided it was feasible. Flight decks vibrated with the roar of aircraft engines completing their warm-up.

Now a green lamp was waved in a circle. "Take off!" The engine of

our foremost fighter plane built up to a crescendo—and then the plane was off, safely. There were loud cheers as each plane rose into the air.

Within 15 minutes 183 fighters, bombers and torpedo planes had taken off from the six carriers and were forming up in the still-dark sky, guided only by the signal lights of the leading planes. After circling over the fleet formation, we set course due south for Pearl Harbour. The time was 0615.

Under my direct command were 49 medium bombers. To my right and slightly below me were 40 torpedo planes; to my left, about 600 feet above me, were 51 dive bombers; flying cover for the formation were 43 fighters.

At 0700 I calculated that we should reach Oahu in less than an hour. But, flying over thick clouds, we could not see the surface of the water and consequently had no check on our drift. I switched on the radio direction finder to tune in the Honolulu radio station and soon picked up some music. By turning the antenna I found the exact direction from which the broadcast was coming and corrected our course. We had been five degrees off.

Now I heard a Honolulu weather report: "Partly cloudy, with clouds mostly over the mountains. Visibility good. Wind north, ten knots."

What a lucky break for us! A more favourable situation could not have been imagined. There would

be openings in the clouds over the island.

About 0730 the clouds broke suddenly, and a long white line of coast appeared. We were over the northern tip of Oahu. It was time for our deployment.

A report came in from one of two reconnaissance planes which had gone ahead, giving the locations of ten battleships, one heavy cruiser and ten light cruisers. The sky cleared as we moved in on the target, and I began to study our objectives through binoculars. The ships were there all right. "Notify all planes to launch attacks," I ordered my radio operator. It was 0749.

The first bombs fell at Hickam Field, where heavy bombers were lined up. The next places hit were Ford Island and Wheeler Field. In a short time huge billows of black smoke were rising from these bases.

My medium-bomber group kept east of Oahu past the southern tip of the island. None but Japanese planes were in the air. Ships in the harbour still appeared to be asleep. The Honolulu radio broadcast continued normally. We had achieved surprise!

Knowing the General Staff would be anxious, I ordered the following message to be sent to the fleet. "We have succeeded in making surprise attack. Request you relay this report to Tokyo."

Now I saw waterspouts rising alongside the battleships. Our torpedo bombers were at work. It was

time to launch our bombing attacks, so I ordered my pilot to bank sharply, the attack signal for the planes in our group. All ten of my squadrons formed into a single column with intervals of 600 feet—a gorgeous formation.

As my group made its bomb run, American anti-aircraft from ship-board and shore batteries suddenly came to life. Dark-grey bursts blossomed here and there until the sky was clouded with shattering near misses which made our plane tremble. I was startled by the rapidity of the counter-attack, which came less than five minutes after the first bomb had fallen. The Japanese reaction would not have been so quick—the Japanese character is suitable for offensives but does not adjust readily to the defensive.

My squadron was headed for the *Nevada*, which was moored at the northern end of Battleship Row on the east side of Ford Island. It was nearly time for bomb release when we ran into clouds. Our leading bomb aimer waved his hands back and forth to indicate that we would have to pass, and we circled over Honolulu to await another opportunity. Meanwhile, other groups made their runs, some making three tries before succeeding.

Suddenly a colossal explosion occurred in Battleship Row. A huge column of dark-red smoke rose to 1,000 feet, and a stiff shock wave reached our plane. A powder magazine must have exploded. The at-

tack was in full swing; smoke from fires and explosions filled most of the sky over Pearl Harbour.

Studying Battleship Row through binoculars, I saw the big explosion had been on the *Arizona*. She was still flaming fiercely, and since her smoke covered the *Nevada*, the target of my group, I looked for some other ship to attack. The *Tennessee* was already on fire, but next to her was the *Maryland*. I gave an order changing our target to this ship, and once again we headed into the anti-aircraft fire.

As the leading bomb aimer dropped his bomb, the pilots, observers and radio operators in the other planes shouted, "Release!"—and down went all our bombs. I immediately lay flat on the floor to watch through a peephole. Four bombs in perfect pattern plummeted away. They grew smaller and finally disappeared just as tiny white flashes appeared on and near the ship.

From a great altitude near misses are much more obvious than direct hits because they create wave rings in the water which are plain to see. Observing two such rings plus two tiny flashes, I shouted, "Two hits!" I felt sure considerable damage had been done. I ordered the bombers which had completed their runs to return to our carriers, but my plane remained to observe and conduct operations still in progress.

Pearl Harbour and vicinity had been turned into complete chaos. The *Utah* had capsized. The *West*

Virginia and *Oklahoma*, their sides almost blasted off by torpedoes, listed sharply in a flood of heavy oil. The *Arizona* was listing badly and burning furiously. The *Maryland* and *Tennessee* were on fire. The *Pennsylvania*, which was in dry dock, was unscathed—evidently the only battleship that had not been attacked.

During the attack many of our pilots noted the brave efforts of American pilots to get planes off the ground. Though greatly outnumbered, they flew straight in to engage our craft. Their effect was negligible, but their courage commanded admiration and respect.

It took the planes of our first attack wave about an hour to complete their mission. By the time they were headed back to our carriers, having lost three fighters, a dive bomber and five torpedo planes, our second wave of 171 planes swept in.

The sky was now so covered with clouds and smoke that planes had difficulty locating their targets. To complicate their problems further, the ship and ground anti-aircraft fire had become heavy.

The second attack achieved a nice spread, hitting the least damaged battleships as well as previously undamaged cruisers and destroyers. This attack also lasted about one hour, but due to the increased return fire it suffered higher casualties—six fighters and 14 dive bombers.

After the second wave headed back to the carriers I circled Pearl

Harbour once more to observe and photograph the results. I counted four battleships definitely sunk, three severely damaged. Still another battleship appeared to be slightly damaged, and extensive damage had also been inflicted on other types of ships. The seaplane base at Ford Island was in flames, as were the airfields, especially Wheeler.

Owing to the dense pall of smoke, damage to airfields was not determinable. It was apparent, however, that a goodly percentage of the island's air strength must have been destroyed. In the three hours my plane was in the area we did not encounter a single enemy plane.

My plane was about the last to get back to the fleet, where refuelled and rearmed planes were being lined up in preparation for another attack. I was summoned to the bridge immediately. Admiral Nagumo's staff, while waiting for my report, had been engaged in heated discussion about the advisability of launching another attack.

"Four battleships definitely sunk," I reported. "We have achieved much destruction at airfields and air bases. But there are still many targets which should be hit."

I urged another attack. Admiral Nagumo, however—in a decision which has since been the target of much criticism by naval experts—chose to retire. Immediately flag signals were hoisted, and our ships headed northwards at high speed.

Life's Like That



MY FRIEND'S husband is notoriously forgetful of all anniversaries, so she was pleasantly surprised in February when he remembered one. Returning from her marketing she found this note in the post-box "Sweetheart, you will find my Valentine gift to you on the bed."

She ran upstairs in high anticipation. On the bed, fast asleep, was her husband.
—MRS P O S

IN A men's clothing shop a tiny slip of a girl was waiting on a man who must have weighed at least 18 stone. He wanted to buy a belt but did not know the size, so the girl produced a tape measure. For a moment she stood eyeing her customer, a puzzled look on her face. Then she smiled in relief. "Here," she said cheerfully, "you hold this end while I run round."

—MRS E J S

TWO WOMEN sitting on a bench directly behind me were discussing jobs "Are you doing any baby-sitting these days?" asked one.

"Yes, and I've got a real nice place," the other replied

"What do you get?"

"Five bob an hour, bus-fare and spanking privileges" —MRS F A S

MY 78TH BIRTHDAY is close at hand. The other day I came out of a restaurant in Washington to find myself in a blizzard. Whirling snow and blaring traffic surrounded me and I saw two women nearly blown off their feet. In desperation I appealed to a stalwart young man who was waiting under a street lamp. "Would you be willing to help an old lady across the street?"

"Suhtennly, ma'am," he replied in the unmistakable voice of the Deep South, "*Wheah is she?*" —M P.

It's AN advantage to be pretty—you get attention without trying.
But after the first five minutes you are on your own.

—Loretta Young, quoted in *Los Angeles Times*

They have their idiosyncrasies—as this
survey of customs and habits shows

Meet the Typical American— *Male and Female*

Condensed from "The 1954 Pocket Almanac"

THE AVERAGE American male stands five feet nine inches tall, weighs eleven stone four, prefers brunettes, baseball, beefsteak and fried potatoes, and thinks the ability to run a home smoothly and efficiently is the most important quality in a wife.

The average American female is five feet four, weighs nine stone six, can't stand an unshaven face, thinks husbands drink too much, prefers marriage to a career, but wants the word "obey" taken out of the wedding ceremony.

This is a short sample of the data which Dr. George Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion has been systematically gathering for years on the customs and habits of Americans. Here are additional facts—some serious, some light—about the American people.

One in three complains that his

feet hurt. One in five has trouble with his hearing. Two in three wear glasses.

Americans are weight-conscious: 34 million adults consider themselves too fat and would like to take off poundage. But only one in four has seriously tried to do anything about it. Women are much more eager to lose weight than men (45 per cent as opposed to 25 per cent).

Approximately half of U.S. adults have trouble getting to sleep. Married people experience less sleeplessness than single. The divorced and widowed have most trouble. Main cause—nervous tension. Four in ten do nothing about it, just toss and turn. The next largest group takes sedatives and pills. Only a few count sheep. Although twin beds are supposed to be increasing in popularity, the overwhelming majority of American husbands and

wives still sleep in double beds. Only one in eight says he or she sleeps in a twin bed.

Men under 30 like coloured polish on women's finger-nails; men over 30 don't. Men divide evenly (42 per cent apiece) on whether a woman's looks or her brains are more important. And whoever said that gentlemen prefer blondes is mistaken: six out of every ten prefer brunettes, three in ten blondes, and the other one likes redheads. Blondes, incidentally, are outnumbered by other women in the American population five to one.

The best age for an American girl to get married, says the survey, is 21 and for a man 25. Long engagements are better than short. Engagements of three months or less lead to three times as many divorces as engagements of two years or more.

What *one* quality do these husbands and wives most dislike in each other? Bad temper is number one for both sexes. After that, husbands object to fussiness and gossiping, whereas wives frown on drinking, smoking, gambling and "just not paying enough attention." Wives tend to be more critical than husbands: 71 of 100 women find fault with their husbands as compared with 54 of 100 men who find fault with their wives.

Sixty-two per cent of American husbands help with the housework. Almost one-third wash up regularly or frequently; two out of every five

help with the cooking. The proportion of husbands who help in the house is greater among the best-educated than among the least-educated—which leaves open the question of just who is the cleverest.

American adults of both sexes, looking back on their childhood, say that Mother had a greater influence on their lives than Father. Forty-eight per cent remember Mamma's influence most—including possibly the backside of a hairbrush administered to the backside of the heir—whereas only 22 per cent say that Father was the greater influence. A typical comment shows the reason why: "Mother knew what we were doing; Dad was only home nights."

The notion that today's young people are "going to the dogs" finds little support among American parents. The weight of opinion is that these young folk have more common sense than those of a generation ago. They also think that the parents, not the children, are chiefly to blame for juvenile delinquency.

Reading habits of the American people are confined largely to newspapers and magazines. To the question "Are you reading any book at the present time?" 21 per cent answered yes, 79 per cent no.

Baseball and football are the American male's two favourite sports to watch. One-fourth of the adult population say they bowl, and almost one-third of these bowl weekly. By contrast only seven per

cent play golf and about the same proportion play tennis.

One chilling item of statistics is that about half of the American adult population would drown if tossed into the water. Only 52 per cent know how to swim.

The typical American goes to bed at ten o'clock on week nights, an hour later on Saturdays. He gets up at 6.30 on weekday mornings, eight o'clock on Sunday. He has his weekday breakfast at 7 a.m., his lunch at noon, his dinner or supper at six in the evening. At family meals fewer than one-third of Americans say grace.

Americans believe that the typical American is generous, friendly, understanding, religious, freedom-loving and progressive. His worst defects are believed to be that he is shallow, egotistical, extravagant, money-mad.

The typical American likes most of his neighbours—only two per cent say they don't get on. Almost half do shopping for their neighbours, and six out of ten lend and borrow things, while nearly three-fourths take in messages, parcels and other deliveries for a neighbour who is out.

The two favourite mottoes of the

American people are. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" and "Live and let live." Ninety-four per cent say they believe in God and 68 per cent in life after death. A much smaller proportion attends church—roughly two out of five go more than "occasionally." But practically everyone—95 per cent—believes that prayer helps in one way or another.

Seven out of ten think that the man who lives on the farm is happier than the man who lives in the city—and farmers back up this statement. Among men and women who work outside the home in full-time jobs, only 55 per cent like their jobs enough to say they would take up the same line of work if they had their lives to live over again.

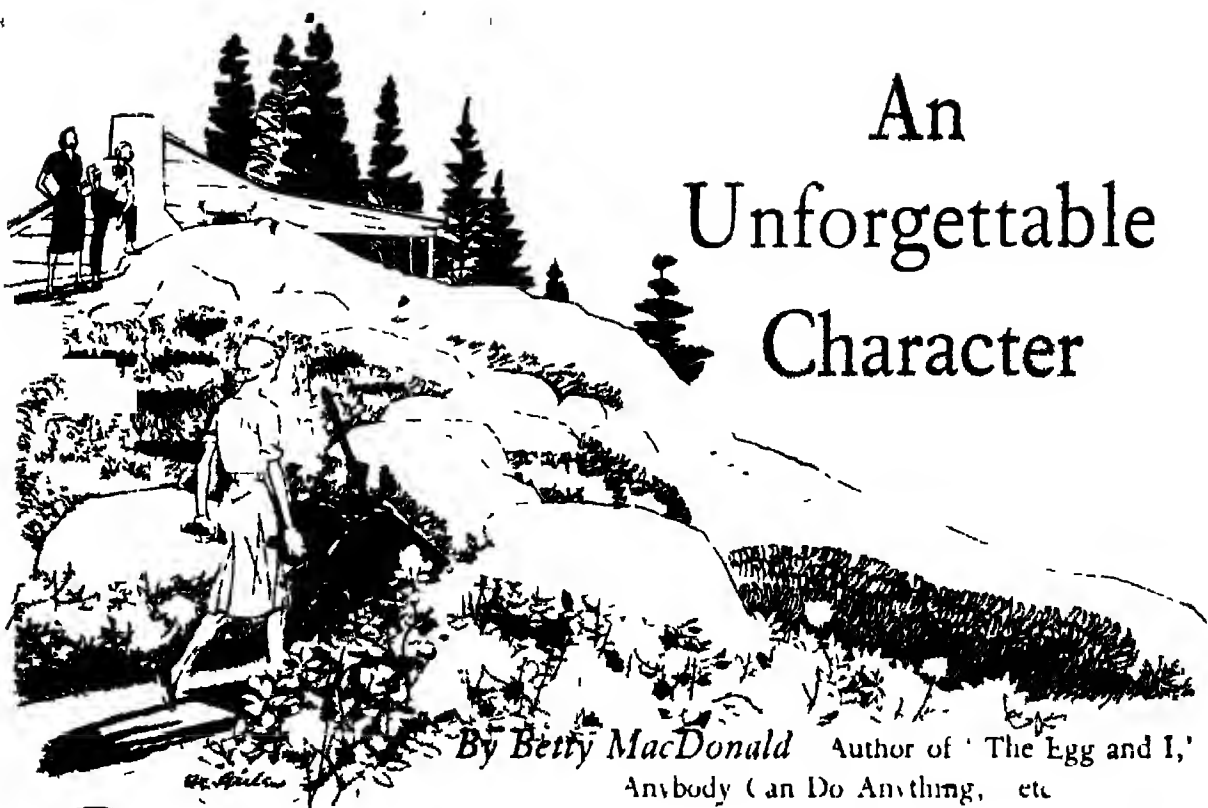
If you define an optimist as one who thinks things are going to get better, and a pessimist as one who thinks they are going to get worse, then the optimists outnumber the pessimists in the United States by about five to four.

In spite of war, high taxes, high prices, the majority of Americans think they are better off than their parents were. Only one person in four thinks he is worse off.

WHEN Major-General William Dean was released by his Communist captors, a newspaperman asked him what sustained him the most during those three years of misery. "I never felt sorry for myself," replied the General, "and that's what licked it. Self-pity whips more people than anything else."

—King Features

—King Features



An Unforgettable Character

By Betty MacDonald Author of 'The Egg and I,'
Anybody Can Do Anything, etc

EARLY last summer a friend who was visiting us at the seaside looked at the water glittering in the sunlight, sniffed the delicious seaweedy, drift-woody, clammy air and said, "I'd give anything if we could have a place on a beach. I adore salt water, George loves fishing and it would be wonderful for the children."

"Why don't you?" I asked. "You can afford it."

"It's George's mother," she said. "She lives with us, you know. And she is so feeble. After all, she is 62."

Just then my mother came down the path wheeling a barrow full of chicken manure. It was a big load, but Mother dumped it and vigorously raked it round the rose bushes. When she had finished she took off her gardening gloves and

lit a cigarette. My friend sighed, saying, "You don't know how lucky you are to have such a young mother."

I looked at her in amazement. "My mother is 75," I said.

"I don't believe it," she said. She kept staring at Mother as if I had made her up. I looked too and saw a slender, erect, grey-haired woman, her face and arms tanned from the sun, her expression serene. When she had finished her cigarette she lifted her wheelbarrow and went back up the path.

"I don't see how she does it," my friend said.

I do. Mother is never sorry for herself. In the more than 40 years I have known her she has never, to my knowledge, indulged in the debilitating business of self-pity. The

self-pity that nowadays travels under psychiatric aliases, the misery that is usually accompanied by other miseries such as overeating, getting drunk, taking dope, collapsing with imaginary ailments, huddling in retirement, or joining the Communist Party

"Saddos (our family word for self-pities) are bores," Mother says. "Nobody wants a saddo about the place. When you start to feel sorry for yourself—and everybody does at one time or another—*do something*. Work in the garden, wash the windows, bake a pie, write a letter—*do something*. You can't be busy and sorry for yourself at the same time."

I don't know where Mother learned this secret of serenity, but it has made her strenuous life a happy one. It has also proved to her friends and her children that age is a state of mind.

Mother has 11 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, yet she is actually younger than many of my daughters' friends who are in their early 20s, younger than most of my friends who are in their 40s, and younger than all her friends who are in their 60s and 70s.

Mother is an enthusiastic and successful gardener, a superb cook, a good painter, an excellent horse-woman. She is an avid reader, ever since I can remember she has gobbled up at least one book and several magazines a day. She has helped with more homework, done more baby-sitting and listened to more

dreams than any living woman. Yet recently when she had a physical examination the 35-year-old doctor said, "I would give anything to be half as healthy as you are!"

In addition to her other activities Mother runs a visiting-nurse service among our family and friends. She has a small brown suitcase used exclusively for these trips. Last winter my 23-year-old daughter Joan, who then had two babies and was expecting a third, got the flu. I also had it, so Joan called Margar—the grandchildren's name for Mother.

The next day Joan phoned me. "You'll never know what it was like yesterday! Becky and Heidi were bawling, the furnace had gone off, the house was freezing and I had such a headache I couldn't see. Then a taxi drove up, and Margar stepped out carrying her little brown bag. I felt like a war prisoner watching the tanks arrive."

"Margar came in, kissed us all, and in about five minutes there was a fire in the fireplace, the kettle was boiling for tea and the children were happy. Margar even persuaded that stinking furnace repairman to come out. She's just wonderful."

I know how Joan felt. I have observed Mother on the scene of at least a hundred crises (large families have lots of crises), and she radiates an aura of peace that is actually visible. Mother says this is merely long practice in the face of disaster. I think it is an inner serenity that follows in the wake of selflessness.

Mother was married when she was comparatively young to a mining engineer. His work took them all over the United States, Alaska, Canada and Mexico. In the course of their travels, she produced five girls and a boy, the last child being born five months after Daddy died at the age of 39.

The loss of her husband was a terrific blow, yet I can never remember her sobbing in the dark, moaning over Daddy's picture, hugging us fiercely and unexpectedly or in any way clouding the lives of her children with her personal tragedy as so many women do.

Then she lost most of her money through poor investments, bad advice from well-meaning friends, and mismanagement on the part of some of Daddy's former business associates. She didn't complain. She wasn't bitter. We all worked. Especially Mother, who took care of her own children, several adopted ones and my children. She did all her own work, including washing and ironing and gardening, and wrote a radio serial. She was on the air for about three years.

One winter we burned books to keep warm. We had meat loaf that year for 49 Sundays running. Yet I remember it as one of our happiest. Our house always bulged with people, and there was always laughter.

Mother makes her home now officially with me. This means only that her pictures of Daddy, her sewing box and sketching things are at

my house. She herself is wherever she is needed most.

When she is with me she helps with my letters, does most of the work in our big garden, takes care of the house when I am writing, makes lovely water-colour and pastel sketches of the country, cooks for eight to umpteen people, helps me baby-sit with my five grandchildren, gives me moral support when my writing strikes a snag, makes exquisite flower arrangements and reads constantly.

Last night a little after midnight I got up to get Johnny his blanket, which is always falling out of the top bunk, and to slap Tudor, our dog, for sleeping on the couch (which he has been doing for 14 years). Mother was still in the living-room reading. "Do you know how late it is?" I said. "You should be in bed."

"I should not," Mother said. "I hate going to bed early. Let's have some biscuits and milk."

As we ate, Mother said, "Today's writers bore me stiff with their depressing psychological problems. I'm going back to Dickens."

I said, "I'm so worried about that television script I'm working on I can't sleep. Nothing I've written is any good."

"Nonsense," Mother said. "Judging by the bilge that's on the air most of the time, even I could write a television show."

She undoubtedly can and she probably will.

What happened when a St. Bernard
had an idea



My Dog Marcus

Condensed from the book
"The Best Humour from Punch"

Colin Howard

ANYONE who has met Marcus, my huge, handsome, lazy, stupid St. Bernard, will be incredulous to know that he recently had an idea. This idea was certainly the first he ever had and I cannot think how he recognized it.

The idea had to do with easing life for St. Bernards. For it is Marcus's belief that life should consist of 16 hours of sleep, six hours of rest and two hours of intensive eating. But he is occasionally called on to work—that is, to take an amble • after breakfast as far as the nearest corner and back. A real dog would

look forward to this, trembling with expectation. To Marcus it is sheer, brutal slavery.

Roughly, then, his idea was this: "If I were deaf I couldn't hear when they called me for my walk, and they wouldn't be able to shift me, because nothing can shift me. So I will pretend to be deaf."

The day he put his plan into execution, my wife came to me much perturbed. "Poor old Marcus has gone deaf!" she exclaimed.

"Deaf?" I cried. "But he could hear perfectly last night." And I went into the kitchen and addressed him. "Coming for a walk, Marcus?" I said.

Marcus, with masterly histrionism, gazed at me with eager devotion, as though he would have given his last bone to have heard what I said. After a good deal of shouting we left him where he was, and he went to sleep smiling.

It was some days before we noticed that Marcus was only partially deaf; he was still able to hear anything connected with food. I was carving one Sunday when a tiny scrap of meat slipped from the fork and dropped on the carpet. Although Marcus was asleep in the kitchen—one room and one passageway removed—he heard it fall. He hurtled into the dining-room and wolfed it down.

"Hey!" I said. "I thought you were deaf."

Marcus's jaw and tail both

dropped. He went back into character immediately.

Not much later he failed to hear three successive commands to come out for a walk—then leapt to his feet at the arrival of the butcher. My wife and I finally agreed he had to be cured.

The course we took was not, perhaps, entirely sporting. Marcus had gone deaf; *we* would go silent. When Marcus was about, we would go through the actions of speaking but would not utter a word.

Marcus's first reaction was lazy puzzlement. Very soon he was really worried. Had he overestimated his power and gone *really* deaf? The horrible part was that, for all he knew, we might be talking about *food*. The thought of what he might be missing was obviously torture to him.

As we mouthed silently at one another, Marcus would stare agonizedly into our faces, trying, I swear, to lip-read. Also, as he never got called for meals, he hardly dared close his eyes lest he miss one. I doubt if he got 14 hours' real sleep out of the 24, and he worried himself down to about 300 pounds.

We kept this up for several days. Then we decided to restore Marcus's hearing to him. I said aloud one morning, "Come on, Marcus! Time for your walk, boy."

An expression of beautiful relief spread over his vast face. He wasn't deaf after all! He bounded to his feet. He frisked to the gate like a mettlesome cart-horse. He joyously took one of the longest walks of his career—almost half a mile.

Marcus was not troubled again with his deafness. Neither were we.

Cartoon Quips

ONE MAN to another at dance: "I have my eye on a strapless gown that can't possibly survive another samba." —*The Saturday Evening Post*

DRESSMAKER, measuring stout matron dictates to assistant: "Bust 32, waist 24, hips 35; scale 1½ inches to one inch." —*Punch*

WOMAN DRIVER to garage mechanic: "My husband tells me there's a screw loose in the driver—wherever that is!" —*Collier's*

WIFE of departing couple to dinner hostess: "We hate to eat and run, but Herbert is still hungry." —*King Features*

MAN introducing redhead to friend: "Fred, in my time I've been married to a blonde, a brunette and a redhead—I'd like you to meet her." —*True*

From its ruins, buried almost 1,900 years ago, there emerges a graphic picture of life in ancient Pompeii at the height of its wealth and beauty



The City That Died to Live

By Donald and Louise Peattie

THE MORNING of August 24, D 79, dawned like any summer day in southern Italy, hot, bright and still. The city of Pompeii basked among its silvery olive groves and dark umbrella pines. No one looked with foreboding towards Mt. Vesuvius, five miles away, the throat of its ancient crater plugged with rock, vineyards serenely clothing its flanks. Set close to the mountain and the Bay of Naples, the quaint walled town, already 600 years old, had become a summer resort for wealthy Romans. With a population grown to 20,000, it now spread beyond its walls, like flowers escaping a fence.

Amid the buff, grey or black volcanic rock of which the shops and ordinary houses were built, the marble on suburban villas and on the

temples in the heart of town glittered sumptuously as the sundial shadow crept towards the fated figure 1 *post meridiem*. The shopkeepers were closing their wooden shutters for the long Latin lunch hour. The girls getting water and gossip at the corner fountain called good-bye to one another and went their ways with the tall slim jars upon their shoulders. A baker shoved 81 loaves into his oven and closed the iron door. In a wine shop a customer laid his money on the counter. Suddenly an earthquake convulsed the city.

The barmaid never picked up the money. The baker's loaves were burned to a crisp. (Those loaves can be seen today in the Naples museum.) For, from the first shock, all

normal activity in Pompeii was for ever suspended.

But the earthquake was only the roused beast in Vesuvius shaking itself before action. Roaring and flashing hellish light, the volcano emitted a weird cloud whose top spread out and out. Birds dropped dead out of the sky. Sheets of water from breaking pipes and upheaved springs rushed down the city streets.

Thousands fled at once. These were the wise—and the wisest kept on travelling all that afternoon and night. Nothing else could have put them outside the circle of death that Vesuvius was inscribing round itself.

Others lingered, for reasons their corpses were to show. One group was found sitting piously round a funeral feast. A man found lying in the street still clutched a handful of gold coins—a looter, perhaps. Some people delayed to bury valuables and were buried themselves. Others spent precious time loading carts with their possessions. Others hid in their houses, shutting their doors against the mounting drift of volcanic ash, only to find that they could never open them again.

Save for such mute evidence, most of what we know about the last hours of Pompeii comes to us in the words of an 18-year-old boy. Gaius Plinius, called Pliny the Younger, was living across the Bay of Naples at Misenum with his mother and his uncle, known as Pliny the Elder, a famous naturalist and an admiral in the Roman Navy.

As his uncle's secretary, the lad furnished authorities with the best account that survives.

He tells how the admiral, seeing the pillar of smoke pouring out of Vesuvius, set out with ships to rescue friends on the doomed shore opposite. Through a rain of ashes and stones, across a tortured sea, the elder Pliny reached Stabiae, a port near Pompeii. But so high reared the quake-born waves that he could not set sail again.

All through the night the earth heaved and the mountain spewed flame, ash and rocks. In Misenum, as the night of horror ended, young Pliny and his mother joined the crowd fleeing the tottering walls. It was past seven in the morning, yet it grew darker and darker. The boy's mother, exhausted, begged him to leave her to die, but he drew her on, under the dusk of falling ash. Suddenly "such darkness as one finds in a close-shut room" overwhelmed them.

As that wing of death spread over Pompeii, the crowds in panic surged to the city gates. All these were narrow, and each created a bottleneck, jamming traffic with those foolish overloaded carts. Then, on a change in the wind, there came from the venomous mountain a blast of fatal gas—sulphur fumes, probably. On the beach at Stabiae the elder Pliny inhaled one whiff and dropped dead. Everywhere women threw themselves on their children, vainly trying to save them.

from asphyxiation. A chained dog writhed, baring his teeth at the pain of suffocation. But the agony could have lasted only a few minutes.

The ashes, mixing with rain, made a plaster that hardened round the dead in a perfect mould, preserving them in their final attitudes through the centuries. At last, after 28 hours of eruption, Vesuvius was quiet. Pompeii lay buried 20 feet deep. Herculaneum was overwhelmed by a river of mud that hardened like rock to a depth of 60 feet. When at last the sun came out, some 2,000 people of Pompeii and hundreds in Herculaneum and Stabia were no longer alive to see it.

IT WAS the entombment of Pompeii which saved it for us. All other cities of ancient times have suffered the fate of change, corruption and decay. Pompeii did not die a lingering death; it was killed, swiftly, at the height of its wealth and beauty. And so it lay for centuries locked in the earth, waiting for the hand of science to unwrap its ashen shrouds.

During the Middle Ages the location and the very name of Pompeii were forgotten. An uninhabited great ash heap near the Sarno River bore the name "La Civita," meaning "the city," but what city no one longer asked. When in 1594 a tunnel to bring water from the Sarno was bored under this hill, the delvers unearthed two inscribed tablets. Since Italian soil holds many relics,

however, the workmen passed them by. Not till the tunnel was inspected in 1739 by the engineer to the King of Naples were the hidden possibilities suspected. Alcubierre, the engineer, with a force of 24 workmen, and with gunpowder for his favourite tool, started crude excavations again in 1748. Beginner's luck sank his first shaft into Pompeii's business quarter. There, in a few days, were discovered a wall painting, its colours miraculously glowing, and the first body of a victim—the looter clutching gold coins.

Excited by these finds, the crew dug furiously—and at random. Alcubierre prized what items he found to grace the King of Naples' collection, but his chief interest was in the technical possibilities of gunpowder. The delicate techniques of modern archaeology were still unborn.

In 1763 there came to Pompeii a middle-aged German, J. J. Winckelmann, a cobbler's son with a scholar's passion for antiquities. But Pompeii was by now under the control of pedants more determined to keep secrets than to unveil them. Forbidden to visit the site, shadowed in the Naples museum by a spy and not allowed to make a sketch or take a measurement, Winckelmann studied till he knew by heart the entire collection of finds. Giving his shadow the slip, he bribed the foreman at Pompeii, and what he saw there—or rather what his genius made of it—was the true beginning of archaeology.

Before he was murdered four years later by an Italian thief in an hotel in Trieste, Winckelmann turned a jumble of relics into a clear, written record of six centuries of life in the vanished city. His work is one of the great "firsts" in the history of human culture, for it indicated methods for all the important excavations that have followed—Troy, Mycenæ, Crete, Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Yucatán. But no one at Pompeii heeded him then.

For another century there was little intellect used in the unearthing of the city. The great central forum was uncovered, revealing its markets, law courts, temples, then the covered theatre, concert hall, the sports arena seating 20,000, the zoo, and the public baths with their radiant-heating system. Yet it was not vanished ways of life that the antiquarians then sought, but only art relics for the Naples museum. Pompeii, stripped, became a shell holding only echoes to which no one listened.

In 1860, however, the Bourbon kings of Naples were ousted and Pompeii passed into the charge of Giuseppe Fiorelli, the first distinguished scientist on the spot since Winckelmann a century before. He called a halt to the careless treasure hunt, recognizing as treasure all fragments of the past, down to the least slim jar and to the very chariot ruts in the stony streets. Now the excavation went forward street by street, house by house, with system

and intelligence. These painstaking methods have been continued to this day, though everything within Pompeii's walls may not be uncovered for another 100 years.

Under a new policy enthusiastically executed by the present superintendent, Professor Amedeo Maiuri, every find is restored, when possible, in its place. A broken column is raised where once it stood; a scattered mosaic is put together on the spot. This restoration requires far more skill than mere exhuming, but the workmen—a force of about 100—bring reverence to the job. It passes from father to son, each worker having the right to name another from his family, so that the honour of wielding a spade in Pompeii has now passed even to the fourth generation. The government supplies three-fourths of the funds for the work; the rest is made up by receipts from the half-million tourists who annually visit Pompeii.

If you leave imagination and sympathy behind, you may be disappointed by the empty streets of ruins. But if you have the heart to people them, if you go with a guide-book or better still with a guide, you can build again for yourself what once was there.

You will hear the voices and the clatter of brisk business. You will look down the Street of Abundance, or the Street of Fortune, and see how all the houses had little shops downstairs in front—wine shops, shoe shops, bakeries, shops for fish

and meat, to say nothing of the great covered market in the central forum. There glittered the greatest temples, the law courts, the exchange, the vaults where were kept the public moneys, and in and out of the forum passed men and women bent on affairs that were to have no tomorrow.

How like our own these affairs were comes to light and life from the *graffiti*, the famous writings on Pompeii's walls. In those days before the use of paper, blank walls were the best medium for reaching the public. On them—in Latin, Greek or Oscan—elections were proclaimed, wares advertised, coming attractions announced. Idlers, too, left their scribbles—an insult, a bit of gossip, a jeer that Quintus loves Drusilla.

But it is the inner walls of Pompeii that have yielded the greatest wealth of Graeco-Roman painting ever found, preserved to us as nowhere else in the ancient world. Taking the place of wallpaper and of hanging pictures, these paintings reveal the taste and dreams of the householder. Myths and deities, landscapes, temples and battles and domesticated cupids made lively the rooms. Their pigments, those wondrous reds and blacks, sky blues and sea greens—fixed to the wall with a binder of lime, then polished

over and over—still glow with the rapture of living in those far-off pagan times.

Those days come closer when you step into a Pompeian house like the House of the Golden Cupids. Its street wall windowless, such a home kept its smile for family and friends. All its rooms opened inward, around the *atrium*, a central courtyard where lay a pool fed by rain water from the sloping roofs. In that genial Pompeian climate the family lived chiefly in the *atrium*; here the women sewed and chattered, here the doves swept down from the roof to drink at the pool. And here, or in the garden at the rear, children chased each other round the flower beds—the roses, narcissi and violets between low borders of box that today are carefully replanted there.

At night and in winter the family gathered in a living-room where a brazier gave out cheer. In a secluded corner was the household altar, with its little statues called Lares and Penates, the divinities of family luck and love.

The visitor to Pompeii will find it is not the few hours of terror and the few moments of agony, so long ago, that matter here, but rather the six centuries of living from which survives the powerful and sacred sense of our common humanity.



ONLY So Much Do I Know As I Have Lived.—Emerson

One of the best cold-war weapons—
Radio-Free Europe

Truth Rattles *The Iron Curtain*



By Leland Stowe *Distinguished American foreign correspondent, author of
"Conquest by Terror" etc*

JOSEPH GODA, a notoriously brutal Communist boss at Hungary's Tatabanya coal mines, was sprawled out comfortably in his living quarters, listening to a radio broadcast. Suddenly he heard "We are calling Joseph Goda, director of Mine Number Six at Tatabanya!"

The words froze Goda.

"Listen carefully, Goda," commanded the voice. "We know how you abuse and exploit your miners, and the inhuman conditions under which you force them to live. *Your name is in our Black Book.* Unless you change your habits at once you will never escape trial and ruthless punishment when liberation comes. This is your last chance, Goda!"

Goda had been tuned in to one of the free world's most effective radio programmes—"Calling the Communists," broadcast by Radio Free Europe. Two months later, in July

1953, a miner from Tatabanya's Number Six escaped to Salzburg. He reported that Goda, after this knife-edged warning, had promptly improved the workers' treatment.

Many other Red slave drivers and sadists in Iron Curtain countries have been wise enough to react similarly. For Radio Free Europe's Black Book is no idle threat. Its card index now contains full information on some 75,000 Czechoslovakians, and on a proportionately large number of nationals in the other satellites. Those listed are top candidates for attention when liberation comes.

How is Radio Free Europe able to expose Red terrorists deep inside the Iron Curtain? What is this organization, and what are its purposes?

Radio Free Europe is a bold innovation in the East-West battle for

men's minds. It is unique because it is non-governmental and combines the efforts of exiles from the six satellite nations, aided by American specialists and private financial contributions.

Despite six to eight years of Red dictatorship, an overwhelming majority of the satellite peoples still remain strongly anti-Communist—at least 80 per cent by most authorities' testimony. RFE is credited with a major rôle in having stunted the Reds' indoctrination efforts.

RFE reaches its vast audience through stations called the Voice of Free Poland, of Free Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania. Their slogans are "Poles speaking to Poles," "Hungarians to Hungarians," "Czechs to Czechs."

That simple fact explains RFE's large audiences. RFE speaks *for*, as well as *to*, the captive peoples—in their own idiom and with full knowledge of their psychology and background.

Satellite Europe's people need news about events inside their own countries quite as much as about those in the outside world. RFE stations fill both needs with hourly dawn-to-midnight news broadcasts. Each programme is broadcast several times from different locations, on different wave lengths. RFE transmitters are on the air almost 2,500 hours per week. This is the only way that most puppet-state citizens—overworked and time-monopolized by their Communist

rulers—can be assured of opportunities to listen.

The tributes paid to RFE by escapees are countless. "I'd never have got out if I hadn't listened to Radio Free Europe," said a Czech who recently arrived in Munich. "Until I tuned in one night I didn't know the border police had electrified the wires in our region. I got myself an insulated wire cutter. With that it was simple."

A 13-year-old Polish boy, Wladyslaw Hardyn, managed to reach West Berlin last August because he had heard another Polish boy of the same age tell over RFE how he had escaped the previous November. "The Communists were going to force me to work in a factory," Wladyslaw said, "but now I felt sure I could reach the West because so many others had."

When Stalin died, RFE technicians came up with a new wrinkle called "saturation," designed to frustrate the Soviet satellites' frantic jamming efforts. RFE's entire battery of 21 transmitters, strategically located in Germany and Portugal, was trained simultaneously on one satellite nation after another for a half-hour period, filling the air with "Stalin is dead! Your Communist oppressors no longer have a leader!"

A Hungarian who escaped a few days later told what this sensational scoop (RFE broadcast the news three to nine hours ahead of the Red régimes' radios) meant to people under Red subjugation. "My

brother came from the village and shouted, 'Stalin is dead! Radio Free Europe says so!' The news spread like wildfire. People said, 'It must be true because Radio Free Europe keeps repeating it.' Everyone went crazy with joy."

It has scored many other scoops, telling the satellite peoples of the downfall of their top officials before the state radio says a word about it.

To get its authentic information about conditions in cities and villages behind the Iron Curtain, RFE has built up a news organization which maintains 15 bureaus along the satellite periphery from Stockholm to Istanbul. The correspondents are constantly on the alert, and provide crime-reporter detail.

One Saturday noon last July, RFE correspondent Carl Koch was on his way to a week-end with friends. Suddenly his car radio blurted out: 'Eight Czechs have just crashed through to the German border in a home-made tank!' Koch turned round and raced for the spot named To reinforce him, Bill Geib, RFE's special-events chief, dashed from Munich with tape recorders and Czech-speaking interviewers. The two of them recorded the exciting escape story in the escapees' own voices. *In two hours* the RFE was broadcasting the story to all Czechoslovakia. It was an inspiration to every Communist-hating Czech. To the Reds it was a stinging humiliation.

For correspondent Koch and his Czech interviewers the scoop was only the beginning. They interrogated each escapee on every aspect of his daily life, on conditions where he worked, on food prices, the activities of local Communists—everything which would provide facts upon which future broadcasts to Czechoslovakia could be based.

Whenever an escapee possesses exceptional knowledge, a special report results—down to the number of bus lines which still operate in a certain city, and how often they break down. A broadcast containing minute details like this builds confidence among puppet-state listeners that the facts are getting through.

Up to 40,000 words in reports reach RFE's front-zone centre in Munich each week. There exiled experts from all six Iron Curtain countries cross-check every statement against data collected and classified over the past three and a half years. The RFE stations can't afford to give the Red régimes a loophole by committing factual errors.

By being the "free voice" of the enslaved puppet-state peoples, RFE does a job which no Western government station can approach. Non-governmental and unrestrained by diplomatic etiquette, it can fight with no holds barred.

Check-up raids by Red agents occur frequently in all satellite countries during RFE broadcasts. After several such invasions a number of

Hungarian families trained their dogs to bark at all visitors. The Communist police then began seizing dogs on the grounds of a non-existent rabies epidemic. The Voice of Free Hungary countered by telling listeners how to save their pets by mass protests.

A factor that makes suppression of listening difficult is that the Communists themselves are avid listeners, because they can't trust their own press and radio to tell them what's happening. In one Bulgarian village the Communist technician in charge of the public loudspeaker system made a practice of tuning in RFE under cover of Radio Moscow's stentorian blasts. One night he got his plug-ins mixed, and amazed and delighted villagers with an RFE exposure of atrocious conditions in a Bulgarian slave-labour camp. The engineer disappeared that night.

One of the most significant tributes ever paid to RFE came from an inner citadel of Bolshevik dictatorship. Budapest's Ministry of Defence broadcast this warning last

March: "The most dangerous effect of Radio Free Europe is not that it results in organized resistance, which is easily detected and suppressed, but in *personal resistance*, which is more difficult to control."

Why do the leaders of Red conquest brand RFE-inspired "personal resistance" as "most dangerous"?

When Lieut. Francis Jarecki was explaining to interviewers what caused him to fly the first MIG-15 out of Poland,* he made a remarkable statement—especially for a 21-year-old youth who had been subjected to intense Communist indoctrination ever since 1945. "I was only 13 when the war ended. We had no true picture of the Western World in our schoolbooks. The Communists even falsify our own Polish history. *But they cannot kill three things what Mother said about God and Poland, what one's heart dictates and what Radio Free Europe tells us.*"

* See "Why Jarecki Flew West," The Reader's Digest, November, 1953



Command Performance

BRITISH naval officers are talking of the signal made by the captain of the *Diamond* after the collision with the cruiser *Swiftsure*, which was the subject of a court-martial last autumn. As the *Swiftsure*, hit bows on, went astern, the admiral signalled: "What do you intend to do now?"

The reply from the *Diamond's* captain at this catastrophic moment in his career was: "Buy a farm!" —"Atticus" in *The Sunday Times*

We Each Have a Fort to Hold

By I A R Wylie

Author of "The Young in Heart," "Keeper of the Flame"
"Where No Birds Sing" etc

THE VAN-DRIVER drew up in our lane to take an amused look at me

"Painting quite a bit of the countryside, ma'am," he said

An exaggeration Still, the grass round the fence I was painting *was* spattered white Some of the paint, I knew, was on my nose My overalls were stiff with it

Ours is no ordinary fence It is a pampered parasite demanding constant care And there are, it seems to me as I straighten my aching back, miles of it. In the spring I set out with paint, brushes and brisk determination. But no sooner do I get one section immaculate than I realize with exasperation that the sections I painted last autumn have a forlorn, reproachful look

It is like our house. No sooner do we get one room spick and span than another clamours for fresh curtains or a new carpet Or the roof

There is glory in the daily chore

leaks, staining the bedroom wallpaper Or the electric pump needs a new motor

For that matter, I reflect grimly, it's like myself There's always something about me that has to be put to rights Physically, mentally and spiritually, there are constant repair jobs required Yet, sooner or later, I'll be an old woman and someone else will have to paint that fence So why not stop now and let everything in me and about me slide comfortably downhill?

Somehow I don't, or I can't Something more important than the fence itself is involved.

I think with sympathy of my young friend Jane with her small, crowded house, her husband and three children. Every morning she gets breakfast for her hungry people

who in a few hours will be hungry all over again, she washes dishes that will have to be washed tomorrow and tomorrow. Sometimes, she confessed once, she has an almost irresistible urge to slam the door on it all and escape, at least for a day, into freedom

But she knows that those plates, caked with grease, would be waiting inexorably for her return. So she keeps at it. Like most of us. Like her husband, who comes home to weed the garden, knowing well the weeds will grow again overnight. Or out he goes with the lawn mower, to cut the grass that he mowed only a few days ago.

Everywhere the fight to "keep things up" goes on—monotonous, repetitious tasks that sometimes seem so meaningless and fruitless. But, to humanity's everlasting credit, most of us keep on cleaning, repairing, patching up walls that would, if left untended, fall, leaving the tort wide open to the enemy.

It is not merely a matter of self-preservation. "There's Mrs. Frazer next door," Jane said once. "She gets overwhelmed with things and, in despair, lets them go altogether. Then when she comes over to weep on my shoulder and finds everything here all bright and shining she gets furious with both of us. But she sees it can be done, and goes and does it. Perhaps if she found that I'd given up she'd give up too. And the thing would spread all round us, like a sort of domestic measles."

She looked at me wistfully. "Or am I being self-important?"

I didn't think she was.

"WELL, you're doing a good job, ma'am," my van-driver assured me. "You're sprucing up the neighbourhood!"

I hadn't consciously thought of it in that way. But perhaps subconsciously I *had* felt when I set out with paint and brush that I owed something to my neighbours, an obligation to keep things up in our road. And if our road and its inhabitants keep up, the whole community gets a lift.

Basically, civilizations don't fall because of lost battles or material misfortunes. They crumble from within—because the average citizen has fallen down on his job, sold his integrity for ephemeral gain, and by neglect and indifference allowed his civic and private virtues to fall into decay. Others, infected by his example, follow suit until the whole of his world, built up by the patient, honest labours of his forefathers, rots and tumbles about his ears and the barbarian invader takes over.

In this respect we have no private lives. We are not just responsible to and for ourselves. Small fry though we be, we are vital links in a vital chain. When the links, untended, rust, the chain breaks.

A friend of mine, now an old, heartbroken woman, was once happily married. She had two daughters and then a son, Peter. Because

he came late in their lives, and because he was a handsome, clever, lovable youngster, Peter was the darling of his parents' hearts.

When Peter was caught stealing from his mother's purse and lied about it, he was only lightly reprimanded ("It was just a childish prank. All children pilfer like magpies.") When Peter neglected his homework, his father helped him—though his aid amounted to cheating. It was easier for the parents to let a little dust gather on their principles than to subject themselves and their darling son to a vigorous house-cleaning.

Years later, Peter became under-manager of the local bank. In this responsible position he made disastrous speculations, then falsified accounts. He finally landed himself in prison and part of his community in ruin.

"Nobody else understands how it could have happened," his mother said to me. "But *I* understand. He began to default as a child when he stole from me. His father and I glossed over his weaknesses. We were slack and careless. We let him down."

It's fatally easy to let down—to

turn a blind eye on dusty corners in our households and in ourselves. This neglect works like a mysterious alchemy which turns our best into our worst. As in Sam, for example—the brilliant engineer whose cleverness turned to cutting corners in his contracts, for a bigger profit. Or Jim, who started in local government with a high purpose, but found it easier to accept "back-handers"—and let down the voters. These people are sentinels who betrayed their citadel. Yet if early in their careers they had sensed the danger of neglecting daily self-discipline, they might have ended up as trusted captains. Instead they went down, dragging others with them.

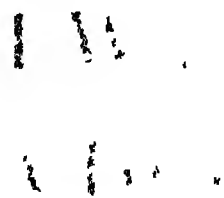
Every time we yield to the temptation to let down our standards we are letting down a civilization which has been built up with immeasurable pain and effort. It is the patient labour of ordinary men and women repeating their daily, monotonous tasks, always a little better and a little more intelligently, who have made our world—not perfect, but liveable and a few steps above that of the savage. Laboriously, stone by stone, they built the fort. It is up to us to hold it.



AT AN AUTOMATIC ice-dispensing plant in our town, there are a number of slots which take coins of various denominations and dispense ice of various sizes and kinds. Directions are printed over each slot. In the centre of the machine is a large sign: WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, TRY READING DIRECTIONS.

—Contributed by Marian Parmenter

*A true and moving story of how
America's much-maligned schools
perform the job they were created for*



By Billie Davis



NOT so long ago I was a small ragged hobo girl sitting beside a campfire, hungrily licking the fishy oil from the lid of a sardine tin. Today I am a citizen, clean and educated, equal to other citizens. Perhaps more than most people I am a product of the American school system. That is why I am surprised and disturbed at the lack of appreciation for these schools today. I want to say something about the relationship between public education and personal liberty. I can show it plainly by telling my story.

I was born into that unique clan of American gypsies—gypsies by manner of living rather than by blood. You used to find them camped under the bridge or down at the rubbish dump or out by the cattle yards of any small southern town. A vagabond people, they sometimes picked cotton or fruit, sometimes gathered Indian corn. But mostly they travelled from town

to town peddling novelties, trading horses, sharpening scissors, making keys.

Mine was a "rustic-furniture" family—Dad made willow chairs, tables and novelties from the young willows which grew by the rivers. Every morning I would set out to peddle the small willow baskets, complete with crêpe-paper roses. Up one side of the street and down the other I went, anxiously watching for dogs and dreading more than anything else to meet another child.

The children who lived in houses looked so clean and cared for—so smooth, I used to think. My hair was a mass of tangles, my frock was usually dirty and never ironed. I wanted to be like the children who played in the pretty front gardens. *How can I ever be like people who live in houses?* I asked myself desperately.

I would hurry by school build-

ings—there were so many children round them. They stared and laughed and pointed at my high-laced canvas shoes (School kids wore nice Oxfords or shiny black shoes with straps)

School! Was that the secret? Perhaps school made the difference between tramps like us and people who lived in houses. The idea became an obsession. Anybody, I thought, can be clean and smooth and live in a nice house if he is bright. And school can make you bright.

Schools, I had learned, were free, and every child was supposed to go. But school meant staying awhile in one place, and that was not good for the rustic business. So for two years after I was old enough to begin school I lived in a state of longing and frustration. I would peep into schoolroom windows, and sometimes after hours I would slip inside, touch a hook or a desk wonderingly and stare fascinated at a blackboard.

Then one September we were camped with some circus people in the grounds of an old fort in Wyoming. There was to be a pioneer celebration, and my folks were to make rustic novelties for prizes. It looked as though we should be there for several weeks.

"I'm going to send my children to the school," one of the women told my mother. "There's a school bus comes right by here. Why don't you send yours?"

Somehow like a miracle there was

a new frock. There was a long red pencil, a fat yellow writing tablet and a little lunch box. And then I was standing with a group of children, waiting ecstatically for the school bus.

Soon I had a room and a teacher and, most wonderful of all, a desk. When I sat there I was equal to anyone else. Outside, they could jeer at my clothes and laugh because I lived in a tent and peddled in the streets. But so long as I sat at the desk and learned my lessons well I could be free of sickening inferiority. Some of the clean, smooth children did not do as well as I at school. Next time they called me a dirty gipsy it would not hurt so much.

There were many schools as the years went by. There were proud new schools of yellow brick. There were sand scratched wooden cubes along Nebraska lanes, and powdery crumbling red brick cubes in little square towns of Kansas.

In each town I would walk to the school, find a teacher and say, "I would like to go to school here, please."

Without exception, I was greeted with kindness. Usually there was a bustling off to an office to answer questions. "No address? No transfer from previous school? No report card? Have you studied long division?"

"No sir, but I belong in the fourth grade. Just put me in the class and let me try it. If I can't do

the work, you can put me back a grade, can't you?" In the end my questioner would smile and show me to a room and a teacher.

There was Miss Williams, kind and motherly, who had found me hiding in the break so the children could not tease me. After that she let me stay in at break and water her plants.

There was Miss Euland, quick and proficient, who noticed one day that I was squinting. She took me to an eye doctor, bought me the glasses he prescribed. I could pay for them some day, Miss Euland said, by doing for some other child what she had done for me. It was the nicest thing anyone had ever told me, because it meant that Miss Euland knew I would not be a camper all my life.

That was what made me love teachers. They believed in me. Even my parents mocked my "highfalutin' ways," but the teachers could see the spirit flickering dimly within that tattered caricature of childhood.

At last there came that torrid, shimmering afternoon when our old Model A Ford puffed and steamed across a little valley in southern California. Should we pick dates? Beans? Carrots? Should we go on to Bakersfield and maybe pick some fruit farther along in the San Joaquin valley? Or try our luck peddling over towards the coast?

Then I saw the school building. It was sprawled yellow stucco, surrounded by date palms and back-

dropped with a row of dusky hills. I caught my breath sharply.

Dad grinned sardonically. "Billie sees a school-house," he said.

"After all, Dad," I said, "it is October, and this is the year I should be at high school."

Two hours later we were pitching our tent beside a row of tamarack trees, and the next morning I went to register at the school. Several other new pupils were seated at a table filling in forms. Evidently the school was accustomed to registering transients, and the process had been carefully planned—so well, in fact, that the same course of study was offered to all. As I read my schedule my heart sank: cooking, general maths, clothing, English, hygiene.

"Do we have no choice of subjects?" I asked the teacher.

Often I have thought how easily she could have brushed me aside. Instead she came and sat by me.

"There are electives," she explained. "But this is a basic course we are sure you will find profitable and enjoyable while you are here."

"But I can't spend all that time on cooking and sewing," I said. "Already I am older than most pupils in my class."

She suggested then that we talk with the principal.

"What subjects do you have in mind?" the principal asked.

"History, dramatics, English and Spanish," I said.

"Dramatics is an upper-division

elective, and it seems a little late to start a foreign language." The principal looked at the teacher inquiringly.

"Well, if her English has been good and she works hard——"

They called in the Spanish teacher to ask me a few questions. Then two other teachers came to see me, and the result was that I was enrolled in all four courses.

For five months we camped under the tamarack trees and I went to the yellow secondary school. We (all eight of us) picked dates or beans or carrots; I peddled my baskets from door to door in the surrounding towns. We cooked on the campfire and slept in a row on one long pallet in the tent. At night, after the others had settled on the family bed, I did my homework by an ancient paraffin lantern.

Somehow I did not think of myself as a hobo now. I was the freshman who had the leading part in a play at Valley High!

The next autumn I found another secondary school in another town, and its spirit was the same. In the classroom, in the debating team, on the staff of the school paper, and finally in my cherished blue cap and gown as I spoke at the graduation

exercises, I found freedom and equality which gave me faith and inspiration.

As I sat on the platform that night of graduation, I thought of all the tents and wagons and campgrounds and worn-out cars. I thought of the canvas shoes I looked down at the neat blue-and-white pumps I was wearing. Then I looked at the rows of gowns. Young people from wealthy and prominent families were wearing blue gowns like mine. I knew then what was meant by "democracy."

I looked at the row of solemn teachers and wondered if they realized their power to shape a life, to change a destiny, to free a world. How unlimited could be the effects of proper education! I glanced at the notes of my speech: "What East High Has Meant to Me." Childish. So inadequate. Some day I would write a real tribute to the teachers and to the schools of the United States of America.

Many times since that night I have tried to think of a fitting tribute. But proper words have never come. There is so little I can say—except that I am not a hobo now. I am a citizen, equal to other citizens. And I live in a house.

ONCE UNCOMFORTABLY crowded in a London bus, Edmund Gosse said to his companion, W. M. Rossetti, "I understand you are an anarchist." "I am an atheist," replied Rossetti in a loud voice. "My daughter is an anarchist." A sufficient number of people left the bus indignantly to make Gosse and Rossetti comfortable.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick,
The Secret of Victorious Living (The Student Christian Movement)



At Home in the Hills



Condensed from the book, "Children of Noah"

Ben Lucien Burman

Author of "Steamboat Round the Bend," "Everywhere I Roam," etc

DARK, mysterious, the great Appalachian ridge rises from the green Cumberland Valley in Tennessee, stretching out endlessly to the horizon, as though it were a Chinese wall built to keep all who dwell behind it in a world apart.

The wall is breaking. Life behind the lofty ridge is changing. Motorcars come down the passes where once only a mule could wander, and the juke box bellows in the little towns that formerly knew only the mountain fiddler. But much of the spirit of the old life and many of the old ways remain.

Some conflict between the new and the old is always occurring. In a little town I was visiting, a mountaineer hitched his horse to one of the parking meters newly installed before the courthouse. Arrested by

an overzealous officer, he showed he had paid five cents and argued that the parking space was for all kinds of transport, whether it used petrol or hay. The judge agreed, and horseman and horse went home in triumph.

At the edge of the towns the pavement ends abruptly. Let the traveler take a horse or a jeep and go up one of the creeks or branches that wind between the towering hills; in a few miles he is in another world. He will see cabins where old women still take out the spinning-wheel and make clothing from the wool of the sheep grazing in the valley. Now and then he will find a cabin where the mountaineer has no lamp or candle, only a torch made from pitch pine



Except for the Mississippi fisherman on his shanty-boat, there is no one in all America so fiercely independent as the Kentucky mountaineer. He will receive the most casual stranger with a quiet hospitality incredible to one who knows only the ways of the cities, sharing without a thought his last crust of corn bread, he will accept with stoicism any trial that stern nature sends upon him and his fields. But let his freedom be threatened, and his gentleness becomes blazing anger.

It was this spirit that, in the past, caused so many of the feud tragedies. The mountaineer's house was his castle, and the lands about it his unchallenged domain. Let anyone invade either, and the intruder's life was the penalty. Early land surveys were often sketchy, disputes over boundaries inevitable. The ensuing feuds were wars between rival kings.

It was this independent spirit which gave rise to "moonshining." Corn was one of the few crops that would take hold on the rocky slopes. Without highways or railroads the mountain man could not compete with the crops of the lowlands. The easiest way to turn his harvest into cash was to convert it into whisky. His corn (and his liquor), he argued, was legal property. Anyone interfering, such as a revenue officer, was acting illegally. Therefore it was as lawful to shoot him as it would be to shoot a man trying to steal his cow.

In spite of their self-sufficiency, mountain men and women hunger for knowledge of the world beyond the misty horizon. Once on a walking trip, my wife and I chanced to stop at a cabin where a bright-eyed old man was sitting. He made us welcome, plying us with questions. When he learned that my wife was a Canadian whose ancestors had come from England, his face lighted. "I've always wanted to meet a Briton," he said. "All my life I've wanted to meet a Briton."

For an hour we talked, then it was time for us to go.

The old man took my wife's hand and held it warmly. His face grew wistful. "When you git back to Canada," he said, "I'd mighty like it if you'd git all your kinfolk lined up and take a picture of 'em, and then write their names and addresses underneath and send 'em to me. I'd like to git in correspondence with 'em."

The native religion in these mountains has changed little. The traveler in some remote region may still come upon a foot-washing, conducted with Biblical simplicity. He may still chance to see a funeralizing—a service for the dead that is sometimes delayed as much as two years by lack of minister or funds.

The family of a man who had been killed in an argument found a satisfactory preacher after months of searching. But they still needed someone to read out the hymns. The only individual who could read was

the man who had done the killing. Reluctantly, the family finally asked for his help. The services were proceeding smoothly when relatives of the deceased objected to the tone in which the killer was reading. The funeralizing halted abruptly, and it was only the frantic efforts of the preacher that prevented new fatalities.

Despite some modern touches, a mountain trial is much the same as when I first visited the Cumberlands 30 years ago, and court was opened with a fiddlers' contest. A court session is still the great event of the year. The informality instantly charms the visitor. I sat in a mountain court one afternoon as the judge prepared to swear in the annual Grand Jury. Addressing the tobacco-munching farmers arranged solemnly before him on a double row of chairs, the judge said, "Before I swear you in I want to ask—Is there anybody sitting here that's under indictment for anything? I don't want nobody on my jury that's under indictment."

There was a long silence. Then in the back row a lanky farmer rose and shifted uneasily. "Guess they got me up in federal court over at Maysville for moonshining, Judge."

The judge shook his head in regret. "You got to get off the Grand Jury then, Jeff. I ain't going to have nobody on my jury that's under indictment."

The same informality is evident in local law enforcement. More than

once I have heard a sheriff ask a mountaineer from some distant creek to inform a neighbour that he was under arrest and tell him to be sure to come in as soon as possible. And the sheriff could be certain the arrested man would obey.

Mountain gaols have a homely quality. In one mountain town the county gaoler, an amiable soul, took my wife and me on a tour, carefully introducing us to each of his 47 prisoners. We shook hands with them all, including two accused of murder. In another town we visited, a man felt that he had been unjustly convicted. While still behind bars he stood for the office of gaoler, and being duly elected, took over the gaol.

The mountain politician is still basically like the colourful candidate I met years ago whose platform was "A dog for every man in the mountains." One candidate in a settlement I visited told his hearers, "Everybody knows we don't need no county attorney in this county. You vote for me and I'll make you as near none as you ever had."

There are still vast areas without a doctor. Babies are still treated for thrash—an infection of the throat—by having a man who has never seen the father breathe into the sick infant's mouth. A treatment for fever is to split onions and place them under the patient's bed. The fever will pass into the onions, turning them black, and the patient is cured.

The mountaineer loves his hills.

with an intense devotion. He will describe to you like a poet the charm of the dark range rising before his cabin, the pines atop Saddleback, or the green haze over the Breaks o' Sandy. He is lost when he is away

Once on a bus, travelling west from Washington, I began talking with a middle-aged man from the heart of the Cumberlands. For years he had wanted to see the capital of his country, at last he had accumulated enough money for a week in the city. He arrived at the Washington station and went into the street. When he saw no hills anywhere, only a mass of madly driven vehicles and close-packed, rushing humanity, a wave of nostalgia swept him.

"I seen this bus waiting outside the door," he told me. "The driver said it was heading back to the mountains. So I give him my ticket and went aboard. I'm sure glad I'm going home."

The names of the creeks and settlements have extraordinary colour. Hell for Certain, a rocky creek that is still a trial for horse or mule; Hoop-forlary, where a ghost is supposed to come flying out from a mountain uttering the weird cry "Whoop for Larry"; Burnt Camp Creek and Gobblers Knob. The speech itself is beautiful in its simplicity. Not long ago I heard a judge remark of a girl whose husband he had just sentenced "She

drove her ducks to a bad market."

Often when I have wandered through the area I have taken a mandolin. It has led me into some pleasant adventures.

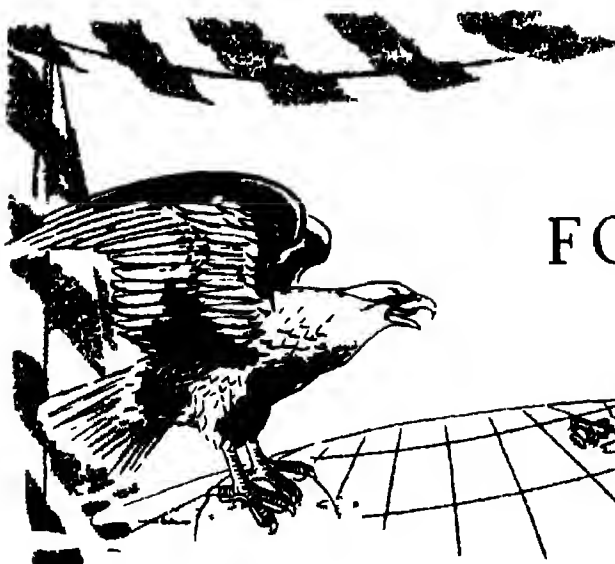
Some years ago in a little cross-roads shop I met Fiddling Jack, the bearded musical master of his valley. We talked a while, then he took up his violin. "Play 'Fire on the Mountain,' Jack," called a gaunt farmer, and Jack fiddled valiantly.

"Play 'Billy Boy,'" said the gaunt man. I could not believe my ears. The fiddle was again playing "Fire on the Mountain."

Then Jack looked at my mandolin thoughtfully. "Let's you and me play a duet, brother," he said. The only piece we both knew was "My Old Kentucky Home." I was trilling away when I noticed that something was wrong. I stopped and listened. The fiddle was scraping out "Fire on the Mountain."

The mountaineer has many faults. He is quick to take offence, he is sometimes violent. But his virtues far outweigh his sins. He is kind, honest, and loyal to the death. He takes no man's orders and gives orders to no man. His single aim in life is to be free.

In another generation perhaps he will have disappeared, his only trace a headstone on some pine-bordered hill. Yet so long as America lasts he will live on in spirit. He is one of the last pioneers.



MANNERS FOR AMERICANS

By William Hard

A CONTINENTAL European said to me not long ago "Russia used to have the eagle as its emblem. You Americans have the eagle as your emblem. We Europeans are deafened by the din now made by those two eagles screaming at each other, exchanging insults and threats. Overwhelmingly we prefer the American eagle. But we do wish that it would exhibit less emotion and more composure, less truculence and more of the calm confidence that befits so great a bird."

Similar remarks are reported by virtually every U S observer abroad. We are widely "misliked" and called "adolescent" and accused of being on our way to plunging the world wantonly into another war.

My first impulse in reply is to point out the shortcomings of other nations in their behaviour towards us. But I remember the admonition in the Gospel: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye . . ."

An experienced observer suggests five ways his countrymen can get on better with others

So here I write about us Americans. And I mean *all* of us.

I have spent much of my life among peoples of other countries. I suggest five ways in which we could get on with them better, without hurting ourselves.

First, we could pipe down a bit in talking about our own greatness and grandeur. For instance, why should Washington spokesmen and crossroads orators spend so much time proclaiming America's "world leadership"? Who wants to have a neighbour say, "I am your leader"? It amounts to saying, "You are my follower." Nations don't like to be classified as followers. If we must lead, let's not lead so loud.

And how about taking a holiday from telling the world how wonderful we are because of our washing

R J Cruikshank, Editor of the *News Chronicle*, has this to say about "Manners For Americans".

"This piece is full of William Hard's deep wisdom and good-humoured understanding. The onus for creating anti-American feelings, though, should not be dumped on American shoulders. We Britons should guard against becoming the unconscious dupes of anti-American propaganda which is very actively spread by the Communists and their fellow-travellers.

"Beware of appearing to patronize Americans. The Briton does not inherit a God-given right to criticize American customs, manners, tastes or political institutions. Sheer off such assumptions as that all Americans are materialists, interested only in 'the almighty dollar,' while most Britons are altruists.

"In conversations with Americans, stick honestly to your own point of view—that will be appreciated—but be as polite as you would be to any stranger you fall into talk with in the train. Don't assume you know them better than they know themselves.

"Anglo-American relations are always improved by the sweetening of good manners."

machines, our deep-freeze units, our television sets, our bathrooms? What does one think of a man who is always letting the town know how rich he is?

Second: We might experiment in not talking so tough. Why are we thought to be capable of starting another war? It is not our deeds. It is our words. We do not need to abate our policies. We need only to abate our way of expressing them.

In domestic politics we indulge in unrestrained verbal violence. That sort of violence does not fit international politics. Let's moderate our language not only towards our enemies but towards our allies. Many U.S. Congressmen in transatlantic

tones tell our allies: "You do this—or else."

And then we are surprised that we are thought to be bullies. Let's remember that in international diplomacy it pays to be diplomatic.

Point Three: Many people abroad think we are too boisterous and roisterous when touring. Of course, we are not unique in this matter. But the real point is this:

In the old days, when all Americans were thought to be rough frontiersmen, Europeans were rather

amused when in their cities we behaved like lumberjacks coming out of the woods for a spree. Now, though, our country has come to a pinnacle of power and prominence, and it is for us to behave with a corresponding dignity. Let us heed President Eisenhower's recent admonition:

"Each of us, whether bearing a commission from the Government or travelling by himself for pleasure or for business, should remember that he is a representative of the United States of America."

That thought should be enough to guide us.

Next notion: Let's be less nervous in our dealings with Commun-

ists and Communist propaganda. I would gao!—or, better, execute—all Communist conspirators actually seeking the violent overthrow of our Government. But why should any of us get jittery when the danger of such an overthrow is almost nonexistent? It is not our anti-Communism that brings us ridicule from abroad. It is the fear that some of us display of Communism and even of reading about Communism. For instance:

The State of Texas has a law whereby its Board of Education cannot purchase any book written by a Communist or ex-Communist. This law deprives Texas schools of some of the best books ever written against Communism, such as those by ex-Communists Louis Budenz and Whittaker Chambers. Yet, ironically, it leaves encyclopedias still in existence in Texas. And every major encyclopedia contains long accounts of Karl Marx and Nikolai Lenin and of Communist economic and political philosophy. The law also leaves newspapers in existence in Texas. Yet newspapers report the Communist propaganda delivered, for example, by Comrade Vishinsky in the United Nations. Nothing is gained by banning a *book* by Vishinsky so long as his propagandist *speeches* are printed on newspaper presses all over America.

Most Americans realize this. Our friends abroad should observe that the American Library Association has denounced such bannings and

has come forward with the admirable principle: "The answer to a bad book is a good one." The American Bar Association—certainly a conservative organization—has denounced book-banning and has said: "Any fear that our people have become so soft-headed that they have to be protected against books is unfounded."

Whereupon it becomes necessary to say a word or two about Senator Joseph McCarthy. It is widely thought abroad that he has put fear of ideas into the mind and heart of every American. Numerous anti-McCarthyites among us promote that impression in a very strange way. They open their mouths to yell to the world that McCarthy has closed their mouths.

If McCarthy is conducting any general war against freedom of non-Communist expression—and I think he is not—he is singularly unsuccessful. I note that newspapers assail him in a vast volume of hostile criticism. I note that every economic and political idea ever advocated in the Congress of the United States before McCarthy is still advocated there. I note that left-wing periodicals are still published, unrepentant and unabashed. And, for that matter, New York's Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, still comes out punctually.

Inflated fear of McCarthy is just as disgraceful as inflated fear of Communist propaganda. Let's have no fear of any philosophy in Amer-

ica, no fear of any man. We aren't natively scaredy-cats. Let's get over this spasm of fearfulness as fast as we can. It only gets us laughs. I'd rather get brickbats. And, believe me, we are surely going to get bricks.

My fifth piece of unsolicited advice to my fellow Americans is: Get over wanting to be liked

Suppose we were perfect. Suppose we never talked loud but only whispered. Suppose we never talked tough but only cooed. Suppose we never toured abroad except with etiquette books in our pockets. Suppose we never showed a shred of fear even in the face of a new book by Malenkov. We'd still get those bricks. Why?

Because power and popularity never go together. A Briton put it to me very well. He said

"When we British were top-dog, everybody spat in our eye. Now you are going to be top-dog, and everybody is going to spit in *your* eye."

This is an unwelcome prospect

for Americans. We are, at bottom, a strongly affectionate people. We enjoy being called by our first name, even upon the shortest acquaintance. We like to do kindnesses and expect kindnesses in return. Now we have to learn the bitter truth of the warning given to us in 1796 by that great realist, George Washington:

"There can be no greater error than to expect real favours from nation to nation."

We are too rich, too strong, too formidable to be loved. Let us put love of being loved behind us.

But there is indeed one thing abroad which, if we will, we can gain and keep. That is *respect*. We can gain and keep it by recognizing our weaknesses, by healing ourselves of them and thus transforming them into strengths. And this, I think, we are going to do. I confidently predict that as we Americans become more familiar with the world we shall strive less to improve it by lecturing it and strive more to improve ourselves by learning from it.

Modern Inconveniences

HOWARD MAXWELL of Los Angeles is a man in tune with his times. So when his four-year-old daughter Melinda acquired a fixation for "The Three Little Pigs" and demanded that he read it to her night after night Mr. Maxwell, very pleased with himself, tape-recorded the story. When Melinda next asked for it, he simply switched on the playback. This worked for a couple of nights, but then one evening Melinda pushed the storybook at her father. "Now, honey," he said, "you know how to turn on the recorder."

"Yes," said Melinda, "but I can't sit on its lap." —Los Angeles Times

She's Given Away 10,000 Babies

By Eleanor Harris

CONGRATULATIONS! You and your husband have just become the parents of a fine boy. He was born at four o'clock this morning. He weighs eight pounds four ounces and has blue eyes like yours. Come to Fort Worth and get him in ten days."

Edna Gladney has relayed thousands of telephone messages like this to all corners of America. During the past 43 years she has given out for adoption 10,000 children of unwed mothers through the Edna Gladney Home in Fort Worth, Texas, which she heads. Her slogan is "There is no such thing as an illegitimate child—only illegitimate parents."

A typical unwed mother in the Gladney nursing home is about 20 years old and comes from a respectable middle-class family. She learned of the maternity hospital from a doctor or from an advertisement in a newspaper. She became pregnant by the only man with whom she ever had sexual relations. She never finished secondary school, but the father is a secondary school graduate, usually between the ages of 19 and 24. She had worked as a waitress, salesgirl or typist, or was a student, he is in military service.

To babies without fathers, to mothers without husbands, Edna Gladney gives a better chance in life

Why didn't they marry? Because, on learning the girl was pregnant, the man didn't immediately propose. When he finally did, she resented the fact that he would marry only because of her pregnancy.

Each girl receives a false name for the duration of her stay. She is advised to tell none of the other patients her real name, job or home town. The story told by the unhappy girl to her friends and family is retold meticulously by the nurses. If she is pretending to friends that she is working in another city, Mrs. Gladney borrows the address of a Gladney foster parent there, who carefully re-addresses all letters sent to the girl, and who posts the letters written by her.

During the three to five months that a young mother is staying at Mrs. Gladney's she receives medical care, instruction and a great deal of understanding help. If she wants to keep up a course of study, correspondence courses are provided.

Five days after the birth of her baby, the mother signs away her

rights to it, often with tears. Most girls write affectionate letters to the nurses and to Mrs. Gladney for many months after they have left Fort Worth. Most of them marry within a year or two.

When foster parents—who must meet the Home's common sense standards as to age, personality and income—come to pick up their adopted baby, Mrs. Gladney tells them the infant's history, revealing no names or geographical locations. Finally she instructs them in baby care and stresses the necessity of telling the child that it is adopted.

"Never hide this fact from him," she says. "Make the story of his adoption a story of love. Tell him that when you first saw him here you loved him on sight. Tell him that his real parents were forced by tragedy to give him up but that they loved him very much."

For six months after a couple takes a baby the child may be returned to the Home by the foster parents. It may also be recalled by the Gladney Home. But only once, out of 10,000 cases, has the Gladney office had to demand the return of a child because the foster parent proved undesirable.

At 66 years of age Edna Gladney looks just the opposite of a crusader. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs 13 stone. Above all this poundage is a charmingly pretty face. For the past five years she has been a diabetic, but even so her tremendous energy enables her to do

more in a day than several ordinary people. In 1941 her life became the subject of an award-winning film, *Blossoms in the Dust*, with Greer Garson playing the lead.

Mrs. Gladney's public career began when, in 1910, she was appointed a director of the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society, a private agency concerned with child adoption. In 1927 she was named superintendent. Two years later she badgered a millionaire into buying an empty old mansion, which she turned into a much-needed baby home and hospital. When her husband died suddenly in 1935 the directors were able to pay her a sufficient salary so that she might continue as the Society's head. In 1950 the agency changed its name to the Edna Gladney Home.

Today Mrs. Gladney hovers like a friendly mother hen over the various units of the Home and over the lives of everyone involved. She also welcomes a continual flow of "Gladney babies" in their teens, 20s and 30s, who come calling on her. Often a baby she gave out for adoption 35 years ago comes to beg in turn for a baby to adopt.

The Edna Gladney Home's board of directors is made up almost entirely of businessmen. Mrs. Gladney explains, "We have a predominantly male board because men are much kinder towards unmarried mothers than women."

Mrs. Gladney is continually

wheedling "necessities" out of her board members. "She's a born pan-handler," they all agree affectionately. Recently, she wanted a new recreation building and laundry. The board turned her down flat. Rising in wrath, she faced the assembled group of successful businessmen.

"I just wish that all of you men

were pregnant! I wish that you had to wear barrel-like clothes over your misshapen figures. I wish that you had to live like this for nine long months—among strangers. Then I wish that you had your babies, and had to give them up for adoption. You'd give me that recreation building soon enough!"

It is now being built



Ranking on Ashes

IN WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA, when the lawn-mowing and leaf-raking season ended a year ago, 11-year-old Skeety Stine, who had his heart set on a three-speed English bike, was still woefully short of his goal. But on the first icy afternoon, as he completed setting out the furnace ashes for the dustman, he watched a car, its wheels spinning frantically, trying to get up the hill in front of his house. That gave him an idea, and on December 23 this ad appeared in the *Suburban and Wayne Times*:

ASHES—a grand Christmas gift for friends whose cars get stuck on icy driveways. 15c a bag in North Wayne, 25c elsewhere. Call Wayne 2771.

His stock was promptly sold out, mostly to jokesters looking for an original Christmas gift. So on December 30 he ran this ad:

ASHES—Sorry so many of you were disappointed at Christmas. Stockpiles replenished. Tuck a bag in your own car and be ready for icy weather.

Wayne awoke to a determined snowstorm on the morning of the 31st, and orders came so fast Skeety had to

canvass neighbours for ashes. The next ad read:

ASHES. Seven testimonial letters received from grateful customers whose cars were not stuck on New Year's Eve.

This produced a telephone order for 40 bags from a 16-year-old living in a hilly neighbourhood. "There isn't a coal furnace within miles," he explained, "and no one can get his car out of his driveway. I can sell those bags for 50 cents." Another of Skeety's best customers was a classmate who bought up ashes, then on icy days sold them to motorists at the worst hill in town.

Finally the business began cutting into Skeety's homework to such an extent that his mother brought it to an end with the following—not strictly accurate—ad:

ASH BUSINESS temporarily discontinued. Vacationing in Florida on profits. Your patronage gratefully appreciated.

By this time, however, Skeety and his sister were the proud owners of shiny new English bikes.

--Contributed by Cynthia Flannery

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

By
Edwin Muller



THE North Pole and the Arctic used to be a remote end of the earth. Until recently only a handful of explorers had been to the Pole. A few Eskimos lived in the Arctic. Otherwise the area was an empty void.

Today things are different. The Arctic is busy and populated. Some 8,000 Americans (4,000 in winter) live in that extraordinary city of Thule, only 900 miles from the Pole.* Other permanent settlements are even farther north.

Hundreds of people have been over the North Pole. More than 1,000 flights have been made over it. The routine flights are chiefly for weather observation. Tourist flights are one of the ways in which Thule entertains important visitors.

The reason for all this is, of course, military. The Arctic is the

The Arctic is not silent and it's not lifeless—and you may be seeing it sooner than you think

shortest route by which the Americans and the Russians might bomb each other's cities. And if there is no atomic war the Arctic will probably become even busier and more populated—as a crossroads of world air traffic. If you do a fair amount of travelling you may find yourself, five years hence, flying over the Pole and hardly bothering to look up from your magazine. In ten years you may stop at a comfortable hotel in the Arctic and enjoy the amazing scenery.

Most of us have misconceptions about the Arctic.

We call it an "ocean." But it is about a sixth the size of the Atlantic. The Canadian explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson 30 years ago rightly

* See "A Giant New Air Base at the Top of the World," *The Reader's Digest*, January, 1953

called it a "mediterranean sea"—a sea enclosed by land. On its shores are the most powerful nations of the modern world

We think of the North Pole as the coldest place on earth. But there are places in the United States where it gets colder. The coldest yet recorded in the vicinity of the Pole is 55 degrees below zero. It gets as cold as that sometimes in Minnesota. In Montana 66 below has been recorded.

To find real cold you have to go a long way south of the North Pole. The coldest inhabited place on earth (so far as we know) is Oymyakon, a town in Siberia 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle. It has recorded 93 below. Incidentally, it gets hot in summer in Oymyakon—sometimes 100 in the shade.

We think of the Arctic as a land of constant snow and ice. There's plenty of ice, but annual snowfall in the Ben Nevis area is often greater. Except where high mountains come near the sea, the entire Arctic coast is free from snow in summer. Even at the Pole it rarely snows in mid-summer. It rains.

On the west coast of Greenland, near the Circle, are many lovely meadows. There are no trees—almost none anywhere in the Arctic—but in July and August there is a wealth of shrubs and flowers. These meadows are better to look at than to walk on. Just under the surface is the permafrost. The surface water can't drain through. It is like walk-

ing on a saturated sponge. Just right for mosquito breeding. In summer there are probably more mosquitoes at the Arctic Circle than anywhere else in the world.

The Arctic Sea is deep—two and a quarter miles at the Pole. It is covered with ice floes. Along the coasts in summer there is a strip of open water through which steamers can navigate most of the circumference of the Arctic. In autumn the shore waters freeze and navigation ceases.

The Arctic has been depicted as silent and lifeless. On the contrary, it is apt to be noisy. The millions of ice floes, anywhere from the size of your hat up to several hundred square miles, are in constant motion. Floe grinds against floe with a roar that can be heard for miles. When one floe is forced over the surface of another there is an ear-splitting screech.

Nor is the Arctic lifeless. In fact, life in some northern waters is more abundant than in almost any tropical seas, and, as elsewhere, is a pyramid. At the base are plankton and other low forms of life. Feeding on them are billions of shrimps and similar organisms, and at the top are great beasts like the walrus and whale. Eating the shrimps, too, are large numbers of seals. At the apex of that pyramid is the polar bear, who lives chiefly on seals and spends most of his life on the floating ice.

This abundant life was little known up to 30 years ago. When Stefansson proposed an expedition

far out on the sea of ice, "living off the country," no less an authority than Roald Amundsen said it was suicidal. Arctic whalers agreed. So did the Eskimos, not one of whom would accompany Stefansson.

With two Norwegian companions, Storker Storkerson and Ole Andreasen, he started North from Alaska, carrying food for one month. In a 700-mile journey they spent three months on the ice far from land. They lived chiefly on seals. The meat provided ample food and the blubber, fuel. Drinking water was no problem. Sea ice, when first formed, is bitterly salty. But it loses its salt. In six months melted sea ice is fit to drink. In a year it cannot be distinguished from fresh water. Year-old ice was always available.

THULE, the big air base and accompanying town at the northwest corner of Greenland, is a real northern metropolis. Established in 1951 on a site leased by the United States from Denmark, it is now 90 per cent completed.

The base is noisy. Big transport planes arrive and depart through the 24 hours. At any hour jet fighters go streaking across the sky. Down in the town it's noisier. You have to watch out for traffic more than you do in a big city.

The climate is not so tough as you'd think. In summer there are many days when you can take off your shirt and sun-bathe. In winter

the temperature averages -24° .

It's hard at first to get used to more than four months of constant day and nearly four months of almost constant night. But even on a moonless night in winter it never gets "pitch dark." There is always enough starlight reflected from the snow to distinguish objects 100 yards away.

Another all-year settlement on the north coast of Greenland, 540 miles from the Pole, was maintained by a party of Danish scientists. They set up a comfortable prefabricated house, supplied it with electricity generated by a windmill and lived the year through without hardship.

Other permanent settlements nearer the Pole than Thule are the five weather stations, maintained jointly by the United States and Canada. They are on the Arctic islands of Canada and on the northern tip of Greenland. The principal station has a staff of 20 men, the others eight each. The farthest north is "Alert," on Ellesmere Island about 450 miles from the Pole. Since most of the weather of the Northern Hemisphere originates in the polar region these stations are of great importance to military and civil aviation.

A military air base of the first importance is "B W 8" (a wartime code name), which the U.S. Air Force established at the head of a 100-mile-long fiord on the west coast of Greenland, just north of the Arctic Circle. Being inland, it's a

little colder than Thule. But the sky above it is usually clear and there's little snow or wind. In the near future it may be a commercial airport even more used than Thule.

IF THE WEST'S SIDE of the Arctic Sea is becoming fairly busy and populated, over on the other side there is presumed to be even more activity. No doubt Intelligence knows what the Russians are doing along the coast of Siberia, a layman can only speculate that their Thule may be on Rudolf Island, the northernmost island of Franz Josef Land.

Military plans are not all that bring the Russians to the Arctic. Their northward colonization may have been stimulated by the fact that in the time of the czars so many revolutionary leaders were exiled to Siberia. They got to know the country, to realize its possibilities.

Russian assets in the Arctic and sub-Arctic are coal, oil, meat, fur, minerals. In summer steamers go up and down three great rivers—the Ob, Lena and Yenisei. In winter these rivers are highways for tractor-drawn trains. A railway also runs to the Arctic coast.

People in the travel business are already thinking about trips to the Arctic. Of all Arctic scenery the coasts of Greenland are probably the most spectacular. Few people have ever seen the east coast. But all summer ships ply up and down the west coast—supply ships for

Thule and the weather stations, Danish passenger ships. Soon there may be tourist cruises.

The air is usually clear. From 100 miles away the great snow peaks of the west coast begin to rise from the sea. Close in, your ship is dwarfed by dark headlands towering a sheer 3,000 feet. Now and then through a gap in a cliff you get a breath-taking glimpse of a vast, swelling hump of glittering white. The Greenland ice cap is one of the wonders of the world. Except for a coastal fringe ten to 100 miles wide, it covers the whole of Greenland, 700,000 square miles of it, up to 8,000 feet thick. If the climate were to change enough to melt the ice cap, all the oceans of the earth would rise 24 feet. Many of the world's greatest seaports would be drowned.

The ice cap doesn't melt now; it is constantly being added to by new snow. But some of it is squeezed out through valleys at the edges. These are the glaciers. One of them, Jacobshaven Glacier, moves 60 feet a day, and discharges 19 million tons of ice into Disko Bay in the form of icebergs. Great chunks topple like falling skyscrapers, causing a deafening thunder and throwing out mighty waves.

From a ship's deck in Disko Bay one can see hundreds of icebergs "calved" by the glacier. They tower above you, the visible eighth as big as a cathedral, carved in fantastic shapes—spires and pinnacles and rounded domes. At their water line

the pounding waves have undercut them. You peer into lovely blue-green caverns

FULL USE of the Arctic as an airway will not come unless and until there is unrestricted travel between North America and the Soviet Union. But Arctic commercial flying won't have to wait for that. Scandinavian Airlines System has already flown test flights over the Arctic from the U S West Coast to Copenhagen and Oslo. Its application for regular passenger service is filed with the U S Civil Aeronautics Board, as are the applications of other airlines.

Test flying has shown that Arctic air travel should be even safer than the present commercial passenger flights across the Atlantic. Theoretically,

flying is safest at the poles (and at the equator), where there are clear skies, an absence of fog, sleet, icing conditions. And if a trans-ocean plane has to come down, it is better off on floe ice than in the open water of the Atlantic.

Today the Arctic airports — Thule, B W 8—are in about the same position that Gander Lake in Newfoundland was ten years ago. Then Gander was a military air base, practically unknown to the public. Today it is a busy cross-roads for commercial airlines between Europe and North America. The same thing is likely to happen with the Arctic airports.

So turn your globe over on its side and have a look at the top of the world. You never know you may be there before long.



How's That Again?

SIGN in a Montreal store window "WEDDING INVITATIONS—
PRINTED IN A HURRAY" — *Toronto Telegram*

U S GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, classifying his job in a report for Washington officials, wrote "I am responsible for maintaining the obsolete material as up-to-date as possible" — *Tempo*

LANE BRYANT, the New York department store, received a call from a customer who asked "Do you carry maternity bridal gowns?" — *The Woman*

SIGN in a launderette "Leave your clothes here, ladies, and spend the afternoon having a good time" — *Albuquerque, New Mexico, Tribune*

A METAL PLAQUE on the crest of California's 12-million-ton Shasta Dam reads. "U S Government property Do not remove." — *Pathfinder*

Everybody's Etiquette

Condensed from a department in This Week

"If I Were You . . ." We all enjoy giving advice, and it often takes a good deal of self-control not to tell our friends how to run their lives. But they'll like us better if we don't.

1 Resist the temptation to give unasked-for advice. If you're wise, you won't tell Joe to take his money out of Consolidated Bananas and invest it in United Pickles, even though you're convinced it would be advisable. And you'll let Josephine hang those burnt-orange curtains in her newly decorated living-room, in spite of the fact that shocking pink is obviously a better colour.

2 Beware of giving advice you're not *qualified* to give—even though you're asked for it. When Tom consults you about his fibrositis, don't tell him how your Uncle Abner used neat's-foot oil on his and hasn't had any trouble since. When Dick says that the roof of his house is sagging, don't show him just how to prop it up. If, after such advice, Tom's shoulder gets worse and Dick's house caves in you'll have a few pangs of conscience.

3. Avoid the most serious tempta-

tion of giving people advice on their emotional problems. When Jane comes to you with her marital troubles or Jim tells you a tale of woe about his unreasonable boss, the only safe thing to do is listen sympathetically and say nothing. Otherwise, in their emotional state they may act on your advice, but when they simmer down they may be sorry they did so.

—Dorothy Massey
Lawyer

Don't Be a Speech Snob. Good manners demand that a person never openly notice peculiarities in the pronunciation of others. When someone uses a mistaken pronunciation, don't look startled or disdainful. If someone says "proibly" for "probably," or "irrevocable" for "irrevokable," don't play judge. And if you must reply to a sentence in which such an error has been made try to avoid using the same word.

All this is not to say that it's right to be careless or slovenly in pronunciation. We should strive to clean up our speech by finding out what the dictionaries recommend as

the best pronunciation. But we need not be prigs about it, and we should be careful not to hurt the feelings of others

—Dwight E. Watkins
Professor of Speech

Is It Ladylike? Is it proper to talk to men passengers when you are travelling?

My answer to this is, 'Suit yourself.' If you feel up to it, go ahead and start talking. Don't be a nuisance, however, if the person you've chosen to talk to isn't interested.

Suppose you do strike up an acquaintance with an attractive man on a train. Should you let him pay for your dinner if he offers?

Your grandmother might say no, but I say go ahead. Nine times out of ten, all he'll expect is your company and conversation. If he gets a wolfish gleam in his eye, just go back to your seat.

In other words, use the same standards you do in judging a man you meet at a party or a friend's house, but be a bit more cautious.

--Ethel Merman
Stage and screen star

Telephone Manners. Remember that the other party to a telephone conversation is visualizing you as you talk. A clear-cut, well-modulated voice builds up an attractive picture. But imagine the impression given by grunts, "yeahs," "mm's."

If you have a tendency to speak slowly, try to speed up a bit on the telephone. Slow speech takes the

vitality out of the conversation and your listener's mind is apt to wander. On the other hand, if you talk too fast, the listener may hear just a jumble.

In both social and business calls show consideration for the other person by coming to the point at once. In business this courtesy is essential because time is valuable. It's best to ask the person called if he or she is free to talk, if not, when may you call back?

When answering the telephone, identify yourself at once. If you are answering for another person, offer your own services. If that will not do, take the message accurately.

Here are other don'ts you may well keep in mind. Don't put through a call and keep the person waiting until you are ready to talk. Don't shout. Don't ring off without first saying good-bye, and never hang the receiver. --K. C. Ingram

On Winning and Losing. Early in my career I was a classic example of the poor loser. I lost the finals of a tennis tournament in Philadelphia. Back in the locker room, when the chairwoman of the tournament presented me with the runner-up medal, I hurled it across the room with the clarion announcement that I didn't want the — thing.

That day I lost more than a championship. I lost dignity and the respect of others. And I knew it well when the chairwoman answered

quietly, "You may win every match you ever play, Alice, but you will never be a champion until you have also learned how to lose."

The nicest winners I know have established themselves as such by just three little words "I was lucky." They may be spoken with out inner conviction, and observers may disagree that luck was a factor. But the good winner is not speaking for himself, nor to the audience. He is remembering how it feels to lose, and what this small offering of humility on his part means to the person who has just been defeated.

—Alice Marble
former tennis champion

Punctuality Is Polite. When invited to lunch or dinner, to tea or to any social gathering, some guests will arrive persistently, deliberately and immoderately late. For the host and hostess, changed and ready, awaiting their belated guests with every-

thing prepared, it is a thoroughly harassing experience.

For some guests it is a point of principle to try to be the last to arrive. What on earth is the reason for this extraordinary discourtesy? Basically it seems to stem from the strange assumption that coming early, or on time, is a tacit admission of social inferiority. "For Heaven's sake, darling, don't let's be first at the Browns' tonight!" By implication only the social insignificants, the local nobodies, will be lined up on the stroke of 7:30.

King Louis XVIII of France once remarked "Punctuality is the politeness of kings and the duty of gentle people everywhere."

A pompous aphorism, perhaps, but one holding sound advice. Why not take it to heart and resolve to be polite when our friends and neighbours ask us out—through being punctual!

—A. J. Cronin
Author

Young Ideas

AFTER his teacher told me that my eight-year-old son had saved one of his classmates from drowning at the school picnic, I asked him why he hadn't said anything about it. "Ah, gee, Ma," he stammered sheepishly, "I had to save him. I pushed him in."

—Contributed by Mrs. C. Hammerly

TO TEACH our son the value of money and to try to curtail some of his unnecessary purchases, we got him to keep a detailed account of how he spent his allowance. One day as he was laboriously writing down his accounts, he said, "You know, Mother, since I've had to write down everything I spend, I really stop and think before I buy something." I was congratulating myself on the lesson he had learned, when he continued. "No, I *never* buy anything that's hard to spell!"

—Contributed by Mrs. C. L. Ducire,

"I RESTORE TO NATURE..."

Facts About Cremation

By Kenneth Robb



IN 1792 Colonel Henry Laurens, president of the U.S. Continental Congress, died and was cremated at his request on his South Carolina plantation. Thirty years later the poet Shelley was cremated in Italy and his ashes were laid to rest in Rome near the grave of his friend John Keats.

So the Western World witnessed a revival of the custom of cremation, which had been common among the ancient Aryans, Greeks and Romans. With the invention of modern cremation apparatus by the Italian scientist Lodovico Brunetti in 1869, the practice gained favour.

In 1952 Great Britain's 66 crematoria performed more than 107,000 cremations.

For many people cremation has not been just a convenient way of disposing of man's remains, but has seemed more fitting, even more reverent, than traditional burial. The body in its casket is placed in an immaculate brick vault and there surrounded by heat so clean and in-

tense that it has been described as "light, like the sun." In 90 minutes everything is reduced to its basic elements, a process that takes nature, unaided, 20 to 30 years. Bodily remains consist of a few pearly-white bone fragments, weighing altogether six to 12 pounds.

These remains are sealed in a small urn or box, which the family may place in a columbarium niche or bury in a cemetery plot. Or they may scatter the remains on some beloved mountain or valley. Scattering is the most controversial aspect of cremation. Cemetery officials tell stories of relatives who regret having done it, because now they have no consecrated place where they can come and feel a nearness to the deceased. "People forget," I was told, "that a memorial should comfort the living as well as honour the dead." Opponents of scattering say that cremated remains are not ashes but bone fragments, not readily absorbed in the soil.

The same services as are conducted before earth burials are fol-

lowed in cremation. In a typical cremation service, such as I attended recently, the bereaved gather in a small chapel beautifully decorated with palms and ferns. The deceased rests in a simple wooden casket, surrounded by the warm glow of masses of flowers. After the customary prayers, quiet music and comforting words, the casket is passed through a door behind a screen of ferns into the clean white stone vault beyond. This is the picture, serene and reverent, which the family carry away as they depart.

The Roman Catholic Church disapproves of cremation not as dogma but in practice. Among Orthodox Jews cremation is rare, but if the deceased has insisted on cremation rabbis will perform rites.

Believers in a literal resurrection sometimes express fear that cremation might hinder God in collecting parts of the body. But most theologians, including Catholics, protest that this denies the omnipotence of God. It has been asked, "If incineration of the body precludes resurrection, what has become of the blessed martyrs who were burned at the stake?"

Conventional burial can be a financial burden for many families, while cremation costs, by comparison, can be modest. And with money saved, assistance funds for deserving students have been established in universities, beds endowed in many hospitals, gifts made to churches or community welfare centres.

The cinerary urn, cremation advocates argue, provides the nearest thing to a permanent resting place. In the past 50 years most large cities have had to abandon one or more cemeteries.

Since World War II the cremation rate has doubled in Great Britain, Switzerland, Sweden, Holland and other densely populated areas. In the last four years every section of the United States, except the sparsely populated Mountain States, recorded a cremation gain.

Anyone contemplating cremation should discuss the subject frankly with his family. The decision cannot be made on a purely rational basis. Emotions—ours and our families'—must be considered. Cremation represents a break with tradition which horrifies some families. Once the decision is reached, the person preferring cremation should make the necessary arrangements. The expressed wish for cremation needs to be known straight down the line. By taking a few practical steps, he who makes his own funeral arrangements proves himself thoughtful and considerate of the bereaved, and at the same time guarantees that his wishes will be carried out. These are the steps:

- 1 Through the undertaker of his choice, he can familiarize himself with local laws and regulations governing cremation.

- 2 If the law requires permission of the next of kin for cremation, he can obtain this permission before

death and file it with the undertaker. Though a particular region may not have cremation facilities, any undertaker can arrange for cremation in another city.

In Great Britain, cremation fees may be prepaid through the medium of The Cremation Society, by becoming a life member. Their membership certificate is acceptable at

any crematorium in the country.

A friend who has chosen cremation in the face of prevailing tradition recently quoted to me these words of Edward Trelawny in his funeral eulogy when Shelley was cremated:

"I restore to nature, through fire, the elements of which this man was composed."

Unsound Effects

THE CROWD noises heard in many American newsreels of football games are made in Japan. It seems that producers don't make fresh sound recordings of big outdoor events, because one crowd noise is much like another, except that the Japanese are the best crowd noise makers. To avoid the possibility that one strident voice shouting "Banzai!" might be discernible, the sound track is run backwards. —Adapted from *For Men Only*

AS FAR AS the air conditioning engineer is concerned, "dripping"—not "gripping"—describes the effect of hair-raising melodrama on the film-goer. Evaporation from an adult is normally one-tenth of a pound of moisture per hour, and for a mildly interesting film shown to 1,000 people the ventilating system has to take care of 100 pounds of moisture per hour. But during a love scene or a gangster film, the ventilating system has to take care of 150 pounds of moisture. *Architectural Record*

BECAUSE MUSIC cannot be used in sound pictures to make the actors "give" in a scene, Hollywood stages are sometimes flooded with scent. It was first used by Director Theodore Reed, who found that Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle reacted best in love scenes when lapped in the odour of heliotrope, that Martha Raye's comedy was aided by the spicy odour of geranium. The scent of mint revived the players at about 4 p.m. when energies were at a low ebb.

TO GET THE sound of an ice pack breaking up for the film *Esquimo*, tons of ice were dropped on concrete, boxes were smashed with pile-drivers, sounds of a motor crash and a train collision were combined, none was right. Finally the sound department put a teaspoonful of baking powder on a glass-topped table near the microphone, pressed it hard with a thumb. Amplified hundreds of times, it gave the exact effect.

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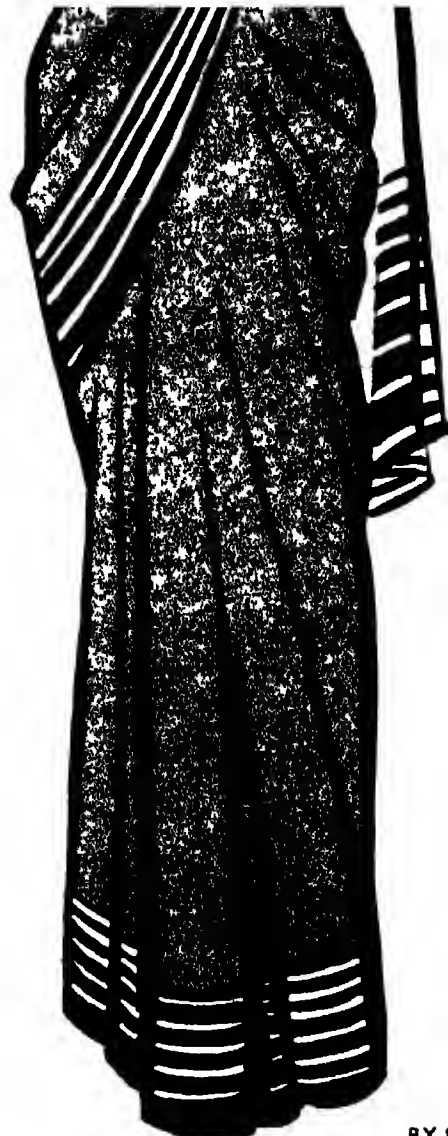
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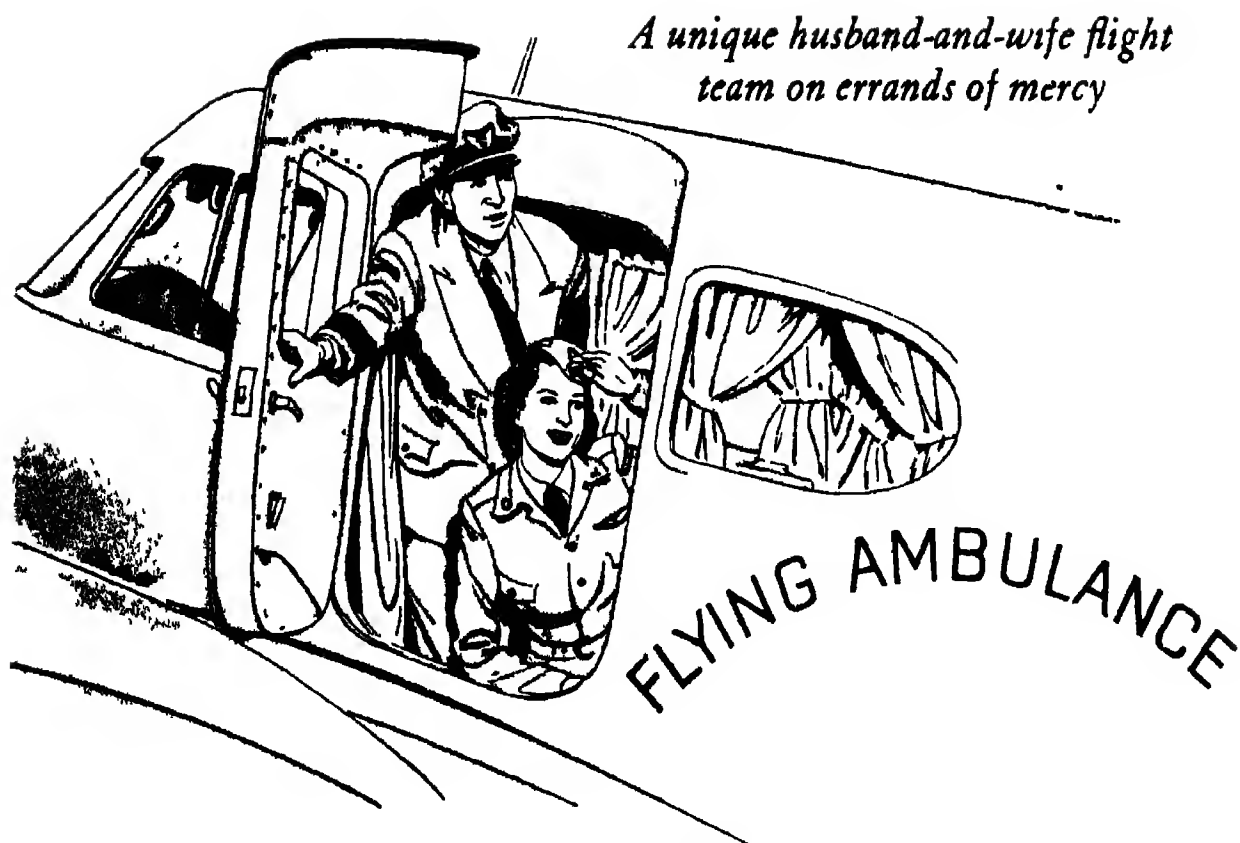
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By Roger William Rus

IN THE half-light of early morning the telephone rang sharply in the little apartment on Long Island, New York. Frank Steinman woke swiftly.

"How soon can you leave for Labrador?" demanded the metallic voice.

"What kind of case?" replied Steinman, not in the least surprised. "What do you need? Oxygen? We'll take off from La Guardia Field in just 30 minutes."

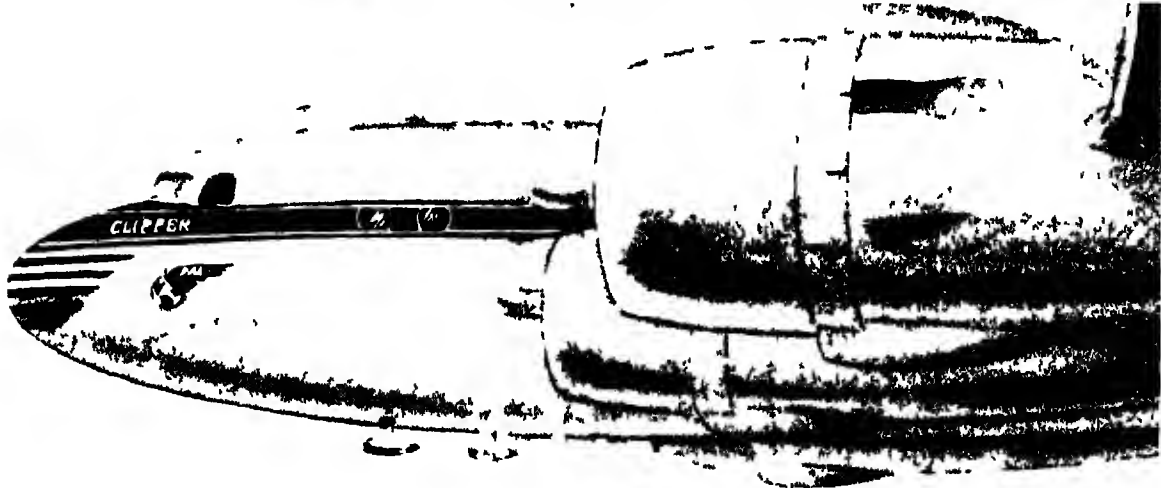
So the trim, white mercy plane, marked with large green crosses, was off on another flight. At Montreal they picked up such aviation maps as there are of an almost unmapped territory. Then north-east

till towns and houses ceased, and there were not even roads, just lakes and hills.

By five that afternoon they reached their destination, picked up the sick man, and started back. The patient rested easily on the soft, roomy bed with its two foam-rubber mattresses. Soon he surprised the doctor, as patients often do in the Air Ambulance, by dropping into a quiet sleep. At five the next morning they touched down at La Guardia Air Ambulance Service had accomplished another mission.

The victim in this case had been stricken with a heart attack while on a fishing trip. His companions got word to his home in New York.

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The round-trip flight was 2,200 miles. To bring the patient out by boat and car, the only other method possible, would have taken nearly a week instead of a single summer night.

The story of Air Ambulance is the story of a man and his wife and an aeroplane. The man is Captain Frank Steinman, chief pilot. His wife is Flight Nurse Lisette Steinman. A licensed pilot as well as a registered nurse, she accompanies the Captain on most trips. The aeroplane is a twin-engined transport which has been rebuilt into a one-patient hospital with oxygen service, traction for shattered limbs, two resuscitators, a regular pharmacy of drugs and invalid equipment. In addition to pilot, nurse and patient, the plane carries a fourth person—a doctor or a member of the patient's family.

A woman shattered her leg while skiing in Vermont. Doctors there performed a first operation, but a second became necessary, and it was thought best to get her to her home. But that would mean 400 miles over frozen and flooded roads. The answer was Air Ambulance.

On a stormy dark winter's day recently, I found Steinman stretched out in relaxation. He *was* a little tired, he admitted, the Saturday before he had flown to Kansas, and on Sunday he had flown back to Boston—1,325 miles—with a patient, "fighting the weather all the way." A man had fallen into a big

industrial conveyer and broken his back. His insurance company wanted to get him to special treatment in Boston immediately. His condition was such that he could not be moved so far by train or car. So Air Ambulance took over.

The plane has a radio licence empowering it to use in emergencies a special frequency which gets instant attention at any military or civilian airfield.

The big airlines will sell space to carry a sick person, but they sometimes refer queries to Steinman. Unlike regular airliners, which must fly at specified altitudes, Air Ambulance can seek out whatever height is best for the patient.

In other ways, too, its errands rank it above ordinary air rules. Great airliners from London and San Francisco may be "stacked up" over New York awaiting their turn to land, but the control tower gives the little white plane clearance over all of them on request. Army and Navy "closed" fields are open to it, in Canada as well as the United States.

In its four years of operation Air Ambulance has never made a profit. The Steinmans deliberately keep their charges low—no more than the cost of an ordinary charter plane with pilot, and less than most motor ambulances charge. And they constantly discover new ways to put more money into the plane. "That big white bird lives high," says Lisette Steinman.



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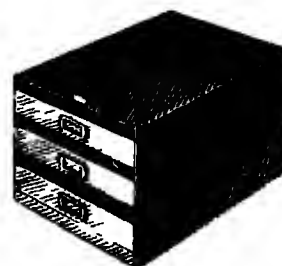
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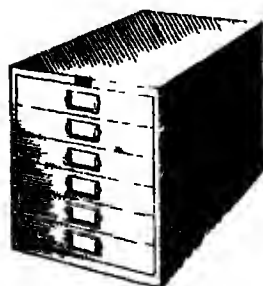
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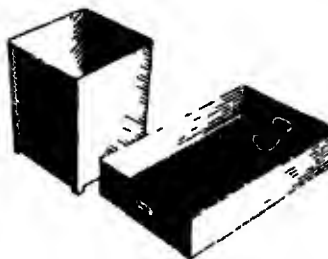
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Steinman helps to balance their modest budget—and keep Air Ambulance flying—by free-lance piloting. With 22 years of flying behind him, as pilot and instructor, he is in demand when there is a difficult ferrying job to be done.

When you talk with Steinman about Air Ambulance you realize that, although he would like to see the white plane earn its way, he and his wife get paid for their labours in a different kind of coin.

One night, just as he was ready for bed, the Captain heard a strained voice over the telephone. "Can you pick up a patient at Atlantic City right away and fly her

to Memphis? She is my 80-year-old mother. She is dying and she wants to be home. There is very little time."

"It was a solemn flight," recalls Steinman. "All the stars of heaven were out that soft summer night. Ground fog hid the world under waves like a still ocean. In the darkened cabin the doctor held the old lady's pulse, while in the co-pilot's seat the son read aloud prayer after prayer."

She stood the flight well. Four generations of her kin met her at the airport.

"That sort of thing makes a man feel worth while," says Steinman.

Eye-Openers

THE CHIMES of Big Ben are heard in Australia, 13,000 miles from London, before they are heard in the street below. Transmitted by the B B C, the sound of the chimes goes out at the speed of light—186,000 miles per second—and reaches Australia in less time than it takes the sound to travel unassisted from the tower to the ground.

—Contributed by Sydney Hurren

A MODERN heavy bomber holds enough fuel to drive a motor car round the world 16 times.

—Atlanta Constitution

IN CHICAGO, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston, TV sets now outnumber home telephones, in Chicago, they outnumber bathtubs, too.

--Time

ATOMS are so small that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth the atoms in the drop would be smaller than oranges.

—William Laurence, *The Hell Bomb* (Hollis & Carter)

No ROBOT could come even close to duplicating the human brain. A machine even remotely like it would have to be about the size of the Houses of Parliament, and it would take several lifetimes to wire it up. The electrical power requirements would be about equal to the power used now to supply the greater part of London. And the necessary cooling system would be so enormous that you'd probably have to divert the Thames to supply it.

—Dr. Norbert Wiener

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

BY ITSELF, wide reading does not necessarily build your vocabulary. You can, however, add importantly to your word supply by linking these tests with your reading. The word you become familiar with here today may appear in your book or newspaper tomorrow. Before you begin this test write down definitions of those words you think you know. Then check the printed definitions which you believe *come nearest* to the key words. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) UNSEEMLY (un seem' lī)—A. *improper* B. *impractical* C. *unskilful* D. *unreal*
- (2) AERIE (ā' rī)—A. *weird and ghostly* B. *grace and charm* C. *a lofty nest* D. *windy*
- (3) ESTEEM (es teem')—A. *to boast* B. *to consider* C. *to flatter* D. *to hope for*
- (4) CONVOLUTIONS (con vō loo' shunz)—A. *reversals of opinion* B. *uprisings or revolts* C. *involved turns or folds* D. *violent eruptions*
- (5) LIAISON (lee ay' zon)—A. *a lie* B. *a conspiracy* C. *a weakening* D. *a linking up*
- (6) GELID (jel' id)—A. *ice-cold* B. *soft and pulpy* C. *hard-hearted* D. *sterile*
- (7) SALACIOUS (sā lay' shus)—A. *greedy* B. *good-tasting* C. *thirst-quenching* D. *obscene*
- (8) CONVIVIALITY (con viv i al' i tī)—A. *foolishness* B. *good fellowship* C. *superficiality* D. *intensity*
- (9) REMUNERATE (rē mū' nur ate)—A. *advise* B. *pay* C. *flatter* D. *meditate*
- (10) COMMENDATORY (cō men' duh tō rī)—A. *powerful* B. *authoritative* C. *expressing praise* D. *explanatory*
- (11) EXIGENCE (ex' i jence)—A. *difficulty* B. *strength* C. *a blunder* D. *pressing necessity*
- (12) BOMBAST (bom' bast)—A. *an attack* B. *an explosion* C. *extravagant language* D. *destruction*
- (13) SIMPER (sim' pur)—A. *laugh* B. *cry softly* C. *smile in a silly way* D. *to be in an early state of acute agitation*
- (14) CONSTITUENT (con stit' u ent)—A. *serving to form a necessary part* B. *strong* C. *an agreement to an obligation* D. *conservative*
- (15) COMPILATION (com pī lay' shun)—A. *continued thought* B. *peace and quiet* C. *a collection of material from various documents or sources* D. *a great heap*
- (16) FÉLICITATIONS (fe lis i tay' shunz)—A. *empty flatteries* B. *well-wishings* C. *fussy details* D. *deceits*
- (17) ENUNCIATE (ē nun' sī ate)—A. *to censure publicly* B. *to state formally* C. *to emphasize* D. *to promote to a higher office*
- (18) HOARY (horc' ī)—A. *grey with age* B. *coarse* C. *covered with frost* D. *dishevelled*
- (19) BEETLING (bee' tling)—A. *projecting* B. *frowning* C. *swollen* D. *in deep thought*
- (20) SUSTENANCE (sus' tī nunce)—A. *stubborn adherence to a purpose* B. *moral support or encouragement* C. *nourishment* D. *opportunity*

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) UNSPEMELY—A Improper, unbecoming, indecent, as, "The way they argued in public was both unpleasant and *unseemly*" Un-, "not," and Old Norse *sæmiligr*, from *sæmr*, "fit"
- (2) AERIE—C From the French word *aie*, meaning the nest of a bird of prey on a high crag Hence, any shelter perched on a height, as, "The boys had built themselves an *aerie* in a large oak tree"
- (3) ESTEEM—B To value, to think highly of, also, to consider, to form an estimate, as, "I *esteem* it a privilege" From the Latin *æstimare*, "to estimate"
- (4) CONVOLUTIONS—C The Latin *convolutus*, from *con-*, "together," and *volvere*, "to turn" or "to roll" Hence, involved turns, folds or ridges, as "the *convolutions* of the human brain"
- (5) LIAISON—D A linking up, a bond or union, unity of action between distant parties, as "a close *liaison* between allies" Also, illicit intimacy between a man and a woman From the Latin *ligare*, "to bind"
- (6) GELID—A The Latin *gelidus* and the English *gelid* both mean ice-cold, as, "After skating, our feet were *gelid*"
- (7) SALACIOUS—D Having a strong tendency towards lust Hence, lustful, obscene, as "a *salacious* play" From the Latin *salax*, "lustful"
- (8) CONVIVIALITY—B Latin *convivialis*, "relating to a feast" Hence, good fellowship, festive sociability, as, "A spirit of *conviviality* prevailed"
- (9) REMUNERATE—B To pay, recompense or reward for service rendered, as, "They decided to *remunerate* him handsomely" The Latin *remuneratus*, from *re*, "again," and *munus*, "gift"
- (10) COMMENDATORY—C Expressing praise or approbation, putting a favourable opinion into words, as, "The speech, on

the whole, was *commendatory*" From the Latin *commendare*, "to entrust."

- (11) EXIGENCE—D Pressing necessity, urgent need or demand, as, "We agreed not to remain longer than *exigence* required" The Latin *exigens*, from *exigere*, "to exact"
- (12) BOMBAST—C Extravagant language, especially on an unimportant subject, as, "He was full of *bombast* and blaggadocio" From the Late Latin *bombax*, "cotton," used for padding or inflating
- (13) SIMPIR—C A word of uncertain origin that means to smile or smirk in a silly, self-conscious way
- (14) CONSTITUENT—A Serving to form or compose a necessary part, constituting, as, "Sodium and chlorine are the *constituent* elements of salt" The Latin *constituo*, from *con-*, "together," and *statuere*, "to place"
- (15) COMPILATION—C A book or collection of material from other documents or sources From the Latin *compilare*, "to gather together"
- (16) FELICITATIONS—B Well-wishings, congratulations, wishes for happiness, as, "The bride received *felicitations*" From the Latin *felix*, "happy"
- (17) ENUNCIATE—B To state formally and exactly, announce, declare, as, "It was the minister's intention to *enumerate* the policy of his government" From the Latin *ex*, "out," and *nuntius*, "messenger"
- (18) HOARY—A Grey or white, as from age, as, "His *hoary* locks reminded us of the prophets of old"
- (19) BEETLING—A Projecting, overhanging, jutting, as "his heavy brow, square, forbidding, *beetling*" From Middle English *bitel*, "beetlelike"
- (20) SUSTENANCE—C Nourishment, food, as, "Art is *sustenance* without which the spirit cannot live" From the Latin *sustinere*, "to uphold."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-18 correct	excellent
17-15 correct	.. good
14-12 correct	fair



The Death of Assassino

By Sasha Siemel

JOSÉ RAMOS was an outpost rider for a big cattle ranch in the Matto Grosso jungle of Brazil. He lived with his wife on a small ranch ten miles up river from my camp. José watched the herds of the big ranch, and also ran his own small herd. One day he appeared at my camp.

"You must come with your dog!" he said. "Assassino has begun raiding again and has killed 12 of my cattle!"

The name Assassino was well known in the region. Several years before this enormous *tigre*—as the jaguar is called in South America—had been wounded by a hunter who

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SASHA SIEMEL, a Latvian by birth, has spent most of his life in the Brazilian jungle as an explorer, guide and hunter. Emulating the local Indians, he became expert with bow and arrow and the native spear in hunting jaguars, and has killed nearly 300 of them. The story he tells here is from his book *Tigrero*.

*How a man-killing jaguar's reign of terror was brought to an end*

shot too hastily while the jaguar was in a tree. The infuriated animal had bounded down and the hunter had fled, leaving his dogs to the mercy of the big jaguar, which destroyed them.

Thereafter, apparently through some jungle cunning, the jaguar understood that a hunter with a rifle could not kill him in the tall grass. He was never again seen in a tree, but would rove through the marsh grass, killing cattle wantonly. His experience had left him with a deadly hatred of dogs. He learned to draw them in pursuit through the grass, then circle and crouch beside his own trail, springing at them as they ran by. One sweep of his razor claws would destroy a dog, and then the jaguar would lope on,

repeating the manœuvre on each dog that followed. It was this trick of ambushing pursuers that gave Assassino his name.

José had no trained dogs capable of tracking Assassino and bringing him to bay. Unfortunately, I had recently lost my lead dog.

"I am sorry, José," I said. "I can't risk the dogs I have left against that devil. He will kill them as fast as I send them after him."

"In that case," he said quietly, "I shall go after Assassino myself—without dogs. I must kill the devil or he will ruin me." He rode off towards his ranch.

A few days later I saw vultures circling in the still, hot air west of the river. I leashed Raivoso, Pardo and Vinte, three of my best dogs, and started across the marshes. Within a short time the dogs found the kill, a small marsh deer. The dogs went on and I followed. Soon we found a second kill, and then two more.

Suddenly I heard Raivoso's deep bay, and knew from the sound that he was on the track of Assassino. I collared the other dogs, and this probably saved them from destruction. It was useless to follow Raivoso through the marsh grass. A staccato of sharp yaps ending on a shrill, screaming note told the story: he had caught up with the *tigre* and had been killed in ambush. I knew I must hunt this killer.

Back in my camp that night I thought out a plan. I would use the

dogs to pick up the trail and bring me within a reasonable distance of the jaguar. Then I would leave the dogs on leash and follow the spoor alone, hoping to find Assassino in an open area where I could kill him with a shot or an arrow. To do this I needed someone to watch the dogs. I decided to ride to José's ranch the next day.

But the following morning little Tupí, still a puppy, set up a yapping and, as I looked down the river trail, I saw Maria, José's wife, riding towards my camp at a gallop. As she pulled up the horse I saw that the animal's flank had two gashes which had bled freely, and there was blood on the wooden saddle.

Maria's eyes were wide with terror. "Senhor Siemel, José went after Assassino—and only the horse came back!"

I saddled my horse and coupled Pardo, Vinte and Leão, my best remaining dogs, to the leash. As I started away, the pup Tupí set up a great yapping, and I tied him to the corner of the hut. Then Maria and I rode off to pick up her husband's trail into the jungle.

I spotted vultures circling ahead, and when we broke through a patch of underbrush into a burned-over area where the grass was short I saw a man lying on the ground. His body had been badly mangled. It was José.

I heard a small cry behind me and turned to see Maria slipping from her horse. I ran over and

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caught her. She recovered quickly and after a minute or two agreed to ride back to her ranch.

Then I planned my campaign. Assassino had attacked a man on a horse once, he would do it again. I could not use a spear while in the saddle, so I tied my horse to a tree in a clearing. I took my spear, my bow and a couple of arrows. I had a pistol in my holster but no rifle, which would have been useless in the high grass. In any case, I would never count on a bullet to stop a charging jaguar.

My plan was to unleash the dogs and follow as fast as I could on foot. If I could stay close enough I could force Assassino to attack me. With the bow in one hand and the spear in the other I started after the dogs, running low through the grass.

In perhaps ten minutes I heard Pardo baying in the lead. Then there was a shrill scream. When I reached the spot Pardo was on the ground, his side ripped open. I did not stop, hoping to overtake the other dogs, but a second scream told me that the murderer had made another kill.

I had run perhaps a quarter of a mile since the first dog was killed when I found the last, Leão, lying near the edge of a clearing. I stood for a moment, sick with rage, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly there was a yapping in the grass behind me and out bounded Tupí, barking joyously. He had chewed his rope tether and followed me.

At that moment I heard a rust-

ling in the heavy grass across the clearing. I had dropped my spear when I stepped forward to catch Tupí. I dared not use my revolver, since Assassino was already gunshy and the noise would probably frighten him into flight. I fitted an arrow to my bow and, as soon as I saw a movement, let fly. The arrow apparently struck something, but how damaging the shot was I did not know. I was relying on Tupí's barking to bring the beast in my direction. Now there was a commotion in the grass, and although it was so dense that I could not see five feet through it, I felt sure of my target. I took aim with the remaining arrow and shot again.

Suddenly a long, yellowish shape broke from the grass and streaked across the clearing. Assassino, in pain from an arrow through his shoulder, had reverted to instinct and was running for the refuge of a tree.

He saw me as he neared the tree and swerved towards me. I picked up my spear and was now ready to lure the jaguar into a charge.

The open area in which Assassino and I faced each other was about 30 yards across. Assassino was weaving back and forth, every so often shaking his head and letting out a snarl. I edged towards him so that he would charge me. As I moved closer my ears caught the whir of a vulture apparently alighting on a nearby tree. This diverted my attention, and the wily Assassino chose that instant to charge.

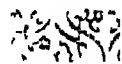
I missed being killed by a single step. As the jaguar lunged I managed to pivot and drive the spear at his neck. The spear did not bite deeply, but the thrust was enough to throw him off balance. He was sideways to me now, his head turned, white teeth flashing, but he did not charge. I could not attack, since I would not have the strength to drive the spear home. I kicked earth at the brute but this had no effect. Then, while I was desperately casting about for some way of provoking a charge, he gave a snarling roar and leaped straight at me.

I barely had time to lift the point of my spear. I could feel the hot breath against my face and arms as the spearhead drove into his throat high over the chest. With every ounce of strength I had, I rammed the blade in deeper. Any other jaguar I had fought would have had the life drained away by this com-

bination of wounds, but Assassino clawed furiously, even after I had got a downward thrust on the spearhead and was literally driving the point into the ground. Then Assassino went limp, his great, slashing claws stilled for ever.

For a minute I rested on my spear, too exhausted to draw it out of the bloody carcass. Tupí, who had retired to the edge of the clearing while the battle raged, now came dancing madly about as if to claim the kill, an honour I was quite glad to concede.

Later, after I had taken the mangled remains of José to his home and arranged for the grief-stricken Maria and her child to be taken to the big ranch, I returned to the scene of the battle. I measured Assassino's carcass. He was 112 inches from nose to tip—almost ten feet! I could only estimate his weight, but it must have been close on 400 pounds.



### *Touché*

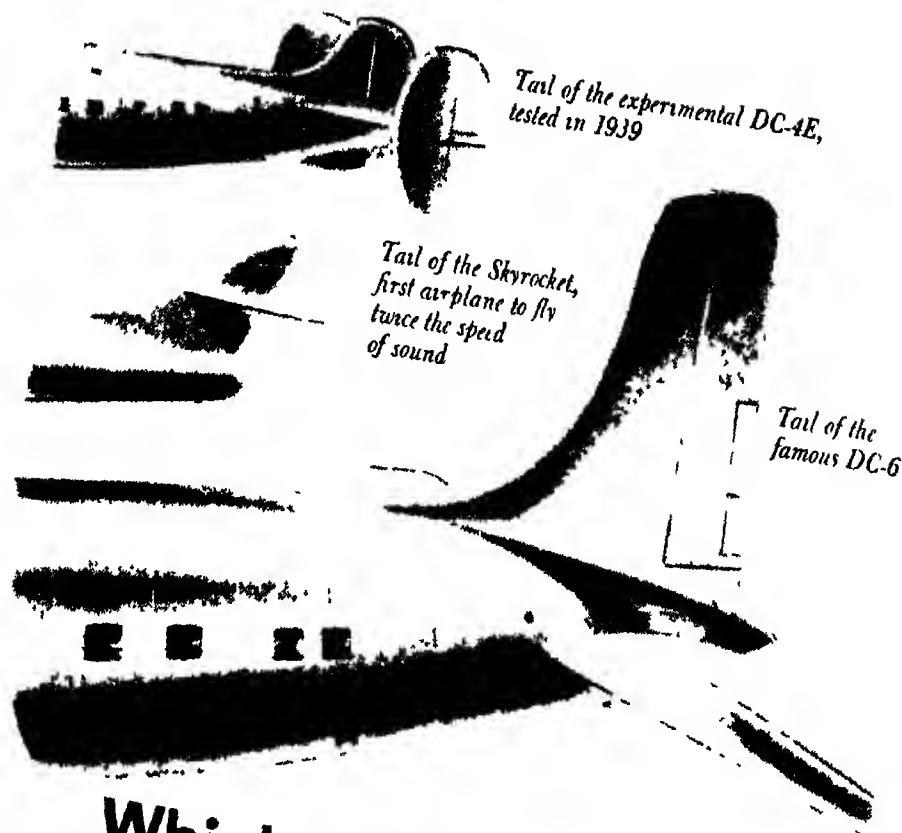
IN A U S Army Officers' Club, the conversation had turned to religion. "I was raised on scientific method," asserted a major, who was an avowed agnostic, "and no one has ever been able to prove to me scientifically that God exists." As he swept the group with a challenging glance, he saw with some discomfort that they had been quietly joined by the chaplain. The major started to apologize.

"It's quite all right," the chaplain reassured him. "As a matter of fact, I was interested in your argument because it is so close to a problem of my own. As you know, I was raised on theological method, and no one has ever been able to prove to me theologically that an atom exists."

"But whoever heard of finding an atom by theology?" the major protested.

"Exactly," agreed the chaplain.

—Contributed by Major Joseph Feinberg



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Twice as many people fly

as all other airplanes combined

*Soviet policy is to move into weak spots.  
A distinguished American soldier argues powerfully for a  
low-cost defence plan that will meet this threat*

## 25 DIVISIONS FOR THE COST OF ONE

*By*

*General James A Van Fleet*

**A**MERICA lacks both the manpower and the money to hold Communism in check in Asia if she persists in her past policy of trying to do the job with American men

Consider the task Soviet policy is to move swiftly into weak spots. The free world's frontier with Russia stretches from Korea to Turkey, and its weak spots can be plugged only with trained troops. How many are needed? Who can supply them? During a recent world tour I inspected a few of these soft spots, and I believe I returned with some answers.

In Korea we have achieved a  
oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

FOR 22 months before his retirement in March 1953 General James A. Van Fleet fought brilliantly as commander of the U.S. Eighth Army in Korea. Before that, as military adviser to the Greek Government in 1948-50, he conducted operations which cleared from Greece a Communist guerrilla army that had been within a hair's breadth of taking over. General Van Fleet recently completed a round-the-world survey trip

cease-fire. But negotiations may drag on for months—even years—during which at least 25 divisions must man the ridges. Yet this cease-fire frees Communist power for further marauding. Will the Communists mass divisions to attack Indo-China? Formosa? Burma? India? Persia? Turkey?

We may estimate conservatively that, in order to save Asia, it might take 100 well-trained and well-equipped divisions. Who can provide them? If America tried to dam this vast chasm with her divisions, as she plugged the little hole in Korea, it would take almost two million men and would cost 25 thousand million dollars per year.

Fantastic, of course. But how else can Asia be saved?

THE ANSWER we found in Korea: Asia (as President Eisenhower has said) can and should be saved by Asians. And helping Asia keep her own freedom would strip the Com-

munists of their powerful argument that this is no real war for freedom but only a white man's "imperialist" war to put Asia in chains.

What will Asia need in this task? When I first landed in Korea in April of 1951 it had been true that, whenever a Korean division was assigned a pivotal place in the battle line, the next Red breakthrough was generally in that sector.

Remember, however, that when U.S. troops pulled out of Korea in 1949 the scantily trained native army of 96,000 left behind was far smaller than the huge, well drilled force which the Soviets had built up in North Korea. And this South Korean Army was smashed in the war's opening weeks.

Syngman Rhee, desperately rebuilding his forces, hauled in even traffic police for officers, and pulled boys out of rice paddies to fill the ranks. South Korea had no officers' schools or training centres. Often, after only a few days' sketchy drill and five minutes spent learning how to shoot a gun, boys were put into the line. No wonder that, under the pressure of Red veterans, they broke and scattered.

I now applied a lesson learned four years before in Greece. There we instituted an American training programme and within a year, using only ten divisions with modest equipment, the Greeks dug the Communists out of every cave.

Why not try the same plan in

Korea? ROK divisions were pulled out of the line two at a time and given a complete re-do — three months of tough training, in even stiffer doses than recruits get in the United States. For instructors I used crack NCOs from other divisions.

In this way we found we could double our Korean Army every ten months—Korea's manpower being the only limiting factor. When the ten original divisions were retrained, we could then send them trained replacements.

We set up a special training centre near Kwang-Ju for badly needed technicians, NCOs and junior battle leaders. Look closely at this school. We will need half a dozen like it, in Asian countries anxious to fight for their freedom if we will only show them how.

In rough, prefab buildings we opened courses to train squad leaders in mortars, armour, artillery, machine guns, signals, intelligence, vehicle maintenance and army aviation. We also trained junior battle leaders up to and including battalion commanders.

We got many pleasant surprises. We discovered that Orientals apply themselves intensely — tell them something once, and they have it. They have photographic eyes for blackboard or field demonstrations. We found many boys who were brilliant but illiterate. We made them spend two hours each night learning to read; in six weeks they were writing home.

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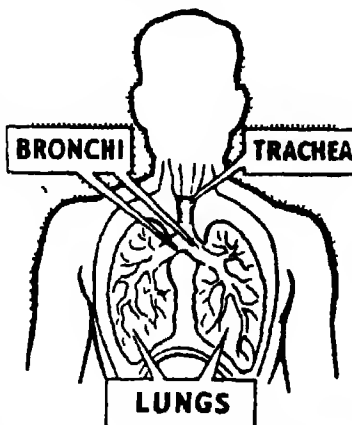


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Korea is now intensely proud of this little school. The lesson is that free Asia may easily be saved if our worthy allies are given such schools. With the aid of two dozen instructors and advisers, each can give courses lasting from four to 24 weeks to 10,000 eager pupils in those arts of war which are the backbone of a modern army. "We don't want your blood in Korea!" Syngman Rhee had told me "Only give us the training and the arms" And he was right

A TRAINED native division of 14,500 men is equal in fighting power to an American division of 18,000 men—and at  $1/25$  the cost per year. Why? Because Americans insist (I would not change it) that the GI should take with him to Asia his American standard of living

We drag along his home-town drugstore, with its candy bars, cigarettes, toilet articles. Every division must have its ice-cream plant. It is lavishly supplied with sleeping bags, stoves, heating elements, fuel oil or charcoal, and the world's most tastily varied rations including beef, pork, chicken, turkey, milk, eggs, sometimes hydroponic vegetables, and many refrigerated items. At the source the rations cost 8s 4d per man per day. By the time they are delivered in Korea, including theft and spillage, the cost rises close to 35s.

The South Korean ration costs only 2s. 8d. a day because it is

mostly rice, with local vegetables for vitamins, and meat hardly twice a week. In clothing, a Korean soldier considers himself lucky to get two cheap, home-made uniforms a year, while we often allow the GI a new outfit (far more expensive) every 90 days. In pay, the lowliest combat GI gets £47 13s. 4d. a month, while the Korean considers himself fortunate to get a shilling. When his outfit is on the move, the GI expects to be hauled in a truck, while a Korean assumes he will walk, as he has done all his life.

No wonder it takes 600 tons of transport a day to supply an American division, while a Korean division needs only 100 tons. These excess American trucks which the American living standard demands mean more manpower taken from the trigger-pullers and tied up in drivers, mechanics and engineers to build or repair roads.

Because most Korean soldiers carry rifles, a Korean division of 14,500 men has the same fire-power potential as the 18,000-man American outfit.

An American division is luxuriously upholstered with six tank companies. An Asiatic division can get along without even one. Tanks are staggeringly costly and also need many highly skilled maintenance crews. In Asiatic fighting they are often useless because of mountainous or marshy terrain. The typical Asiatic division can also use, instead of heavy artillery, plenty of mortars



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# **TRIPLE- ACTION**

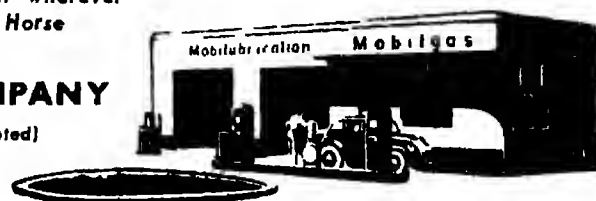
- 1** **SAVES ON WEAR** by lubricating properly at all temperatures,
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- 3** **SAVES ON PETROL** by preventing acids eating away the metal parts, which causes loss of power

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—cheap to make and easy to move.

Each division of Asiatics will need a few advisers skilled in logistics and tactics. But basic responsibility should always be borne by the native leaders. We found this out in Korea at some cost. When the war opened, President Syngman Rhee presented General MacArthur with the Korean Army.

"Take it," he said in effect, "to use as you will. It is yours."

It was a generous gesture, which the Americans accepted. But came April 1951, when the Sixth Korean Division, overrun by the Chinese Reds, continued to fall back and retreat, abandoning great quantities of equipment. My staff officers urged me to disband the Korean Sixth as worthless.

Instead I gathered its stragglers, reissued them precious equipment and then presented Syngman Rhee with what was probably the most blistering letter ever delivered by a soldier to the head of a friendly state. I told him bluntly that what his army needed was competent leadership. "They do not have it," I said, "as is clearly evidenced by repeated battle failures."

I then gave Syngman Rhee back his army by pointing out that securing good Korean leadership was not my task, but was "the chief responsibility of the President of the Republic."

President Rhee accepted full responsibility. From that day on, the

ROK Army owed their allegiance to *its own* people and country—as it should—and *not* to the U.S. Eighth Army.

How the Koreans solved their problem I don't know. There were, of course, courts-martial wholesale. We even heard rumours that commanders shot subordinates guilty of cowardice or gross negligence.

But I do know that the United Nations should be proud of their ally Syngman Rhee for the results he got. For when his officers and men realized that they were a Korean Army, under a Korean chain of command, fighting for Korea, with blame for failure and credit for success on their own shoulders, they were suddenly transformed into soldiers. When the Korean Sixth went back into the line, it fought like a commando team of tigers to redeem Korean honour and restore Korean "face." After that I never had a better, more dependable division in all of my command.

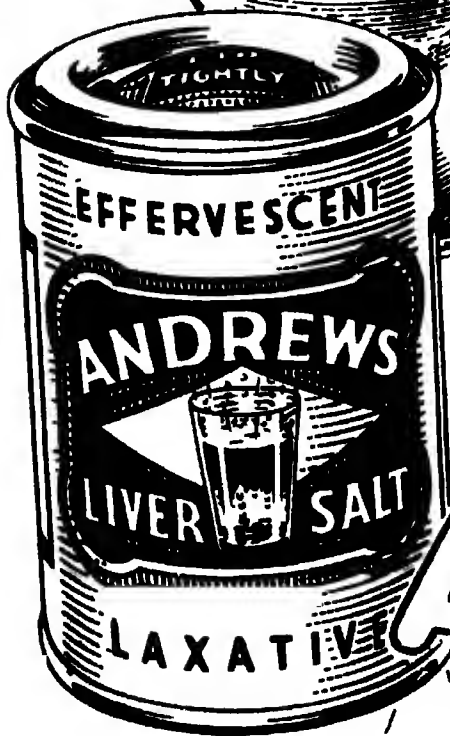
This preparedness programme which could save Asia, then, starts with a training school like the one at Kwang-Ju, which can train enough technicians and junior battle leaders to staff ten Asiatic divisions per year. In fighting power each is as effective as an American division. But a thousand million dollars will train and support 100 of them, whereas that sum would pay the overseas combat costs of only four American divisions.

# SPARKLING

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to buck you up!*

When hot weather wearies you,  
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Andrews does *more* than freshen  
you up—it cleanses the system and  
gently regulates its working. Keep  
a tin handy in hot weather, to  
cool you down, to buck you up,  
to put the sparkle back into life.



# ANDREWS

IF WE EXAMINE closely these rugged, low-cost divisions, hand-tooled so that Asiatics may keep Asia free, we see many similarities to those Japanese divisions which, in 1941, pattered down the Malay Peninsula in sandal-clad feet, and overran all of South-east Asia. Surely the West, which smarted under defeat from these lightly equipped, efficient armies, cannot argue that such methods are not effective.

LET us apply the preparedness-package formula to various danger spots around the rim of Asia. In Formosa much of it is already at work. Here \$300,000,000 (£105,000,000) in American aid to Chiang Kai-shek—only a little more than the cost of one American division per year—has produced 21 anti-Communist Chinese divisions, plus two air groups, with money left over for economic aid.

When the Korean War began, Chiang offered the United Nations his army. Had it been accepted, America might not have needed to bring a single ground division from the States. My unfulfilled hope, later in the war, was to bring Chiang's divisions to Korea, three at a time, to give them battle training in rotation.

Chiang's Chinese divisions would have brought us another combat advantage, for blood calls to blood. While I commanded in Korea, thousands upon thousands of our "Red" Chinese prisoners sent me "petitions

in blood." Their plea was always the same: "Give us arms to fight by your side. If not this, then send us to Formosa, so that some day we may, under Chiang, free our country!"

Chiang's experts, on my recent visit to Formosa, convinced me that, had we taken Chiang's proffered troops, the "Reds" would have come over to us wholesale. An Oriental soldier who surrenders is in deep disgrace. But a Chinese who leaves the Hammer and Sickle to join the Free Chinese loses no "face." He remains, in the code of the East, an honourable soldier.

Even today Chiang and his small army pose a real threat to Peking. Were Chiang, taking advantage of some quick chance, to slide even 15 of his 21 Free Chinese divisions ashore in the populous south (perhaps near the Indo-Chinese fighting), Peking knows far better than we that many Red coastal garrisons would "turn around." Chiang's Free Chinese Army might grow with every Red division sent against it.

I recently inspected this army. The average age of these veterans is 27. For five more years they could hold their own on the mainland against any reasonable odds. Even today, poised as a threat to Red China, keeping a few Communist armies tied down on the opposite coast, each of Chiang's 21 badly equipped divisions is worth its maintenance cost.

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3 minutes

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FARTHER down Asia's rim, Indo-China is tottering, in spite of American aid, which seems to have been largely squandered in costly air drops. This war will never be won with French troops—or American. Had only half the money been spent building an Indo-Chinese army under native command, it would have brought the free world many tough native divisions as effective as the Koreans, which would be more than enough to clear the peninsula.

They need just the type of army I saw in Greece—light, highly mobile forces which can strike hard and get away; men who are sure they are fighting for their own freedom, and not for far-away France.

Indo-China may pay the price of the Korean cease-fire. If it falls, Chinese manpower might then be switched to neighbouring Burma. Here there is surely time, about ten divisions should suffice to clean up the bandits and keep out the Reds—we needed no more in Greece. The Burmese divisions need only cost a fraction of the sum which France and the U.S. have already squandered down the present Indo-Chinese rathole—bound to be bottomless so long as money goes to pay foreign troops while the natives stand round as bored bystanders, without responsibility for their own freedom.

Preparedness packages of about this ten-division size should also

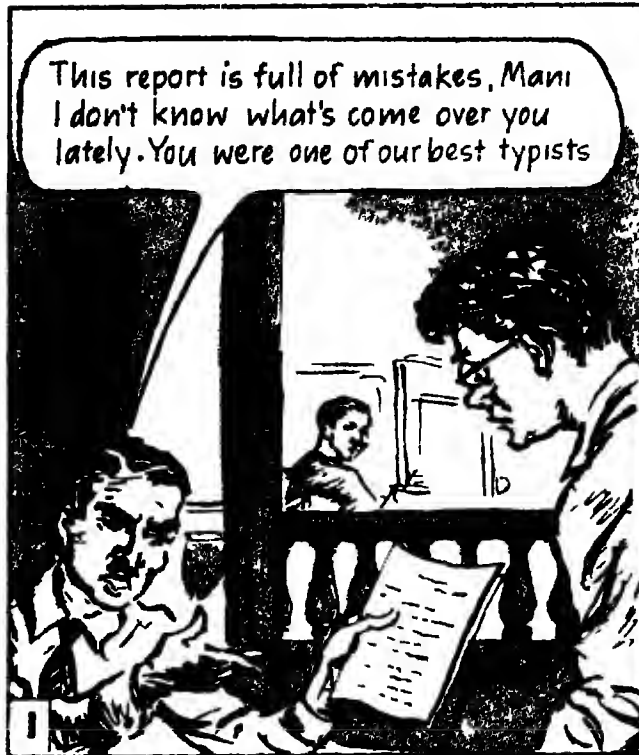
suffice to keep Communists out of Thailand, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines. Without them each small country, conscious of its weakness, may freeze into shivering inaction before the Red advance.

As for India, it is steeped in the ancient philosophy of non-resistance, and is also proud of its present neutral position. I would not crudely thrust arms into unwilling hands now clasped in contemplation of the Infinite. However, there is in the Moslem creed of Pakistan no taboo against self-defence. The Pakistanis welcome help to keep Red troops on the other side of the Himalayas.

From firsthand experience I can say without question that the preparedness package would be warmly received in Persia. I first met the present Shah in 1950. This young man is strongly pro-Western, keenly intelligent and earnestly for reform within his country. The Shah told me that his country desperately needed both economic improvements and a strengthened army. Persia, he said, was able to finance one or the other, but not both.

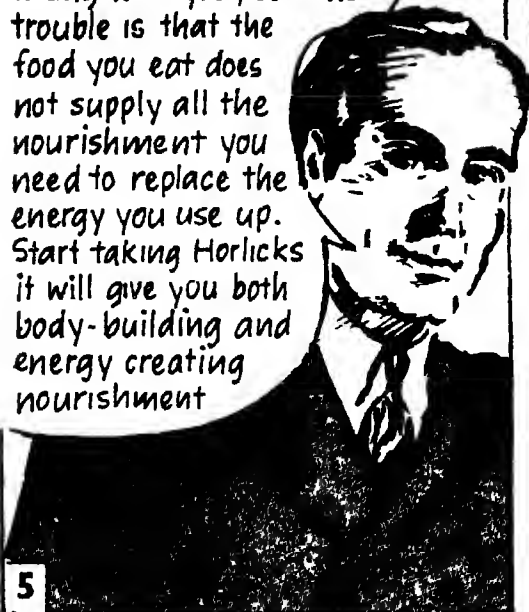
Only a handful of badly equipped Persian troops stands between Persia's oil wells and the Soviet border. Our military mission in Persia has given only eye-dropper aid. A preparedness package of ten divisions would not only safeguard the Shah's border but would give him the needed power to carry out his reforms, over the opposition of the feudal landowners.

# Typist promoted to secretary



## AT THE DOCTOR'S

There's nothing actually wrong with you, but the trouble is that the food you eat does not supply all the nourishment you need to replace the energy you use up. Start taking Horlicks it will give you both body-building and energy creating nourishment



5

## AND SO MANI TOOK HORLICKS EVERY DAY



6



What are you scribbling, Mani?

I'm practising my shorthand taking down the news bulletin. don't want to be a typist forever

7

## SOME TIME LATER

You've been doing better lately, Mani, and I hear you've passed your shorthand exams. I need another secretary, how would you like the job?



8

Oh, yes sir, thank you (Thinks) Thanks to Horlicks

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"Tiredness and lack of energy often indicate that the daily diet is not providing nourishment in the balanced form necessary for supporting normal health and energy. So, when tiredness and weakness can be traced to faulty or incomplete nourishment, I recommend Horlicks. That is because Horlicks contains the body-building nourishment of rich, full-cream cow's milk plus the energising extracts of wheat and malted barley. The 100% nourishment of Horlicks makes an ideal supplement to the diet."



## HORLICKS

*gives extra nourishment*

*. . . restores energy*

HL 3609



What Persia should have is not the obsolete mountain artillery we have been sending her but mortars (they are lighter and cheaper) plus bazookas and Molotov-cocktail grenades to stop tanks

Visiting Turkey, I had expected to find 21 combat-ready divisions. I found the Turkish spirit to be magnificent, but the army sadly lacking in both modern equipment and thorough training

When I arrived in nearby Greece, the end of my survey trip, I found that America's initial investment, made in 1947, has paid off magnificently. Because of its thorough training programme, this victorious army is as sound today as when I left Greece in 1950

AMERICA CANNOT furnish the world with American ground armies. If we try, it will drain us of manpower and throw us into bankruptcy without ever firing a shot, which is what the Soviets want.

Our duty is first to dot the Iron Curtain's rim with these preparedness packages. Seeking out trustworthy allies, we should aid them

in setting up training programmes and schools like Sang Mu Dai in Korea.

Secondly, we should stand ready, when the Communists poke into a soft spot, to provide these native divisions, defending their native land, with the munitions of war they then will need but which they cannot make for themselves

Thirdly, we should husband our strength for our greatest rôle, which is to keep mastery of sea and air, garrisoning naval bases and airstrips needed to back these fighting allies with ships and planes, even as we did in Korea. We must be able to deliver a devastating atomic counter-attack

Under such a programme, as native troops are trained, we can and should call in our costly American overseas garrisons at the rate of perhaps two divisions or more per year. Of course some day, if needed, they can return

Since our strength is not without limit, we should use it to aid only worthy allies. And is any ally worthy who is not eager to raise infantry to defend his native soil?

### *Wired for Sound*

A WOMAN staying in Florida last winter was taken by friends to one of the posh night clubs. When she entered the ladies' room she discovered a large mural of Adam, wearing only a fig leaf. A sign warned customers. "Do Not Lift the Fig Leaf." But the visitor's feminine curiosity got the better of her, and she raised the leaf.

Bells began to ring, sirens sounded, plaster fell and bedlam set in. She turned and ran out of the ladies' room door—only to be blinded by a giant spotlight, while the orchestra blared fanfares.

—Plattsmouth Nebraska Journal

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Brilliance of  
finish...



.. delightful  
to behold...



...for positive  
durability...



..for interior or  
exterior use..



...in Industry  
or the home...



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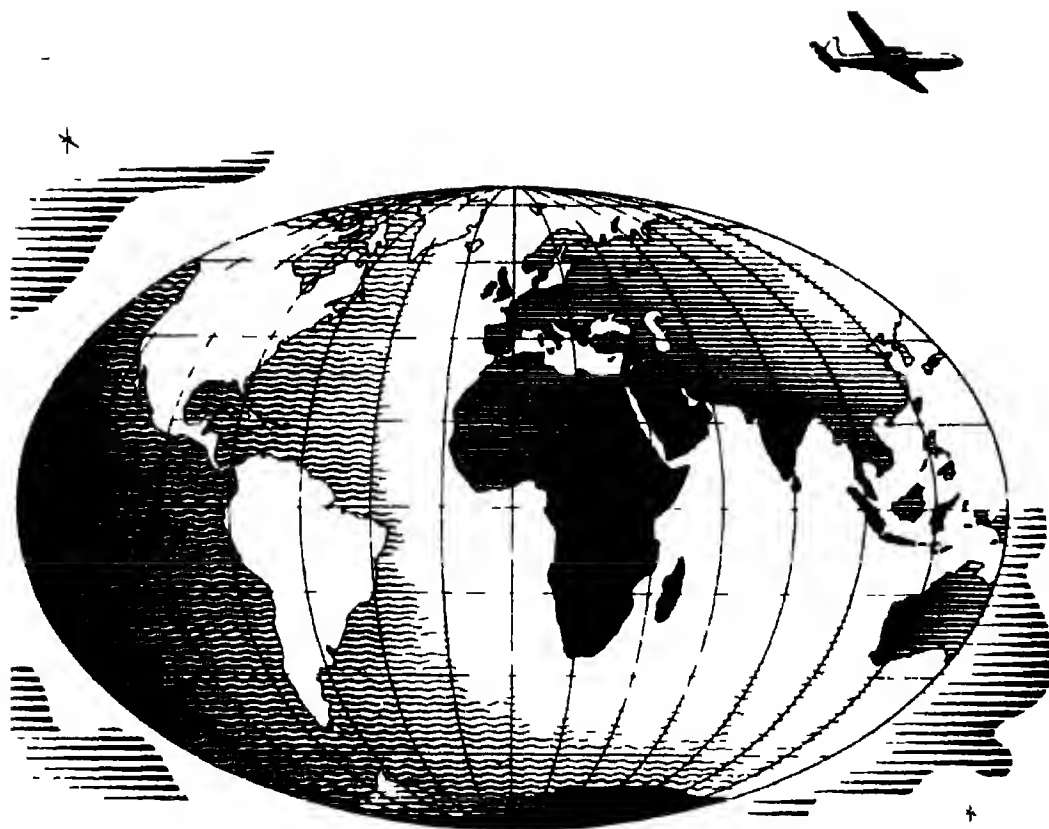
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*A unique clinic marshals citizens into a community war  
against broken marriages*

# GANGING UP ON DIVORCE

*By DeWitt Reddick*

THIS is the story of a bright experiment on a dark subject—divorce. In Oklahoma City a determined group of citizens, aroused by a climbing local divorce rate, decided that something had to be done. As one of the group said: "We ask for community help against polio, cancer and heart disease. Why not against divorce? Surely that's a community problem."

There were no funds for trained marriage counsellors. But, these citizens reasoned, human problems are most often solved by common sense. So they conscripted amateur consultants and founded a unique institution which they called the Oklahoma City Family Clinic.

That was in 1947. In the years since, more than 250 estranged couples have brought their troubles to the clinic. Of these, 48 per cent had been separated, 11 per cent were already divorced, 23 per cent had divorce suits pending. In nine out of ten cases the clinic brought recon-

The clinic is free, the atmosphere friendly and informal. Couples are invited to present their problems before a panel of four—a doctor, a lawyer, a businessman and a minister, each of whom gives his time.

One Saturday afternoon not long ago I met with a panel in a room provided by the local Red Cross. First we read the questionnaires that had been filled out by the husband and wife whose marriage was splintering. Then the couple—let's call them Evelyn and Carl—came in and took their seats, tense and hesitant. The desire of the panel members, the lawyer assured the two, was to help them. This could be done only if each would speak frankly and completely. The panel would not take sides or fix blame; they were there only to seek causes and recommend solutions.

First Evelyn and then Carl was asked to speak without interruption from the other. This was their story: After marriage Carl struggled through a year of college, then was called back into military service.

the end of the second year they had two children and Carl had been sent overseas. Evelyn took a job. Carl thought she should stay at home with the children. He thought she spent money unwisely. On his return he made her leave work, would give her no allowance, was dictatorial in all matters.

Carl said "She reads 'home beautiful' magazines but lets our home look like a doss house. She complains all the time of headaches, but when I come home dead tired she nags me to take her out and spend money we can't afford."

Members of the panel probed deeper. It became apparent that Evelyn's rebellion against housework was rooted in the experiences of her adolescence. Foster parents had forced her to do all the housework. They allowed her no amusements. Her marriage had come as an escape. Carl revered the memory of a mother who had been a meticulous housekeeper. Also, he was obsessed with the idea that war had taken five years from his life, and that he had to work night and day to catch up and "make a success." These shadows from the past distorted all their present-day relationships.

With their grievances talked over, Evelyn and Carl could discuss their problems with more understanding; at one point they laughed together over a remembered experience with the children. Prompted by panel members, they began to

seek solutions, and out of all the talk there emerged some answers.

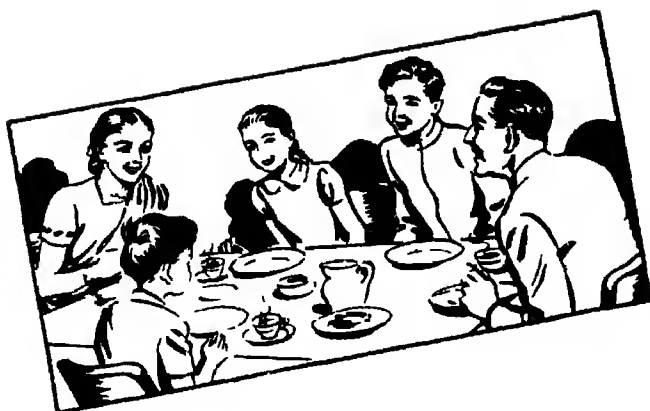
The session lasted nearly four hours. Evelyn and Carl left with assurances of follow-up conferences with panel members, and with plans that promised to change their lives.

The chance to talk things over, with friendly advisers helps an estranged man and wife to break down resentments, to search out the real causes of friction and to focus attention on common objectives. Surprisingly often a couple will cancel follow-up conferences with a cheery, "We're already working things out—thanks to you!"

The idea of the Family Clinic grew out of the kindly heart of Bliss Kelly, 60, an ex-newspaperman turned lawyer. Happily married himself, he was disturbed by the increasing number of divorce cases that crossed his desk. And the tragic effect upon the children stirred him deeply. Too often, he noted, teenagers involved in crime came from broken homes.

Most marital problems, he was convinced, fell into one of four categories—physical, financial, legal or spiritual. No one person could be wise enough to counsel in all these areas, so he devised the panel plan with a consultant in each field.

Community support came from many directions. Judges sitting on divorce cases referred couples to the clinic. Lawyers sent in many of their divorce clients. As word of the



It's common-sense for *every* family to take 'Ovaltine', for this delicious food beverage supplies vital nutritive elements which are often missing from ordinary daily diet. 'Ovaltine' is easily digestible, even for invalids and the very young. It helps to promote sweet sleep and abundant energy in people of all ages

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## GANGING UP ON DIVORCE

"The National Marriage Guidance Council, with headquarters off Grosvenor Square, London, is a body of voluntary workers which aims to foster successful marriage and to counsel married couples in difficulties. It has 400 specially selected and trained marriage counsellors working through 80 branches scattered over Britain.

"All who volunteer for the exacting work of rescuing marriages which are near breaking point are unpaid, and a condition of their acceptance by the Council is that they themselves are happily married, only two of the 400 are unmarried; and they have exceptional qualifications. These voluntary part-time workers come from all walks of life, the essential quality is an understanding mind, analytical but sympathetic. They must pass searching tests and strict training followed by a year of probation before they are accepted as full counsellors." —Alison Settle, writing in the *Liverpool Post*, October 15th, 1953

clinic's work spread, friends persuaded reluctant couples to apply for hearings. School teachers, probing into causes of pupils' misconduct or poor scholarship, have often discovered strained home relations and talked parents into consulting the clinic. Ministers frequently advise troubled church members to request a hearing.

An increasing sense of community responsibility concerning divorce is one of the most heartening results of the Family Clinic's work. When quarrels in one family resulted from inadequate living quarters and high rent, the minister then serving on the panel asked his congregation for help. Within two days he had arranged for the family to move into a new home at moderate rent. When finances are at the root of the trouble businessmen frequently arrange for a better job for the husband. A physician on the panel gave a troubled wife a free medical ex-

amination because of her evident nervous condition, then referred her to a specialist who could deal with her trouble.

But perhaps the most important follow-up is through the churches. Of the 250 couples who have appeared at hearings there were only three in which husband and wife attended church regularly. Clinic panels find that reconciliation becomes almost a certainty if they can persuade the couple to become active in church. So the minister on the panel invites the couple to consult him for further discussion of religion. (Almost one-third have accepted the invitation.) He finds which church they are interested in and arranges for them to meet the pastor and some members.

In the clinic's first six years, more than 80 doctors, businessmen, ministers and lawyers have given freely of their time as consultants. Despite lack of special training as marriage



counsellors their common-sense approach has been amazingly successful in turning up the real causes of marital strife and in getting the principals in almost every case to work out a satisfactory solution of their difficulties

Already six other Oklahoma cities have adopted the citizens' panel plan, with notable success. Communities elsewhere will discover that they, too, have hidden talents which can be drawn upon to heal hidden troubles



### *Caught in Passing*

YOUNG WIFE to husband on tram "It we miss two payments on the washing machine and one on the refrigerator, we'll have enough for a down payment on a television set" —"Over the Teacups" in *Toronto Star*

OVERHEARD outside a cinema "I never go to a film unless I've seen it before. Then I *know* it's good" —Contributed by J. M. Stewart

OVERHEARD in a bus "We want to see that picture called *From Here to Maternity*" —Columbus *Ohio State Journal*

GIRL, who works for a radio-TV executive, exploding to a friend "My boss has a split personality—and I loathe them both" —Bennett Cerf, *King Features*

ONE WOMAN to another "Well, I'm glad I got my children reared before there was any such thing as adolescence" —Contributed by W. F. Carroll

**Reason Enough** Hungarian Prime Minister Imre Nagy, the story goes, was making an inspection of public institutions in Budapest. Matyas Rákosi, the Communist Party boss, accompanied him. Out of courtesy, the officials of the institutions addressed their remarks to Nagy, but Rákosi gave all the answers.

A school headmaster presented a long list of desperately needed improvements and asked for a large grant. Before Nagy could reply, Rákosi interrupted with the announcement that the school would be allotted only 5,000 forints. But when the warden of a prison began a similar appeal for additional funds, Rákosi cut him short with, "You will receive one million forints."

Later Nagy ventured to ask why Rákosi had been so parsimonious with the schoolmaster and so generous to the prison warden.

"I'm surprised to see you exhibiting so little knowledge of basic Party principles, Comrade," answered Rákosi. "Is either of us likely to go to school again?" —Contributed by Franc Shor



*A condensation from the book by*

AMES DUGAN

GRANDIOSELY conceived in the 1850s, and technically half a century ahead of her time, Brunel's mammoth *Great Eastern* was in her day the most famous ship since Noah's Ark. She generated an aura of ballyhoo which always promised more than she could deliver, for the great ship had a fatal attraction for disaster. But her ultimate dramatic triumph in laying the first oceanic cables finally justified her existence.

James Dagan's deft and sparkling biography of this fate-struck monster, *The Great Iron Ship*, which killed her designer, drowned her first captain, and ended as a floating circus, is almost certain to become a best-seller

•115

*"The Great Iron Ship," published 1953 by Hamish Hamilton, London, at 16s •*



### THE GREAT IRON SHIP

**H**UNDRED YEARS AGO, the world watched a wonder grow on a muddy strand of the Thames in London. It was a steamship five times the size of the biggest vessel then afloat. The fabulous *Great Eastern*, mother of ocean liners, was designed to carry 4,000 passengers, almost twice as many as the *Queen Mary*, launched 77 years later. A vessel 693 feet long and 120 feet wide, she would, fully laden, outweigh the 197 English ships that fought the Spanish Armada.

The *Great Eastern* had five funnels and six masts, which carried 6,500 square yards of sail, an impressive figure even in the height of the clipper-ship period. She had two sets of engines, their strength of 11,000 horses was "enough to run all the cotton mills in Manchester." One power plant turned the enormous paddle wheels which projected 15 feet from the vessel's sides, the other ran a 24-foot propeller screw which—still the largest a ship has carried—reminded a writer of "the bones of some pre-Adamite animal."

This mighty ship was conjured up by the most celebrated engineer of the mid-19th century, Isambard Kingdom Brunel. At a time when the engineers had captured the im-

agination of the world, Brunel, a small, dynamic man, was known as the "Little Giant" of builders. He was famous at 20, when he bossed the construction of the first modern underwater shaft, the Thames Tunnel, everything he did was outsize, brilliant and radical. He was possessed with grandeur. For 30 years he had built bridges, viaducts, railways, dry docks and ships amidst salvos of controversy.

In 1825 he published an argument for a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. He introduced railway telegraphy in 1839. He invented the compartmented goods wagon, and fought unsuccessfully for the adoption of seven-foot railway tracks. Sometimes his vaulting imagination outstripped the technology of his time. During the Crimean War he designed an armoured gunboat which would launch amphibious tanks, the vehicles to be powered by jet propulsion. The *Great Eastern*, which Brunel conceived in 1851, was an engineering and financial venture that also plunged far ahead in time. It marked the tragic climax of his career.

The reason for the ship was grandly simple. Brunel wanted a vessel large enough to make the 22,000-mile round trip to Ceylon

without refuelling. Hence the *Great Eastern* would carry 12,000 tons of coal. Such a ship, he believed—and he persuaded financiers to raise £600,000 on this thesis—could monopolize the imperial trade to the Orient and Australia.

When work began on the *Great Eastern* in 1854, 2,000 men scuttled like insects over the gigantic structure. Her design was a technological explosion. The first vessel without ribs, she was a daring fabric of 30,000 curved iron plates, held in place by three million rivets, each an inch thick and driven by hand. She had two hulls, one inside the other, three feet apart and heavily braced, extending to six feet above the waterline. Inside these, bulkheads formed 12 watertight compartments; she was as nearly unsinkable as engineering genius could make her.

As the behemoth took shape, Longfellow and other poets sang of this Wonder of the Seas, this Floating City. Lithographs of it were seen everywhere and stereopticon pictures of the marvel were common in mid-Victorian parlours. But prominent engineers had doubts. Some predicted that when a big wave lifted her amidships the *Great Eastern* would snap like a twig over a stone. This was to be the one disaster spared the ship in a long career of catastrophe.

THE *Great Eastern* was not built in dry-dock—there was none in

existence large enough—but on two timber cradles. These rested on iron rollers placed across railway rails which were in turn supported by concrete and timber piles. She lay on the point of a sweeping bend in the Thames, 330 feet from the high-tide mark. For three years her 58-foot height dominated the area. Passing seamen stared, marvelled and scoffed: they hated the iron Moloch, the big "smoke box," that would turn seafaring into foundry work.

During construction four workmen were killed and the head of a prying visitor was crushed by a pile driver. The builders were proud of the low casualty rate. Nevertheless, a ghost story fastened upon the ship. It was said that a riveter, who was missing and could not be accounted for, had been sealed up alive in one of the hull compartments, and that his screams could not be heard above the din of the hammers. His ghost was said to have hoodooed the ship.

Certainly misfortune dogged her from the start. Soon after construction began, the price of iron plate increased, and after two years the company ran out of money. Work was suspended and Brunel was removed from his post as engineer. He responded by raising more money and renting a house near the yard. When work was resumed after three months, he continued to direct it without pay and without an official connection with the project.

As the last plates were finally riveted, speculation mounted about the launching. The *Great Eastern* was the heaviest object that man had attempted to move. Moreover, since the river was not wide enough to receive her head on, she would have to be launched sidewise, a scheme then contrary to all precepts of large-ship building. Brunel would need hydraulic rams to push the ship, steam tugs to pull her, miles of massive chains, and gigantic steam winches and windlasses to check her if she slid down the ways too fast. *The Times* warned it would be a long and tedious affair of eight to ten hours. Actually it took three months.

Brunel announced the launching for November 3, 1857, enjoining "perfect silence" so that his orders could be heard. He did not know that the company had issued thousands of tickets, that grandstands were going up nearby, that Thames boatmen were booking hordes to watch from the river. As the hour approached, brass bands blared and, despite a dark drizzle, an enormous crowd gathered for the spectacle.

Amid the muddy tumult, little Brunel, in his tall beaver hat, herded the sight-seers away from the launching apparatus and mounted a rostrum high on the ship. At noon he gave the signal. The mighty vessel shuddered and groaned, and the very mud beneath her quaked in majestic convulsion. "She moves!" people yelled. "She moves!" Her stern slid three inches.

Brunel waved a red flag for the hydraulic rams to push. There was a scraping squeal and the *Great Eastern* started to slide. Among the thousands who simply stood and sighed was the gang on the 60-ton stern checking drum. Its unattended windlass began to spin in reverse, hurling dozens of workers over the heads of the crowd. Spectators and workers scattered in panic. Five men were carried off, two of whom died.

Brunel organized another attempt as a heavy rain began to fall. The expectant crowd waited in the mud. Again the ship grumbled and groaned but would not move. Chains snapped and flailed links, as thick as a man's arm, at screaming, running people.

A second official launching, set for the next favourable tide, in December, was no more successful. Between "launchings," however, Brunel continued to wrestle the ship forward an inch at a time. The struggle was marked by calamitous accidents and expense. As *The Times* reported:

"Hydraulic rams, windlasses and chains, although of the most massive construction, were all broken in regular succession, till scarcely anything of the apparatus was left to continue work." By January of 1858, when the *Great Eastern* had been nudged nearly two-thirds of the way to the water, the launching had cost £1,000 a foot.

For the next favourable tide Bru-



## Does advertising really reduce the price?

WHETHER you're buying a car or a typewriter, toothpaste or sliced fruit, you're most likely to choose something with a name you know. A well-known name you feel, is a guarantee of quality. But what about price? How much extra are you paying because your typewriter or tube of toothpaste is a well-known and reliable make? The answer is, usually, nothing.

It's all a matter of mass production — of producing the merchandise, packing and wrapping it in quantities so large that production costs are cut. Of course, to *produce* in large quantities, the manufacturer must *sell* in large quantities. And that is where advertising plays its very important part.

Through advertising, a manufacturer can tell many more people about his product, far more cheaply and efficiently

than if he employed thousands of salesmen to call at every house. When more people know about his product more people buy it, and this generally means a lower price, because when output goes up the cost of each item comes down.

So advertising costs you nothing, and in many cases it means that you pay *less* for *better* goods. For the manufacturer who advertises his products must maintain quality, otherwise people will not trust them and buy them again when they see them.

Advertising, therefore, helps both the public and the manufacturer through this endless chain of cause and effect. And, because The Reader's Digest accepts only advertisers of repute, you can place extra reliance on what you see in its advertisement pages.

nel assembled a motive force of nearly 6,000 tons, half the dead weight of the ship itself. The vessel was finally launched on Sunday, January 31. There were no spectators; people had tired of watching abortive launchings.

THE *Great Eastern* had already cost £800,000, and though she was now afloat she still lacked funnels, sails, instruments, furnishings and masts. It would cost £120,000 more to complete her.

Throughout 1858 the shareholders vigorously asserted the great ship's chief talent—that of filling newspaper columns. Most wanted to sell her. One hoped the navy would buy them out. "As a war steamer she may be invaluable," the suffering investor wrote to *The Times*, pointing out that at top speed she could ram-sink anything afloat. The navy did not respond, and by autumn *The Times* was suggesting that "all England put its head together to think what to do with the monster."

In desperation the debt-ridden directors opened the vessel to sightseers and took £5,000 in one week from rowdy cockneys who chased each other through the cavernous ship. Queen Victoria arrived by royal yacht and came aboard with her nose buried in a bouquet. The Thames stank powerfully in those days.

The ordeal of the launching left Brunel dazed and ill and his physi-

cian sent him to Egypt to rest. When he returned to London he found the company defunct. Brunel helped found a new company, which bought the ship for £160,000. The original shareholders had lost more than £600,000.

America was clamouring to see the *Great Eastern*, and her second group of investors brushed aside Brunel's warning that the advantage of the ship's great coal capacity "would not be felt in short voyages, for instance, to New York." They now fitted her out to cross the Atlantic, calculating that eight round trips a year to America could earn 15 per cent per annum.

The grand saloon was decorated, and staterooms were furnished for 300 first class passengers. There has not been such a grand saloon since. It was 62 feet long, 36 feet wide, white and gilt in décor, with silvered ornamental ironwork. A funnel that passed through it was encased in mirrors. The sofas and chairs were of carved teak with claret plush upholstery.

The main deck was an acreage of teak dotted by skylights and small deckhouses called "caboozes," which were foyers for stairs or cattle pens. The staterooms were twice as large as Cunard's best cabins, and the buried second- and third-class quarters were to be elaborately ventilated. These lesser quarters, however, were not installed for nine more years.

A banquet, which Brunel was

too ill to attend, celebrated the ship's commissioning in August 1859. Peers, Members of Parliament, engineers and capitalists were introduced to Captain William Harrison, who had been chosen over 200 competitors to command the great ship. The directors announced that on September 6 the *Great Eastern* would sail for Holyhead, Wales, on its way to America.

The day before she was to start her ocean adventures, a faltering white-faced man painfully climbed aboard. His associates were heavy in heart as they looked at Brunel. Only 53, he had changed 11 months from the tough, tanned boss of great enterprises to a quaking ancient. As he posed for pictures against the towering mainmast, he staggered and fell with a stroke. He was tenderly carried off the great ship that had been his dream.

WHEN the leviathan finally put out to sea, thousands lined the banks of the Thames to the water's edge, cheering enthusiastically as she slid past. The great paddle wheels began to turn, and ten minutes after the tugs had cast her loose in the Channel the *Great Eastern* "set at rest for ever all doubt as to her being the fastest vessel beyond compare in the world."

Off Hastings, however, the forward funnel suddenly blew out of the ship with a thunderous report. The grand saloon, which the passengers had just left, was enveloped

in clouds of steam, its mirrors "were shattered into ten thousand fragments" and the oak stairs leading to it were blown to splinters. Broken glass and bits of wood fell like hail, and the ship's furnaces, their red glare now visible through a hole in the saloon deck, spewed flames and ashes.

A fireman escaped being boiled alive by diving down an ash chute, only to be drawn into a paddle wheel and crushed. The forward stoke-hole suffered 15 explosion victims, of whom five later died. At the inquest on the dead firemen the explosion was laid to steam building up in the funnel jacket. The escape cock on the steam jacket had been closed by some unknown person.

Back in London, the paralysed Brunel was not told of the humiliation for four days. The news killed him. The iron whale that ate gold and men was showing her unappeasable appetite.

The ship was opened for sight-seers during repairs, with the explosion damage as an added inducement. When the repairs languished, the directors took the ship to Holyhead to mop up tourist half-crowns there.

Late in October a tremendous storm struck Holyhead. The *Great Eastern* lost her mooring and was adrift at the mercy of the raging elements. Through 18 hours of masterful manoeuvring Captain Harrison proved the ship seaworthy in a blow which sent many vessels



down. But the wind blew out the saloon skylights and let in a flood of water; and the sumptuous saloon, so recently restored, was again a shambles.

Small shareholders were now in revolt, demanding that something be done about making the ship pay. In vain the directors appealed to Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, for a subsidy.

In January 1860 Captain Harrison went ashore in his gig. A sudden squall capsized the boat, drowning the nine-year-old son of the chief purser, the coxswain and the master of the great ship.

After this disaster the directors resigned, and a new board set out to raise £100,000 in £5 shares to complete the ship. The reorganized company was headed by Daniel Gooch, a capitalist who had once been a locomotive superintendent on one of Brunel's railways. The company he now led constituted the ship's third group of investors and the *Wonder of the Seas* had not yet carried a paying passenger.

IN NEW YORK "public expectation was on tiptoe" as the *Great Eastern* began taking on passengers in May 1860 for the long-delayed transatlantic maiden voyage. About 300 passengers went aboard the ship, all she had beds for. When she failed to depart as advertised—for she was still unfinished and in trouble—most of them left her and took a reliable Cunarder. The iron

ship finally sailed on June 17, with only 35 paying guests, eight company deadheads, including Daniel Gooch, and a crew of 418. The cargo consisted of 500 gross of London Club Sauce.

The passengers were lost in the ship. They wandered through her like children discovering marvels. They were irresistibly drawn to the guard walk outside the paddle boxes, and spent hours watching the ship's long triple wake. The cattle pens on deck supplied fresh-killed mutton and fowl for the table, and at night there were concerts in the grand saloon. But the slaggy coal used blistered the funnel casings which passed up through the saloons, and the main dining saloon had to be abandoned because of the heat.

As the *Great Eastern* approached New York, thousands boarded harbour craft, yachts and ferries, and went out to meet her. Soon she was surrounded by hundreds of small vessels, each bulging with spectators. At Fort Hamilton the garrison fired a 14-gun salute. People covered wharves, housetops, church steeples as the monster paraded up the Hudson River. When the ship was berthed, her projecting paddle box chewed five feet into the wharf, sending people howling and fighting to get out of the way.

In the morning an extemporaneous fair rose along nearby streets and on the wharf. Booths began selling twopenny dippers of "*Great*

*Eastern lemonade*" as well as "*Great Eastern oysters*" and "*Great Eastern lager beer*." Impromptu cabarets were set up in the area, and a steamer fitted with tables and awnings was moored under the big ship's stern. Omnibuses and horse trams with new-painted banners, "TO THE GREAT EASTERN," were diverted to the waterfront from other parts of town, and the city's hotel registrations rose 6,000 above the daily norm.

But the *Great Eastern* was not ready for exhibition. It remained closed to sight-seers five days for clean-up and repair, while New York papers fumed at the delay. Meanwhile, disasters piled up aboard. A *Great Eastern* hand sent to examine the paddle wheel fell to his death. A drunken sailor skidded off the guard walk and was drowned. A fight in the boiler-room caused 13 casualties, of whom one died. When a fireman was killed with a wrench in another brawl—the ship's 22nd victim—a six-man police detail was put aboard.

The ship was finally thrown open on the eve of American Independence Day. Admission was \$1, a price which New Yorkers considered an outrage. The customers could stay aboard all day if they wished, and most of them did, patronizing the large bar which had been opened on the ship. But only 1,500 paid admissions were taken on the first day, and only 2,000 on Independence Day. Those who did

go aboard tried to get their dollar's worth by pocketing souvenirs. Gooch posted sober crew members to protect property. The purser came upon two visitors removing an oil painting from the grand saloon. He remonstrated with them. The guests struck him over the head with the picture and left him unconscious.

WHEN the directors cut admission fees by half, business improved. In four weeks the *Great Eastern* sold 143,764 tickets. Then the crowds thinned. The time had come for an excursion to cater to Americans who wanted to ride in the great ship. A two-day cruise for \$10 was announced, the passengers to buy their own meals aboard. P. T. Barnum offered to take over the excursion, but the directors preferred to keep all the profit for the company.

Two thousand New Yorkers took the cruise and, as Gooch wrote in his diary with remarkable understatement, "it was a most extraordinary trip." Military bands played on the main deck, spirits were plentiful aboard, and by the time the *Great Eastern* rounded Sandy Hook many of the musicians had succumbed to a combined seizure of alcohol and seasickness. Cards and dice appeared, and gaming circles formed on the deck. Others found vent for their holiday mood in drinking and pugilism.

The grand saloon had been trans



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formed into a café. But when meal-time came the waiters made no move, though the excursionists howled for provender. A pipe had burst in the provision-room and flooded the food stores. At length food was hauled from another store-room. It consisted of dessicated fowl, maggoty beef, salt junk and biscuits hard as stone.

Frayed tempers were not improved when night came. "As the passengers had no beds to go to," Gooch's diary said, "they lay about everywhere." He failed to add who was responsible for taking 2,000 passengers on a two-night voyage when there were beds for 300. A number of thin mattresses were dispensed on deck, as the supply dwindled, stewards demanded 50 cents apiece for them. A rain of cinders from the funnels poured over the deck sleepers. A shower during the night, and the morning dew, helped to cake soot on the passengers. "In the morning they woke up very cross," Gooch said. And when they went down to breakfast there wasn't any. The victuals had been exhausted the night before.

The schedule called for an early-morning arrival at the fashionable watering place of Old Point Comfort, where the voyagers were to spend a day. Outrage took on a touch of alarm when the *Great Eastern* steamed through the morning without sighting land. The ship had strayed off course 100 miles to sea. Not until mid-afternoon did the

hungry and worried argonauts describe land.

Many dissident excursionists went home by train, but on the return trip the vessel seemed to have more people than before. At sea many grinning stowaways appeared; they paid half a dollar to make the trip back to New York.

The *Great Eastern* docked in New York in a gale of abuse. A second excursion drew only 100 paying passengers.

Without salvos or indeed a crowd on the wharf, the *Great Eastern* presently slipped away from New York for home, with 100 passengers. On her way she established an eastbound speed record—nine days four hours. But the American exhibition had been a disaster. Expected to net £140,000, it had taken in only £24,000, more than half of which went for overhead expenses.

After an unprofitable and expensive winter—during which she had to have a new stern propeller tube, fouled the hawser of a small sight-seer's boat and drowned two of its passengers, smashed into the frigate *Blenheim*, had to pay a £24,000 judgment to an engineering firm for repairing the damage incurred in the funnel explosion—the *Great Eastern* made a second voyage to New York. It was without incident. With the American Civil War a month old, the city had no time to spare for the *Great Eastern*.

In New York the ship was loaded with 5,000 tons of wheat and sailed

for Liverpool with 194 passengers. There she found the shareholders rejoicing. The War Office had decided to charter the *Great Eastern* to carry reinforcements for the Canadian garrison, and she was quickly readied as a troop carrier. At last Her Majesty's ministers had recognized the ship's value as a transport, her financial troubles seemed over.

The ship sailed with 3,000 souls aboard—twice as many as had ever been carried on any other ship. But after this single trip the War Office ended the charter and demolished the daydreams of the shareholders.

When the *Great Eastern* plied the Atlantic, ocean disasters from fires and sinkings were commonplace. Not the least of the *Great Eastern's* appeal, therefore, lay in her safety features. She had already proved herself by surviving a funnel explosion which would have destroyed any other ship, and by weathering a storm which sent many another to the bottom. Her durability was soon to be still further tested.

The 400 passengers who sailed with her on September 10, 1861, had only the usual worries—that is, "the greatest disorder and worst possible arrangements." But on the third day the wind rose violently.

At first it seemed a freak local blow that would soon pass. But the gale continued unabated, throwing the *Great Eastern* into steep port rolls, and plunging the gigantic paddle wheel under the waves. When

an unusual noise was heard above the engines and the crash of water, investigation disclosed that the port paddle-box girders were bent and that the wheel was scraping against the ship's side plates. For fear that the broken wheel would hole the ship, the paddle engine was stopped.

In the engine-room several rolls of heavy leaden plates had broken loose and were tumbling from side to side, battering at the inner bulkheads. Two large tanks of fish oil tore loose and fell through a hatch to the engine deck, spreading hundreds of gallons of the liquid. The stench of oil was compounded with the terror of the storm in the days of ordeal which followed.

The hurricane mounted. One by one the sailors were forced to cut away the flailing, splintering lifeboats, until the davits were empty. An extraordinary sea took away the port paddle wheel. Soon afterwards the starboard paddle wheel was carried away in a single sweep of water. The propeller alone could not hold the ship on her heading. Moreover, fearful sounds could be heard from the rudder and screw assembly. An inspection revealed that the rudder was flapping out of control in the water. The captain ordered the screw stopped and the ship fell silent, except for the donkey engines labouring at the pumps. An attempt to raise sail failed, the canvas streaming away in ribbons in the fierce winds.

In the grand saloon the rosewood grand piano hurtled back and forth,

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crashing into the elegant buffets, until it smashed itself to splinters. The saloon stove went adrift and crashed into the pier glass on the funnel casing. The dining saloon was similarly wrecked, and from below there was an echoing tumult of shifting, bursting cargo and stores, none of which had been made fast properly. Things had simply been put aboard as in a storehouse; now they were being battered to pieces.

The first day the ship's surgeon treated 27 major fracture cases. He had no time for the many broken noses and contusions.

The storm remained at hurricane force the second day. Many cabin portholes had been smashed and staterooms were soaked. Terrified passengers cringed in corners of the saloons. Waves surged over the deck, skylights were broken, and water fell by the ton and drained into the bilges so that the pumps were barely equal to the deluge. No one had eaten for 24 hours, nor would they for 24 more. The haggard master summoned a passenger committee to announce that the stokers had broken into the liquor stores and refused to take orders. The committee was armed as a posse to patrol the ship and protect the women.

The vessel remained out of control during the second night of storm. The free-swinging rudder was smashing into the idle screw, chewing more oak with each blow.

Among the passengers was an engineer, Hamilton E. Towle, who conceived a bold plan for capturing and controlling the rudder. The captain was induced to let him try it. With 15 fathoms of chain cable and many hours of perilous work, the whirling rudder was at last lassoed and made fast. It was an extraordinary achievement, for which Towle won a salvage award of £2,000.

After 75 hours of helplessness the propeller engine was turned on and the *Great Eastern* limped into Queenstown (Cóbh) harbour as the storm subsided.

THE REPAIR of the *Great Eastern* cost £60,000. The giant steamer, however, was being universally acclaimed for her victory over the hurricane, and hope still throbbed in the hearts of her owners. They planned a busy year for 1862.

It was an opportune time. The United States, occupied with the Civil War, had surrendered to Britain the ocean-carrying trade won by its famed clipper ships. The *Great Eastern* herself had tapped this opportunity the year before when she transported 5,000 tons of prairie wheat from New York to Liverpool, the largest cargo a ship had ever carried. Her directors, however, did not grasp the importance of this trade, obsessed as they were with first-class passengers.

They saw no profit in emigrants either, despite the fact that 800,000

went to the United States in the war years. Had they sent their ship to the emigrant staging areas in Queenstown or Hamburg they might have beaten the competition to a frazzle. With £20,000 in west bound humans and a like amount in eastbound wheat, the great ship might have paid.

It was not to be. The *Great Eastern* made three trips to New York in 1862, losing £320 on the first and running home with her highest gross, £45,000, on the second. On the third trip calamity struck again.

Captain Walter Paton (the seventh captain the monster had now had) felt that the ship was too heavily laden to risk crossing the shallows at Sandy Hook, near New York, where she might go aground. He decided, therefore, to go down Long Island Sound to Flushing Bay. At 2 a m., as the pilot was taking her past Montauk Light and into the Sound, the men on the bridge heard a dull rumble and the ship heeled over a few degrees.

When the *Great Eastern* moored in Flushing, she was listing to starboard. A diver, sent down to examine the hull, found a rip along the bottom 83 feet long and nine feet wide. No other vessel could have survived such an accident. The giant's inner skin was undamaged, though her between-hulls space had filled with water.

Soundings at the point of the accident revealed a rock needle that towered within 24 feet of the sur-

face. The *Great Eastern* had made a contribution to geography: the "Great Eastern Rock" is still carried on mariners' charts.

It looked like the finish of the monster ship. No dry-dock in the world was large enough to take her. And she could not be beached and repaired for, unlike other steamers, her bottom was flat. Her dilemma seemed insoluble.

But the *Great Eastern* had a magnetism for brilliant men as strong as her attraction for disaster. Now, in her desperate situation, a New York engineer, Edward S. Renwick, came forward with an offer to repair the ship under water. He was to be paid only if he succeeded.

Renwick had decided to apply a "caisson," or what would now be called a coffer-dam, to the vast hole. It would be a semi-cylinder of heavy wood, 102 feet long, 16 feet wide, and curved to fit the ship's hull. He proposed to fit this shell over the gash and pump it and the space between the hulls dry, so that repairmen could patch the outer hull.

This huge caisson, itself a vessel of about 60 tons capacity, had to be built in a shipyard, launched like a ship and towed to Flushing Bay. There it was heavily ballasted and lowered. A diver went down to see that it was accurately fitted over the hole, then it was fastened to the ship with chains. The edges of the caisson that touched the ship were hol-



lowed out, and a heavy fire hose was laid in this groove and padded with carpet. Water was pumped into the hose to inflate it and make a tight fit. The whole improvisation worked perfectly. After the caisson had been pumped dry, the riveters were able to go down into it and begin their repairs.

One day, after being lowered to inspect the job, the diver sent up the emergency signal. When his helmet was removed, his face was deadly white. "The ghost is hammering inside the hull!" he exclaimed. The next morning the riveters refused to go down. From their sullen ranks came a curious individual with a stovepipe hat—Professor Thomas, by profession a spirit medium. He assured the engineer that the spectral riveter was present "both in body and spirit."

Captain Paton hastened down the shaft. He returned without a word but drew Renwick aside and whispered: "I heard it. Something is pounding the hull!" Renwick and the skipper inspected the entire bilge of the great ship and confirmed the sound of banging, from below the water line. Paton got into a skiff and rowed round the ship. A few feet under water he spied a heavy swivel striking the ship's side as she oscillated in the swell. The swivel was made fast and the medium sent packing.

The repairs were completed after a dead loss of four months—and Renwick's bill was \$350,000

(£70,000). The company was deeper in debt than ever.

THE *Great Eastern* continued to lose money, so early in 1864 the company was bankrupted and the ship again offered for auction. It was bought by none other than Daniel Gooch himself—for £25,000. He had been in touch with Cyrus Field, an American financier dedicated to a grand obsession—a telegraph line across the Atlantic.

Field's company had lost £500,000 on unsuccessful attempts to lay a cable on the ocean floor. The *Great Eastern*, having betrayed three corporations with a total bankruptcy score of £1,000,000, was twice the financial flop that Field was. The resolute American decided to put the two failures together and make a success. Gooch offered his white elephant free of charge if she failed to lay the cable, in return for £50,000 in cable stock if she succeeded. Field agreed and the great iron ship was squared away for an attempt to lay a line of telegraphic cable on the bottom of the sea from Ireland to Newfoundland.

In July 1865 the vessel headed out from the Irish coast, the black line of cable unreeling into the sea. The cable, a little over an inch thick, was coiled in three gigantic tanks that had replaced saloons, cabins and holds. A funnel and two of the ten boilers were also removed to make stowage room. Both Gooch and Field were aboard, and reports

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of progress were telegraphed over the lengthening line to Ireland and thence to London. The brain centre of the expedition was a blacked-out testing room on the ship where electricians sat in constant watch over their big testing instrument. If its pinpoint of light misbehaved, it meant a fault in the cable wrapping allowing current to escape, or a break.

A fault occurred during the first night, 84 miles out. To bring in the line was a delicate job, but when ten miles of cable were recovered the fault was found. A two-inch sliver of wire was driven through the tarred manila wrapping.

After this, things went well for a few days. But on the seventh day the testing room reported the current was leaking entirely into the sea. Once more mile after mile of line was brought in, while men felt the slimy wire with their hands to find the flaw. For 26 hours the captain and first officer stayed on the bridge, deftly manœuvring the ship to avoid straining the cable.

The recovered lengths of cable finally revealed a piece of iron driven through it, its end suspiciously bright, as if cut with nippers. There were Irishmen working in the cable tanks; could one of them have seen it his duty to obstruct an English enterprise? The crew suspected of sabotage was transferred to deck duty, and trusted men were posted over the new tankmen.

The *Great Eastern* crossed the

halfway mark. And at dawn on August 2 the sabotage theory was exploded. Cyrus Field himself was on watch when the new accident occurred. "There goes a piece of wire!" a tankman yelled. The cable was snaring loose wire from the funnelling apparatus through which it was passing.

The damaged section had already passed into the sea. As the crew sought to haul it back, there was a sudden jerk, caused perhaps by the ship. The cable, now 1,186 miles long, snapped and its end sank to the bottom of the ocean.

The *Great Eastern* retraced her path to the shallower part of the ocean known as Telegraph Ridge. A grapnel line was let out, and in a few hours there were indications that bottom had been touched, about three miles down.

The following morning a heavy strain was registered on the grappling line. Was it the cable? The grapnel line was pieced together of 600-foot lengths joined by shackles and swivels. By early afternoon most of it had been hauled in when suddenly a swivel pin gave way. Line, grapnel and cable—if it was the cable—sank to the ocean floor.

Fog enveloped the ship as the crew marked the spot with a big red buoy anchored with three miles of the cable itself. A second grapnel was rigged. The fog persisted through four days and nights, while the ship drifted and shoals of porpoises larked round her. On the fifth



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day there was a peep of sun and the second grapnel was lowered.

Again they struck something and began reeling in. By eight next evening they had hauled a mile of grappling line aboard—when the swivel parted exactly as before.

Heartbroken but indomitable, the officers ordered another try. Meanwhile, a high wind had risen and the great ship rolled uneasily. On the rainswept deck smiths hammered out new shackles and swivels. The red buoy marking the spot of the first failure was lost on the seventh morning, but miraculously found the same afternoon. The eighth day was clear and sunny, and the third grapnel was lowered.

This time the *Great Eastern* glided over the cable without making contact, though the grapnel line became entangled and was lost. Another line was prepared next day, only to part when it was being pulled back with the cable, presumably, in its grip. All available line having been used up, the big ship gloomily set course for home, defeated. But even on the homeward journey Cyrus Field was busy with his engineers drawing up the prospectus for a new cable-laying company.

BY THE SPRING OF 1866 the cable tanks of the *Great Eastern* were loaded again with more than 2,000 miles of the precious wire. Once more the vessel headed for Newfoundland. This time the cable whirled smoothly into the ocean.

On July 27, 1866, the cable was carried ashore to the Hearts Content relay station on Newfoundland, from which lines already ran to Canada and the United States. The next day Queen Victoria telegraphed greetings to President Johnson. Wall Street brokers read the closing quotations from the City, the Paris Bourse and the Brussels grain market.

It was a happy ship that steamed home to receive a nation's applause. Daniel Gooch was made a baronet, and the ship's captain was knighted.

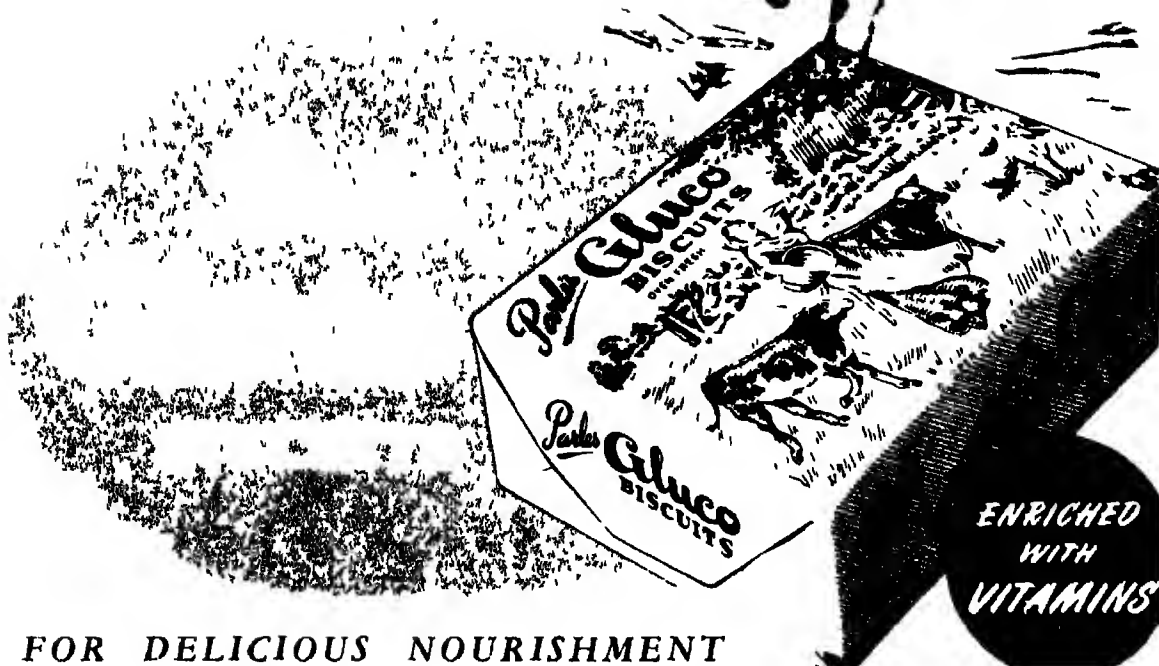
THE FOLLOWING YEAR a group of French capitalists chartered the *Great Eastern* and reconverted it into a passenger ship. Napoleon III was producing an ambitious world exhibition called *Le Grand Oriental*, and the great iron ship seemed an ideal carry-all to speed myriads of rich Americans to Paris.

A thousand artisans went to work knocking out the cable tanks and building in elegant accommodation for 3,000 passengers. The reconversion cost £100,000, but the entrepreneurs expected to earn millions.

The *Great Eastern's* new venture, however, was a failure. On her first run from New York only 191 Americans made the voyage to France. It was the last time New York was to see the Wonder of the Waves. Soon the *Great Eastern* was back in Liverpool, with £20,000 in unpaid fitting bills charged to Sir Daniel Gooch, and with the crew

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clamouring loudly for their wages.

Fresh money was presently found to reconvert the ship for yet another cable-laying expedition. Julius Reuter, of the German banking family, had plans which were ultimately to make him the father of international press associations.

Once more workmen ripped out the costly staterooms and saloons to make way for cable. Command of the ship fell to a portly little dynamo of a man, Robert Halpin, her ninth captain. To Halpin, as much as to Cyrus Field, the world owes the advent of international cables. He had been first officer in the earlier cable-laying expeditions and remained master of the *Great Eastern* in her busy years to follow.

In 1869 Reuter gave him the task of laying the longest cable ever attempted, 2,584 nautical miles. The undertaking was marked by now-familiar troubles; but on the 22nd day the cable was spliced at Miquelon off Canada, connecting it with Brest, in France. The *Great Eastern*, under Halpin, was to submerge three more transatlantic lines, and repair four in mid-ocean. It also laid the British India cable from Bombay to Aden across the Arabian Sea, a distance matching the awesome span of the Brest-Miquelon line.

In 1874, however, a specially built cable ship, the *Faraday*, was launched and the *Great Eastern* was superseded as a cable-layer. She was then brought back home and moored off Milford Haven.

THE MILFORD harbour board was confronted with a clumsy iron reef, blocking the port. They shunted the great iron ship here and there. Tourists came to see the sleeping monster, but local people petitioned Parliament to relieve them of the unwieldy lodger.

For years the huge ship lay idle and unwanted. In 1881 she was put up for auction, but the highest bid—£24,000—was rejected. Four years later she was finally knocked down for £26,000 for use as a coaling hulk at Gibraltar. But the new owners' plans fell through and in 1887 an offer of £16,000 was received from a firm of metal dealers, who bought the ship for scrap. The breaking up began in May 1889, 31 years and three months after her launching.

The *Great Eastern* had challenged a generation of mechanical minds. She now presented one final problem—how to take her apart. It was finally solved with the invention of the breaker's big iron ball. A derrick was erected over the ship and a stationary steam engine raised a heavy iron ball to a spar. It was released by a trigger. The impact shocked the surrounding countryside, but it did start the rivets.

After 18 months the workmen reached the double bottom. One day they were breaching a compartment in the inner shell when a shriek went up that stopped all work. The wreckers had found inside the ship's shell the skeletons of a riveter and his boy helper.

Nearly everybody has a secret ambition...

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*By Clifford Searle*

I'M A RAILWAY SIGNALMAN, and I work at a Terminal Station in Bradford. One evening, I was on night shift, and trying to fight off sleep. The signal was down for the next train to come in, and soon it rumbled past me and drew safely into the terminus. I remember sighing, and thinking of the driver going home. There was still the whole night left before my work would be finished.

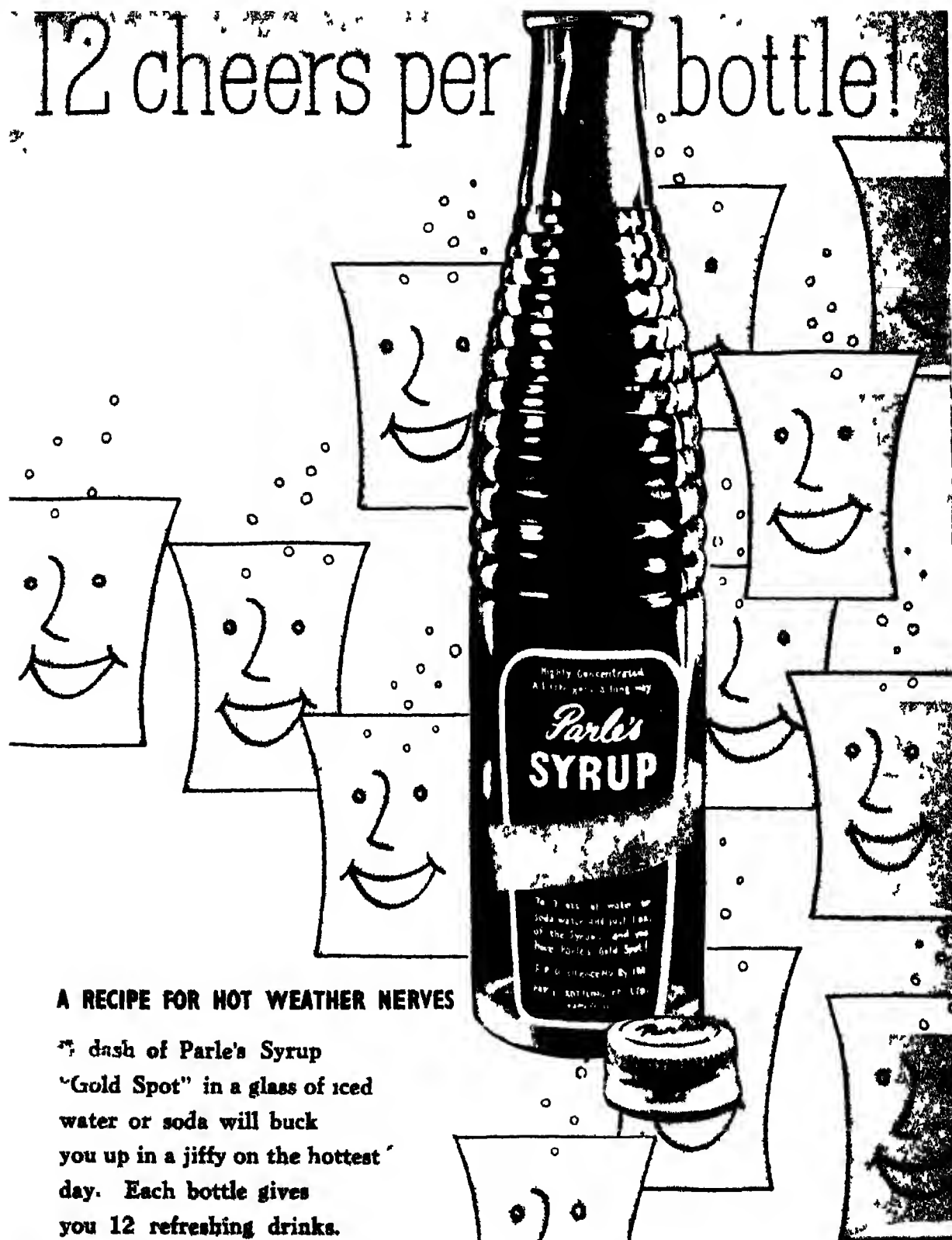
I had a pile of newspapers in front of me, but I'd read most of them, and knew they wouldn't help keep me awake. I had a book, too, but it was long, and I felt I couldn't concentrate on it as I knew I should soon have to break off reading when the next train passed. Then I found a copy of *The Reader's Digest*. One of my mates had brought it round for me. Among the "perks" of working on the railways are the magazines left behind in the trains. They're collected by the shunting staff, read by them and their families, and then passed to all the other men along the line, signalmen, locomotive men, guards and porters, we all get a share.

I was still reading that *Reader's Digest* when the morning came! I thought at the time that my night turn had passed quicker than any I could remember. And I certainly didn't feel tired—I suppose because I had been kept interested from the very first article I read.

All this was nine years ago, and I have been taking the *Digest* regularly since then. I decided I couldn't rely on

*(Continued on inside back cover)*

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## MALARIA - Quinine, the Bitter Enemy

**T**HE first wife of the Fourth Count of Chincon, the Spanish Viceroy of Peru, was a lady blessed with amazing good health. But it could not prevent her from going down to posterity as the internationally accepted synonym for the Peruvian "Fever Tree".

Some time in 1640, news reached Europe that the Countess of Chincon had been cured of her intermittent fever by taking the powdered bark of a Peruvian tree. A year or so later, the magic bark itself appeared on the continent. In 1643, it had passed into letterpress via Heyden. Around 1655, it had found its way into England.

For nearly a century the bark went botanically untagged. In 1738, La Condamine, a Spanish astronomer sailed for South America on an astronomical expedition, but on arrival he left stargazing for a while and went plant-hunting instead in the Amazon basin and in the Peruvian country. He was the first to study scientifically the tree which produced the fever-killing bark and which the natives called by the euphonious name of *quina quina*. But it was left to the great Linnaeus, the Swedish botanist, to give it the name by which it is still known to the world. He called it *cinchona* to perpetuate the legend of the Countess but managed to mis-spell her name in the process.

Centuries later, someone, poring over the old parchments of the Count of Chincon's day-by-day diary, found the Countess' legend to be apocryphal. Except for a sore throat and an occasional cough and "flux on the lungs", physically Peru failed to do her any damage. It is now believed that the first European on whom the bark was tried was a Spanish Senor in 1630.

The earliest shipments to reach Europe were the bark of a tree from which was extracted the so-called Peruvian Balsam. It was administered in practically all cases of fevers to alleviate their rigors, and to bring relief. All through the

remainder of the 17th century and the whole of the 18th sailing ships crossed and recrossed the Atlantic bringing cargoes of the bark and other herbs which were snapped up the moment they appeared on the apothecary's counter. The fever-stricken clamoured for more and more bark and the demand outstripped the supply. It was then that traders resorted to the time-honoured devices of adulterants and substitutes. And it was as an adulterant that the real *quina quina* or *cinchona* broke into the scene and in a few years drove the original bark out of the market.

In the early stages doctors prescribed the Peruvian bark in all febrile cases but clinical results showed that only malarial fevers responded to it. Sydenham and Morton 1637-1698 established the use of *cinchona* in England and Torti 1658-1741 did the same in Italy.

For nearly two centuries the bark was dispensed in the form of powder. In 1820, Pelletier and Caventou, French chemists, extracted from it two alkaloids called cinchonine and quinine the latter being the main antimalarial principle.

Thus with the appearance of *cinchona*, and finally quinine, ended the absolute tyranny of malaria though its cause remained as obscure as in the Hippocratic era, until the late 19th century. Quinine did away with the traditional therapy of bleeding, purging and sweating and the prescription of such fanciful cures as tarantula.

From its very introduction doctors wondered why *cinchona* cured malaria. Binz, in 1868, thought it produced a specific effect on the micro-organisms which he imagined caused malaria. Laveran (1845-1922) found the answer when he saw that quinine killed the malaria parasites within the body.

Quinine thus struck a great blow for medical science as it ushered in modern chemotherapy, the treatment by which parasiticidal are introduced into the body to kill the germs of an ailment.

# *A Triumph of Oil Research*

(Condensed from  
Burmah-Shell News)



**C**ompetition stimulates the development of better and cheaper products. The oil industry spends many millions of pounds a year on research, and has been able to attain its present leadership in a short space of time.

The Royal Dutch/Shell Group of companies has always built for the future by treating research as a key element in its operations.

Shell has research laboratories in the U.K., the U.S.A. and the Netherlands. They employ nearly 3,500 people, and are equipped for various kinds of research work. A wide range of modern instruments and engine types are available to a highly skilled staff.

Two experimental farms study various agricultural problems in the field, and work on such projects as the development of insecticides and fungicides.

Research takes a long time to mature and cannot show results overnight. Yet here are some of Shell's recent outstanding technical achievements —

A process has been perfected for making Cumene (isopropyl benzene).

The "Turbogrid" distillation tray—this cuts costs and improves efficiency. Shell research workers have discovered

how to make glycerine from petroleum. Shell owns the exclusive manufacturing rights of two chemicals—Aldrin and Dieldrin—which are helping to eliminate the mosquito, locust and tsetse fly.

The air solutizer sweetening process was developed for improving the quality of motor and aviation fuels.

The "Shell trickle hydrodesulphurization process" removes sulphur from middle distillates.

An asphalt runway has been developed that resists the disintegrating effects of jet-engine blast.

Shell helped Sir Frank Whittle to evolve the gas turbine.

The latest product of Shell research is the new, exclusive petrol additive I.C.A.\* This removes the major causes of engine power loss—pre-ignition and plug fouling. The motorist benefits at once with smoother running and restored power. In the future he will also benefit, because I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) will enable car manufacturers to develop more powerful and economical engines.

\* Petrol with I.C.A. is available at Burmah-Shell sales points from Shell and B.O.C. pumps.

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# CANADA'S URANIUM BOOM

*By Ronald Schiller*

ONE DAY in the summer of 1952 Gilbert LaBine, who is almost a legendary figure in Canadian mining circles\* received a radiogram in Toronto from a young geologist, Albert Zeemel, at Lake Athabaska in northern Saskatchewan. "Come quick," the message read, "I've shot an elephant."

Although LaBine is aware that there are no pachyderms in the northern wilds, he flew immediately to Lake Athabaska. Zeemel strapped a Geiger counter to his boss's back, clapped a set of earphones on his head and conducted him to Crackingstone Peninsula. For three days, wherever he walked, LaBine heard a great crackling like a thousand eggs frying. Sometimes it faded to a whisper, but it never

*The chain reaction started when young Albert Zeemel pulled the Gunnar hole at Athabaska*

stopped. Finally he took the phones from his tingling ears and exulted. "It's an elephant, all right!"

"Elephant" was LaBine's code name for a big uranium strike. He had sent Zeemel to the Athabaska region—which he considered prime "elephant country"—to hunt for one. But he had never expected a discovery of such magnitude. The claim, registered in the name of LaBine's company, Gunnar Gold Mines, Ltd., is among the richest uranium finds yet made anywhere. Albert Zeemel received almost half a million dollars in cash and shares—tax free—for his find.

News of the discovery set off a

\* See "The Treasure of Great Bear Lake," *The Reader's Digest*, October 1949.



chain of reactions. In Toronto Gunnar stock jumped from 40 cents to \$12 a share. In Washington Atomic Energy Commissioners, faced with a serious shortage of uranium, breathed a sigh of relief.

The Gunnar claim lay so close to the surface that most of it could be mined by open cast methods at a fraction of the cost of underground mining. The strike swelled what had been a mere trickle of prospectors to Athabaska into an avalanche. Undiscouraged by geologists' warnings that the chance of making a successful find was only one in 1,000, shopkeepers, farmers, accountants, cooks—some from as far away as South Africa—swarmed into the bush.

To keep them alive and supplied, the Saskatchewan provincial government laid out the town of Uranium City, only six miles from Beaverlodge, the community that had grown up round the Canadian Government-owned Eldorado Mining & Refining Co. The first place of business was the Claim Recorder's Office, followed by a general store, a garage and a liquor store.

It was somewhat baffling to the old professionals who went to Athabaska to find that uranium hunting, unlike other prospecting, requires little skill, experience or geological knowledge. It helps to know that the ore is usually found in rock with a red discoloration or that a flaky, yellowish oxide sometimes appears on its surface. But apart from these

bits of knowledge, a £3 Geiger counter is all that is necessary. Still, most of the prospectors found nothing and soon went broke.

A few lucky people, however, have made strikes without even a Geiger. They have simply 'tied on' their claims alongside others that have been properly prospected. Aeroplane pilot Johnny Nesbitt, between flights, tied on to a property next to Beaverlodge that is worth a fortune. Three Irish bricklayers sold ten tie-on claims for \$500,000.

Last autumn, curious about the wild stories filtering down from the North, I flew to Athabaska for a look round.

Uranium City, unlike the government's model town of Beaverlodge, is a raw, drab-looking pioneer settlement that stands like an open gash in the bush. There is no plumbing, drinking water, brought up from the lake, sells for \$1 a barrel. Its three main streets are dust bowls in dry weather, quagmires when it rains. And it is impossible, in this country teeming with game and fish, to find anything in the town's restaurants except tinned salmon and preserved beef.

For the most part, the populace of U-City feeds on feverish enthusiasm and rumours of fabulous uranium strikes. It is impossible by their clothes or manners to tell millionaires from miners. There are few middle-aged people to be seen: the inhabitants are likely to be old veterans, like Jock McMeeken, editor

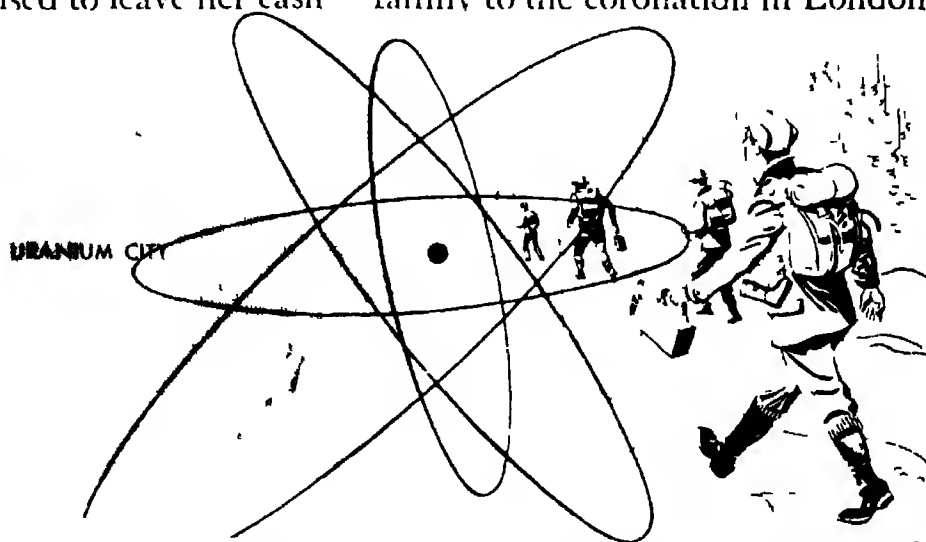
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## CANADA'S URANIUM BOOM

of the *Uranium Era*, who has followed mining booms across Canada for years, or they are youngsters as remarkable as Beverly Auten, the attractive 25-year-old who, single-handed, runs the brokerage house where 50,000 shares of stock have been traded in a day. Watching her in action, it is difficult to realize that she was born a deaf-mute and did not utter a word until she was 12. Before there was a bank in the town, Beverly used to leave her cash

turned to storekeeping, unsuccessfully. Finally he gathered up his meagre supply of trade goods and his six children and moved to Uranium City.

Setting up a tent shop, he began to do thousands of dollars' worth of business a day. Accepting claims in lieu of payment, he accumulated some 600 claims. He sold 200 of them for \$210,000. Last June he chartered a plane and took his family to the coronation in London,



on a table in the brokerage office at night with a light shining on it. The money was never touched. Lawlessness in this frontier community is almost non-existent.

Perhaps one of the best-known citizens in town is a sad-faced little Englishman who three years ago regarded himself as "the unluckiest man in Canada." He had come to the Dominion 20 years before to farm, but his crops were either burned up by drought or eaten by grasshoppers. He switched to trapping, but tipped over his canoe and lost his entire first year's catch. He

where they were all invited to Buckingham Palace. But he is more sad-faced than ever now under the unaccustomed burden of wealth. He spends much of his time talking nostalgically of the days when he was broke.

The social and business centre of life in U-City is the town's one beer parlour. More local syndicates and companies are formed here, more claims bought and sold, than in Wall Street. A man would no more think of entering the beer parlour without a pocketful of ore samples than without his trousers. Sooner or

## THE READER'S DIGEST

later a visitor must expect to have a handful of stones thrust at him and be asked to admire their rich uranium content "I can make Gunnar look like a rabbit-hole if you help me get the money for drilling "

Anyone, citizen or not, may go prospecting in Athabaska provided he buys a miner's licence, costing \$5 and a map showing unclaimed territory. The only way to reach the unclaimed area is to charter a sea plane. The pilot agrees to pick you up at a specified date. His casual promise is held to be a sacred obligation in the North, where a man can't survive long once his supplies run out.

Arriving at his destination, the prospector paces off plots 1 500 feet square, affixes his name and licence number to "claim posts" at each of the four corners. He has 15 days, plus one additional day for each ten miles from Uranium City, to register his claims at the Recorder's Office. Every prospector may register nine such claims for himself and six more for each of two "proxies"—a total of 21. The registration fee is \$5 for each personal claim, \$10 for each proxy. Unless \$100 worth of work has been done on a claim in a year, title must be renewed annually.

Mine employees are usually brought in under 18-month contracts, with air fare, food and shelter guaranteed. Labourers make \$2.50 (nearly 18s) an hour, skilled workers several times that. Twenty-five-

year-old driller Mike Schmerchynski earned \$1,176 one month last year without exhausting himself. With only \$5 a day exacted for board and lodging, and little else on which to spend money, a man can bank most of his pay—provided he doesn't drink it up or gamble it away.

Athabaska's prosperity seems assured at least until 1963, for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission has a contract with the Dominion Government to purchase all the uranium oxide produced in Canada until that date. After that, no one can accurately predict what may happen. The AEC is experimenting with "breeding reactors" which, if successful, will create at least as much fissionable material as they use up, conceivably bringing both the price and demand for new uranium down sharply. Or a new fissionable—or fusionable—material may be developed that is cheaper and more efficient than uranium.

None of these possibilities worries the folks in Athabaska. An estimated \$6,000,000 was spent in exploration last summer, double that amount is expected this summer. Nearly 150 mining companies are digging or ready to start. Exploration is still going on, and news that someone has "pulled a good hole" will empty the town of prospectors in a matter of hours. Nobody doubts that there are still "elephants" around, and everyone wants to be the man to shoot the next one.

# From Spring to Summer



By Edwin Way Teale

**M***arch 20* It is officially spring! But what an anticlimax! Gust-driven rain is slashing the trees under a sullen sky, the air is raw and chill. I recall someone's observation that the first day of spring and the first spring day are not always the same thing.

To me spring was marked this year by the return of the male red-wing blackbirds, who came back with a rush a month ago. Almost overnight the drear stretches of our winter swamp were filled with life. Everywhere, with scarlet epaulets flashing, the blackbirds have been singing and darting about, chasing each other, shooting up like rockets, whirling like catherine-wheels. Before the females arrive, each male stakes out a homestead, and then with spectacular acrobatics defends

*The world will never starve  
for want of wonders.*

G. K. Chesterton

and holds as much of the territory as possible.

The air rings with their wild xylophone calling. It is an exultant, jubilant call, a fitting voice for a season of flowing sap and awakening life.

*March 24* The time of baby squirrels is at hand. Each year about this time I see grey squirrels stripping off the dry bark of cedar boughs and carrying it away to their nesting holes. And now I also see them carrying bits of newspapers.

I wonder if there is some untaught wisdom that leads the squirrels to the cedar tree, and makes

them prefer newsprint to other paper. Cedar protects clothes from moths, and newspapers are sometimes used for the same purpose. Do they also help keep a squirrel's nest free from vermin?

*March 26* At sunset I walk along the swamp path. Only a few weeks ago the frozen earth appeared hard and dead, yet now I see the beginning of a flood of life that nothing can halt.

Because growth in plants is a gradual thing, we often overlook the power that is contained in the rising shoot and expanding seed. I once saw peas, planted in a flower-pot, lift and thrust aside a heavy sheet of plate glass laid over the top.

*March 28* In the breeding season the starlings' mimicking of other birds reaches its peak. One male has been sitting in my silver maple today giving the calls of such varied species as the crow, catbird, meadow lark and killdeer, and even the quacking of a flying mallard duck. Also, a neighbour's child has been blowing a shrill police whistle, and now the starling imitates that sound, too—a little softer but unmistakable.

*March 31* As I walked up through the old orchard late this afternoon I looked back and caught the different shades of green in new grass clumps and young leaves, all suddenly brilliant in the sun, which had just emerged from behind a cloud. In the same way, the peculiar il-

lumination before a summer thunderstorm brings out special details and alters a whole landscape. As I stood there, an old saying took on added meaning "to see it in a *new* light."

*April 4* A long soaking rain before daybreak, and earthworms are stranded everywhere on the inhospitable cement of pavements, in imminent danger of early birds or drying sun. So my morning walk is slowed by stops to put earthworms back on the ground where they belong. People probably wonder what treasure I am finding when they see me stoop so often.

And, in a way, I am dealing in treasure. A silver fox may sell at premium price, a race horse may be insured for a small fortune. Yet the world's most valuable animal is the earthworm—a humble burrower, nature's ploughman!

*April 15* At 6:30 this morning I watch a velvet-coated bumblebee begin hunting for a nest site. I see her investigate every possible opening near a pile of mouldering fence rails. Zigzagging, hovering, alighting, she peers into a rusting tin can in the weeds, explores under a tree root, in a knot-hole. She investigates the region round my shoe, and then along a bit of board lying in the grass. She will continue searching for hours, and days, and may consider thousands of sites before she decides where to establish her nest. She is the founder of an insect city, and the fate of her colony depends

to a great extent upon the wisdom of her choice

*April 21* Just before I start for a walk in the misty dawn this morning, the radio is filling the air waves with the troubles of the world. But out-of-doors the news is good. All of nature is a going concern. The business of spring is prospering. I stand for a long time beside the swamp stream in a fairyland setting of low-lying mist glowing and tinted with the pink of the sunrise. Such a sight sets us to rights again. For the disturbed mind, the still beauty of the dawn is nature's finest balm.

*April 22* This is the time of robins bewitched. People write me letters about robins that peck endlessly at shiny hubcaps, that spend their days fluttering against window panes and pecking at the glass. Have the birds gone crazy? What ails them?

Wherever robins are nesting, the same thing is taking place. Males are defending their nesting territories. Catching sight of his own reflection in a window or a shiny metal surface, the male robin dashes to drive the intruder away. He may battle this phantom rival for days on end.

Only windows with darkened rooms behind them, turning the glass into a mirror, attract the birds. Merely turn on a light in the room or hang a white cloth in the window and the bird's reflection will disappear.

*April 29* Rain in the night, and

this morning the fallen white petals of the pear trees lie scattered across my path like confetti. Mingled with the grey rain has been the green rain of descending maple flowers as well. They dot the pavements and form yellow-green windrows at the edges of the puddles. Leaf-fall in the autumn and flower-fall in the spring!

*May 2* Someone dumped the limbs and trunk of a willow tree beside the road and they have been lying there a good part of the winter. Today I noticed that innumerable sprouts have pushed out all along the length of one of the discarded logs. The sight recalled the experience of a man I know who left rustic willow chairs out in his yard all winter. In the spring he discovered that every chair had taken root!

*May 13* This evening I saw the spectacular aerial mating of a pair of tree swallows. The birds flew wildly, almost like swifts. Then, 50 or 60 feet above the ground, the swallows met face to face, fluttered for a moment, and then, with wings wide-spread to break their descent, dropped straight downwards through the air for 40 feet or more! They were hardly ten feet above the ground when they disunited, to rise up and up again into the sunset sky.

*May 18* Through my glasses, I watched a female redwing working at a bulrush stem floating in the water, stripping away fibres for her nest. But fibres and other time-honoured construction materials are

being supplemented these days with a surprising number of modern odds and ends. Near here, a wood thrush made use of torn-up bus tickets, in other wood thrush, nesting near a refreshment stand in a park, collected discarded pop-bottle straws. Small nails, carried from a building site to a nesting box, formed the steel nest of a wren while a red-start made its nest entirely of insulating material.

*May 24* All along the shallow eastern edge of Milburn Pond the sunfish have been scraping away the silt to provide bare, clean patches of gravel for spawning—a sign that the water's temperature has risen to 68 degrees. Over each of these scoured patches was a guardian fish that rushed towards every interloper. Where two patches overlapped, the guardians kept rushing back and forth in a seesaw battle. The fury of the attacker waned quickly as it advanced into the defender's territory, while its courage seemed to mount when it was pursued into its own. Thus they continued as long as I was at the pond.

All the defenders were males. They build the nest, guard it, fertilize the eggs—often laid by several females—and defend the young that hatch there among the pebbles.

*June 1* Outside a little after five on this first morning of June. The machiner of nature, with its winds and dews and dawns and morning mists, produces poetry as well as seasons and growth and change.

The functioning of nature's cogs has created dewdrops and veils of luminous mist caught among the bulrushes. Before the work of the day, taste the poetry of the day!

As I crossed the hillside, a small patch of dry, yellow grass caught my eye. Carefully I pulled aside the grass and the soft grey blanket of fur I found beneath, and exposed the little ears of a nestful of baby rabbits. Just as carefully I replaced the fur coverlet and the grass. In a little while, now, I will see rabbits hopping about my hillside.

*June 4* One of the grey squirrels that shares our garden is using a crutch. It injured a hind leg somehow and, although it gets about on three legs fairly well, when I throw it a peanut it is unable to sit up to eat it. So the crippled squirrel carries its nut to a branch that fell from a dying maple and braces itself against that. Thus supported it can eat its nut sitting up, in the traditional squirrel fashion.

*June 12* To the salt marsh at sunset, to witness again one of the most ancient dramas of the earth—the coming of the king crabs to the shallows to fertilize and leave their eggs.

This is the great annual event in the lives of these "horsefoots," as the baymen call them. They are among the oldest dwellers in the sea, creatures that have lived on and on after some of their early contemporaries have become fossils.

Moment by moment the water creeps ahead as the tide runs in.

Shadowy at first, the crabs appear from the murky water, they come linked together, the smaller male behind. Farther and farther they push up into the shallows to deposit the translucent little globes of their eggs. These events, as I watch them in the twilight of this June day, are the same as they were a hundred million years before the dinosaurs. In an unbroken chain they link the Atomic Age with the primeval world.

*June 19* Glistening globes of white, each about the size of a pea, shine out from the grass tangles of the hillside this morning. Each mass of froth, like beaten egg-white, is produced by a tiny immature insect inside, using a mechanism unknown elsewhere in all nature. For upwards of ten million years these insects, commonly known as frog-hoppers, have literally been saving their lives by blowing bubbles. Safe within its little foam castle, the insect lies moist and hidden, sucking sap from the grass stem. Later it develops wings and flies away, a nondescript brownish little insect that is rarely noticed. Its great achievement, its claim to fame, is this shining house of foam that is produced during its earliest days.

*June 21* This is the hinge day of the seasons. Today the yearly tide of light reaches its flood. Tomorrow it will begin the long rollback to the dark days of December. I heard robins singing this morning shortly after four, Daylight Saving Time, and they are still singing at nine o'clock at night. A robin uses up all the daylight, even on this longest day of the year.

In the later sunset of this final day of spring, my wife and I walk to the bay. As we stand there, in the quiet of the evening and with the smell of the sea all round us, a faint mist forms in the air. Twilight here is doubly impressive, for we are face to face with twin mysteries—the mystery of the sea and the mystery of the night.

Thus ends another spring—rich in the small everyday events of the earth as all springs are for those who find delight in simple things. The institutions of men alter and disintegrate. But in the endless repetitions of nature—in the recurrence of spring, in the coming of new birds to sing the ancient songs, in the continuity of life and the web of the living—here we find the solid foundation that underlies at once the past, the present and the future.



*With* HEALTH, everything is a source of pleasure, without it, nothing else, whatever it may be, is enjoyable. It follows that the greatest of follies is to sacrifice health for any other kind of happiness, whatever it may be, for gain, advancement, learning, or fame, let alone, then, for fleeting sensual pleasures.



## *-New Chemical Giant*

By Harland Manchester

**F**OR YEARS a chemical called hydrazine, which looks like water and smells a bit like ammonia, was considered a mere laboratory curiosity. Then, during World War II, German chemists made it into a rocket fuel of tremendous power. In so doing they opened the door to a treasure house, for hydrazine is now working miracles in a dozen fields.

One of its derivatives is a promising new TB drug. Another retards growth when sprayed on grass, so that you don't have to mow so often.

Hydrazine's use as a rocket fuel began in 1943 when a strange, torpedo-shaped aircraft was launched near Bremen. It sped through the sky like a shooting star, emitting an unearthly roar. After this test flight the jubilant pilot reported incredible climbing power and a speed of 640 miles per hour.

This was the world's first operational rocket plane, the Messerschmitt 163-B. The Nazis built 300 of them, and with them took savage

toll of British and American aircraft during the last months of the war.

When the war was over, a captured "163" and the plane's German designer, Dr. Alexander Lippisch, were taken to Muroc Lake, California, for further experimentation. Britain also got a "163," and so did the Russians, along with tools, dies and technicians. Copied and improved, the "little terror" has revolutionized aerial warfare. Meanwhile the chemical that fuelled it has gone its separate way.

Hydrazine is made from cheap and plentiful materials—ammonia, chlorine and caustic soda—but the process is long and involved and the prewar cost was prohibitive. By last year the price had been slashed to a fraction of the old cost, and it is believed that with big tonnage production it may be cut still more. Every price cut makes more uses possible.

One of the most dramatic derivatives of hydrazine is the new TB drug, isoniazid, created in the

American laboratories of E. R. Squibb & Sons and Hoffmann-La Roche, Incorporated, and also by the Bayer Company of Germany, all of whom were searching independently for TB cures. Without knowledge of the others' work, each group tested the drug on laboratory animals which had been given tuberculosis, and each obtained striking results.

While not all the answers are known yet, doctors now see in isoniazid a valuable aid in TB treatment. It is cheaper than other TB drugs, and is remarkably safe to use.

Other derivatives of the chemical are being tested to combat other ailments. One shows promise in reducing blood pressure, another is effective in clearing up urinary-tract infections, and a third seems effective in combating the poultry disease, coccidiosis.

Another hydrazine derivative, MH-40, was one of several hundred new chemical compounds developed in America for testing on plants. When a greenhouse tomato plant was wetted with MH-40 it developed into a squat dwarf. This effect was so striking that it suggested endless useful possibilities. Soon the experimental greenhouses were full of dwarfed plants of many varieties. A jungle grass which normally grows waist-high stopped at about an inch after being treated with the new compound.

The first large-scale use of MH-40 came three years ago when 250 acres

of road centre-strips and verges were sprayed in Connecticut. Frequent mowing of these grass areas is expensive. MH-40 slowed down growth so drastically that only two mowings were needed all spring and summer, while untreated areas had to be mowed 19 times.

As a "sleeping pill" for plants, MH-40 promises to save a lot of money for farmers and consumers. When potatoes are kept in storage for a long time, sprouts draw the food out of the spuds and make them spongy and worthless. For this MH-40 has been tried with remarkable results. Traces of the chemical permeate down to the tubers and put the sprout buds to sleep for an entire winter. The treated potatoes are safe to eat and many growers are now successfully using the chemical.

Sprayed on onion plants before harvest, MH-40 will keep stored onions from sprouting for a year, and it has been used with excellent results on carrots, beets and turnips.

The pioneers of Hydrazine, and its sole manufacturers in this country are Genatosan Limited of Loughborough. They supply the Hydrazine for the manufacture of *Isoniazid*, the TB drug, and are producing Maleic Hydrazide, the active ingredient of MH-40. Extensive trials are being carried out with this, and it is expected it will be on public sale here shortly for use in parks, cemeteries and on roadsides, and for the control of hedges.

Spraying the top limbs of apple trees with the chemical and thus discouraging upward growth has produced semi-dwarf trees with low-hanging limbs from which it is easier to pick fruit. Scientists have also tested MH-40 on fruit trees to delay blossoming until danger of frost is over and to check the growth of runners on strawberry plants so as to increase the yield.

Consumers are already reaping benefits from the new chemical. Crepe-rubber shoe soles are lighter because of a hydrazine compound. Introduced in the mix during manufacture, it frees nitrogen gas, leavening the rubber with millions of tiny sealed bubbles. This improved rubber is also used to make lighter and more durable life-rafts, fishing

floats, rug underlays and insulation for refrigerator doors.

A chemical based on hydrazine has been used for two years in soldering the radiators of certain new cars to prevent rust, and another hydrazine compound prevents corrosion when added to the water in the boilers of steam power plants.

British Celanese and its American affiliate have taken out 23 patents for nylon like fabrics containing hydrazine. They are said to be more absorbent and therefore less clammy in warm weather than present synthetic fabrics.

Scientists predict that the real work of this versatile chemical has just begun, and that cheap hydrazine will result in a new bonanza of discovery and invention.

### "What a Built!"

—*IN* 35 YEARS of hobnobbing with boxing managers and lesser figures of the pugilistic trade, Sports Editor Dan Parker of the New York *Daily Mirror* has developed a fine ear for Manhattan's ringside speech. Not long ago Parker gave a health report on Armand Weill, manager of Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, as told by "Al" himself:

"Me blood pressure is poitick. It was 150 vitriolic and 98 diabolic. The doctor said I had a coupla minor ailments and I says, 'That's funny. I never worked in the mines.' So he told me I had fallen archeries. Since I went on that diet I ain't got no ulsters or no abominable trouble. I had to practickly fast for a coupla days—jest a large cup of demitasse in the mornin' and a little brought at night—lamb brought. He said I didn't have no sign of kodiak trouble around the heart or no coroner's trombone disease. Everythin' was okey dokel wit' me gold bladder too."

Concluded Columnist Parker: "As I looked at the healthy specimen, I impulsively exclaimed: 'What a built!'"

-- *Time*

*When Robert Taft died, both his friends and his political opponents agreed that his country had lost a great citizen, but few knew the magnificent story of how the Senator faced death*

## THE HEROIC LAST DAYS OF ROBERT TAFT

*By Jhan and June Robbins*

ONE YEAR AGO last January the late Senator Robert Taft of Ohio smiled gamely as Dwight Eisenhower took the oath that made him President of the United States. Taft had tried heart-breakingly hard to win that office for himself. He wanted to follow his father into the White House and he had dedicated most of his adult life towards that ambition. Now his chances were gone and he knew it.

His courage had supported him through more than a quarter of a century of political activity. What he had to say, he said. If it made him unpopular he shrugged it off. He once remarked that tact was for people who knew they were wrong. Often his outspokenness got him into trouble with friend and foe alike, but neither public abuse nor private pressure could shake him

loose from an opinion. Quite literally he was a man who would rather be right than President.

Of Taft's political methods, one senator said, "What Taft taught us was to stay on the job day after day, chipping away until the opposition crumbled. That's the kind of courage Bob had—a dogged ability to grin and bear it."

But the real test of his courage was still ahead. It came a few months later when he learned that he had a rare form of cancer, and he settled down to fight his last magnificent battle—this time against death.

The story of his fatal illness begins with a golf game. In the third week of April, President Eisenhower was resting at Augusta, Georgia. Taft flew down to consult him on a political issue and on April 19, their

conference over, the two golfing enthusiasts hurried out to the links. It was a balmy spring day.

Taft played spiritedly through the first six holes. Then, as he teed off on the seventh, he clapped a hand to his hip and remarked that it felt stiff. They finished the round. Taft went home complaining about his hip, and that he was short of breath and weak in the knees.

On April 29 Taft saw his Washington physician. The doctor was unable to account for the symptoms and suggested a series of hospital tests. For the next few weeks Taft shuttled back and forth between the Capitol and the Walter Reed Hospital. Tests revealed a constant, low fever and moderate anemia, but X-rays failed to show what was wrong with the hip. It might be arthritis or a tumour.

By the end of the first week in May the Senator was limping and in considerable pain, but the pain didn't seem to slow him down. He continued to spend full time at his strenuous job as Senate majority leader and to show up regularly for conferences at the White House.

In the middle of May Taft went down to Hot Springs, Virginia, where his wife was resting. He had already made up his mind that Mrs. Taft was not to worry about him. But she was hard to fool. In their 39 years together Bob and Martha Taft had achieved one of those devoted marriages that seem to have gone out of style since the Vic-

torian era. A stroke which had made her a wheel-chair invalid three years before had only brought them closer. Taft wheeled her everywhere himself and always lifted her in and out of their car.

Now, at the Hot Springs railway station on the homeward trip, he made one last attempt to carry on as usual. He picked her up and carried her into the train and through the coach. Then, white and perspiring, he half fell into a seat and confessed that he was having "a little trouble" with his hip.

Some ten days later Taft flew to his home state of Ohio where he was scheduled to deliver a speech on the 26th. An appointment was made for him to see his Cincinnati physician. The moment he presented himself to his doctor at the hospital he was put to bed and told to stay there. His son read his speech.

When doctors at the hospital looked Taft over there was a new development in the case. A small dark-coloured lump had risen on his forehead and two on his abdomen close to the bad hip. The lumps were removed and a dozen expertsexamined them. The diagnosis: widespread cancer. The prognosis: not too hopeful.

Taft took it without the flicker of an eye, and asked for details.

He was told that it was an extremely rare form of cancer, mysterious in origin. All the painful tests had failed to reveal the one thing his doctors wanted to know

—where it started. He was advised to choose another hospital—one of the great cancer-treatment centres where the diagnosis could be checked again, a hold-the-line course of treatment got under way and the search renewed for the source of the cancer.

Taft left the Ohio hospital a week later. He appeared in the Senate on crutches. Cortisone treatments had removed much of the pain, and he looked rested and cheerful. When questioned, he said, "It's my hip muscle." He felt uncomfortable about the deception but had decided upon it for two reasons. First, he wanted to spare Martha Taft. Second, he felt that the success of the Republican Administration's first year in office rested on his ability to get the Congressional decks cleared and ready for the President's extensive new legislative programme. He had counted on a year for the job. He now knew he had much less time than that, but he believed he could do it.

Taft soon realized that he could no longer put off another spell in hospital. He selected New York Hospital. It was only an hour by plane from Washington. Playing hide-and-seek with the press, he registered as Howard Roberts. Cortisone treatments were continued, and the gruelling routine of X-rays, tests and prodding examinations began again.

On June 10 Taft flew back to Washington. He arrived in the Sen-

ate 20 minutes before the bell. On his crutches he swung heavily down the aisle to his front-row seat. He was now very pale and had lost weight. A bulletin from Taft's office had alerted the press gallery. His hip ailment was serious, it said. Taft told reporters that for the remainder of the session he was turning over the floor leadership to Senator Knowland.

The next day he got a telegram from President Eisenhower: "Take every step to restore your health. The country needs such as you."

He made his will. He spent seven hours at a committee hearing on labour and social-welfare legislation. Then he went back to New York Hospital. This time he registered under his right name.

Late in June he got himself out of bed and returned to Washington. It was swelteringly hot, but the Senator hustled busily in and out of committee rooms. Herbert Hoover dropped into a meeting in the Vice-President's office and was astounded to see Taft there. After the meeting Mr. Hoover, who had been advised of Taft's true condition, scolded him for having left the hospital. Taft replied, "You know what is the matter with me. I know what is the matter with me. *But I'm going to die with my boots on!*"

That week a group of New York specialists came to Washington and made another exhausting series of tests. The news was bad. There was no sign, they told him, that his

case would respond to any of the new treatments

On July 4 Taft flew back to New York. On entering the hospital he paused long enough to tell reporters that he had advised Harold Stassen to submit to the next Congress a programme to end U.S. aid to other countries. Thus he cleverly drew a veil of political and journalistic excitement over his now crucial physical condition.

On July 8 an incision was made in his abdominal cavity. The organs and tissue were thoroughly examined. There was no indication of where the cancer had started. The Senator was calm about the failure of the operation. He had not allowed himself to hope too much.

One morning soon afterwards Taft found he was unable to complete the crossword puzzle in one of the three papers he read daily. He was bewildered. "I know those words!" he exclaimed. "I just can't seem to remember them!"

To his doctors, the failure was significant. Within a day or so the Senator began to draw more and more mental blanks. The cancer had reached his brain. He lapsed into brief periods of coma.

Word was sent to his family that the end was near. On July 28 a chartered plane carried Martha Taft and others of the family from Washington to New York. Taft was only half-conscious. A nurse said, "Mrs. Taft is here to see you."

An amazing change came over

the Senator. He raised himself on an elbow and called out, "Crank up the bed! Get me an extra pillow! Here, help me sit up!"

It was a mighty effort. When his wife was wheeled into the room he said, "Well, Martha!" He leaned forward and put both arms round her. He kissed her and laid his cheek against hers. He told her he was glad to see her looking so well.

The visit lasted 15 minutes. Martha Taft's last glimpse of her husband showed him sitting up, waving cheerfully and smiling.

A few minutes later he closed his eyes and slid into a coma from which he never emerged. He was unconscious all the next day; he died on July 31, 1953, at 11:30 a.m.

An autopsy revealed the hiding-place of the mysterious "parent" cancer. It was in one of the branches of the air tube in the right lung. It was about the size of the rubber tip of a lead pencil.

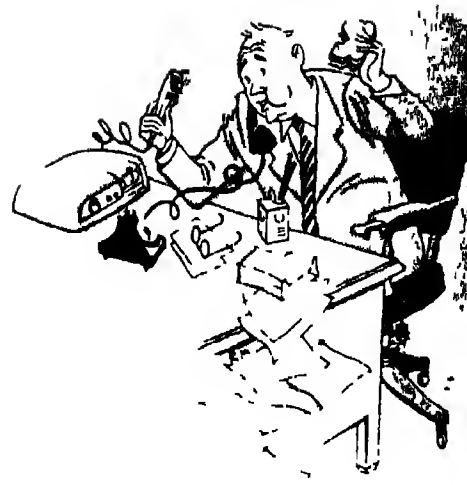
In April Taft's condition had been just bad enough to make him feel short of breath during a game of golf. Now, three months later, the man of whom it was said "He was born to be President," was dead.

Piled on a chair in the light, airy hospital room where he died was a very small heap of unfinished Senate business. He had wanted to get it all out of the way before he went, and he almost made it. One of the doctors told us: "He was the best loser I have ever seen. He gave us all a lesson in how to die."



# "IT'S MIRACULOUS"

By  
*Cornelia Otis Skinner*



Of the charm of the little P hotel where I stayed last summer was due to the fact that most of the bedroom windows faced on to a quiet courtyard, making for a certain coziness among the clientèle. One could look down and ascertain how many *croissants* the old academician consumed with his *petit déjeuner*, or across and judge whether the English had been out late by the hour they started dressing. One could also hear much of the conversation at the reception desk—especially if it was between the concierge and the sort of American tourist who thinks that the best way to make himself understood in French is to speak English slowly and at the top of his lungs.

I overheard one such linguist in the throes of dispatching an air-mail letter. He was the sort of globe-trot-

ter who regarded any custom not 100 per cent American as a personal affront. First the concierge went through the leisurely mechanics of producing a small scale and weighing his letter with the studiousness of an alchemist. Then she opened a sort of scrapbook from whose pages she extracted the correct stamps, carefully noting the amount in a two-column ledger before sticking them on to the envelope. All this seemed to the tourist an elaborate waste of time. But when he caught sight of the box in which his letter was deposited, he cried out in hog-summoning tones, "You don't call that thing a *mail-box*? It's ridiculous!"

The object of his contempt was a little cast iron affair modestly attached to a side of the desk. It indeed looked more like a Victorian child's money-box than a receptacle



for post. Its only identification was the word "*Dépêches*" in quaint letters tastily entwined with vine-leaves. In halting but soothing English the concierge agreed that yes, perhaps the box was small but the post office was close at hand and there were 11 collections a day.

"Eleven?" continued our bigger-and-better citizen. "We have four! But you should see our mailboxes!" and he made the gesture of a fisherman telling lies about a tarpon. Madame, for whom the sight of an American mailbox was not a major ambition, shrugged politely and explained that with frequent collections the postman had less of a load, the risk of losing any letter was minimized and mail could be dispatched with greater frequency. Having no immediate answer, my compatriot uttered another "It's ridiculous!" and walked off.

This phrase started to ring in my head, perhaps because I hear it uttered so frequently by certain of my fellow countrymen abroad. Unfortunately, it is usually said in loud tones, those who say it going on the theory that the French do not understand, or if they do it doesn't in the least matter.

This seems strangely inconsistent with our American trait of wanting desperately to be liked. For certainly the average American sets greater store by demonstrations of affection than any other living creature with the possible exception of the cocker spaniel. And yet this

staunch pillar of his own community, at home so anxious to win friends and influence people, all too frequently becomes an ambassador of ill will when he travels.

I have a feeling that we Americans behave worse in France than in, say, England or Italy. The warm geniality of the Italians disarms even the most intolerant of our citizens. And there is something about the British which tends to subdue the bad child in all of us. The French, on the other hand, have a quality peculiarly riling to the excessively American, and that is an utter self-sufficiency best summed up in the expression "*s'en fiche-isme*," or "don't give a damn-ism." It is the Gallic live-and-let-live as opposed to our live-and-let-live-as-long-as-you-do-it-our-way attitude. If the way isn't ours, even if it works entirely to the satisfaction of the French, for us it's either as hilarious as a moustache cup or an insult to the superiority of American gadgetry—"It's ridiculous!"

One hears the querulous phrase reiterated over countless things that are "different." The elaborately artistic money. The unelaborate and anything but artistic plumbing. That interesting morning brew which to the French is coffee. The casual system of forwarding a trunk when, in lieu of a baggage tag, a limp little stamp is slapped somewhere on the top. (Somehow the trunk turns up at its proper destination.) The peculiar appearance of

French handwritten numerals, which to us more resemble notes of ancient music than figures (I overheard one disgruntled tourist telling a waiter, "*Voitrie figure est affreuse*," which, meaning "Your face is awful" didn't further international relations)

It's all ridiculous! One frequently hears the comment in those small restaurants where, in order to save laundry costs, paper tablecloths are used. The napkins, however, are those magnificent king-size ones of heavy linen, a bit rough, and smelling deliciously of hayfields and sour bread. But, says our practical Yank, if they're economizing, why not paper napkins? The why-not is obvious to the naive habitué of the small restaurant. With happy insouciance he opens out the great square, ties two corners about his neck and spreads the rest out over paunch and lap. The ostensible reason for the napkin is to protect his clothes from flying culinary items, but the more innate one is the anticipatory effect of the gesture, the feel, the smell which serves as a spiritual *apéritif* to that most essential of Gallic blessings—*bon appetit*. For a Frenchman to exchange his beautiful big linen napkin for a flimsy bit of tea-shoppe frippery is as unthinkable as swapping his red wine for a milk shake.

This alimentary subject brings to mind one of the most constant grounds for American incomprehension—the two-hours-for lunch

ritual, a pleasurable respite that is vital to the French. Thanks to this leisurely habit there are hardly any stomach specialists in France, and ulcers are as rare as bubble gum. Absurd as it may seem to us Americans, a French businessman would put off an important deal rather than curtail his two-hour lunch. It seems even more absurd to the French that the U.S. businessman would remain tied to his desk at noon, dictating letters while he downs milk from a wax container and a sandwich from a paper bag.

We often save time only to kill it later. The French have no such expression as "killing time." In their more philosophical vocabulary the term is "passing time," which means savouring all moments of it each to his individual enjoyment.

One sure-fire spark for the "It's ridiculous!" explosion lies in unfamiliar traffic regulations. Risking the hazards of driving a car in Paris, an American is likely to park in a street where there is no visible interdiction against doing so. On returning, he finds stuck under his windscreen wiper a communication from the police informing him that he has violated the rules of stationing himself. He becomes righteously indignant. Tracking down the *agent de police* who made out the ticket, he is told that obviously, as everybody knows, on the odd days of the month one parks on the odd-number side of the street; on even days, on the even-number ones. To

our hero this regulation is preposterously cockeyed, it robs his speech of everything but expletives

This kind of self-expression is ill advised, for the Paris policeman is no more appreciative of civilian criticism than is the New York cop. He can, however, become the most lenient of constables when approached with the proper technique, which is to look helpless, speak with meek politeness and admit to being an ignorant foreigner. Such appeal to the Gallic sense of reason will usually make the toughest officer dismiss his belligerence with a twirl of his white baton and give, instead of a ticket, a discourse on the beautiful logic of Parisian traffic laws. He will explain that parking on odd or even sides of the street according to the day of the month allows shopkeepers to take turns in sharing the handicap of parked cars blocking their doorways.

What if the situation were reversed and we in America were invaded yearly by French tourists who

treated us with similar insensitivity and our native customs with similar contempt? How long before there'd be violent protests in the press and scrawls on our walls shouting our version of "U.S. GO HOME" signs!

A Frenchman I know, living now in the United States, periodically sees French associates who come over on business trips. He meets them incoming planes with warm greetings and words which go something like this: "Listen, *mon vieux*. You'll find that some things are a lot better here than *chez nous*, some things a lot worse, and some things -- just different. But it won't be France, and while you're here it won't do any good to complain. Accept the situation and you'll have a good time. If you can't, you can always remember the trip is temporary and you'll soon be back home."

It is my belief that a short transcript of these sentiments should, along with the vaccination certificate, be compulsorily enclosed with every American passport.



### Return Call

THE TELEPHONE shrilled in the middle of the night, and I groggily picked up the receiver. It was a trunk call. My heart humming, I heard, "Is that you, Son?"

"Mum! What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong." I could hear Mother chuckle. "It's your birthday."

"Good heavens! You didn't drag me out of bed at 3 a.m. just to say Happy Birthday, did you?"

"Well, you made *me* get out of bed at 3 a.m. 30 years ago tonight -- and I felt it was high time I paid you back!"

-Contributed by Philip Lincoln

*Something  
the sex experts overlooked*

# Love IS NOT A STATISTIC

*By Maurice Zolotow*

**I**N much-publicized inquiries into the sex life of Americans, male and female, err grievously by omitting the only detail of real importance. They deal with the purely animal rather than the deeply human aspects of the subject. The famous Kinsey reports, with their graphs and statistics, may bestow an aura of "scientific" approval upon the great modern delusion that sex is a competitive indoor sport, which, like bridge or table tennis, can be mastered by studying technique and practising as often as possible with as many partners as can be induced to play.

The investigators failed to ask the question crucial to human beings: What was the emotional quality of the moments of love-making? They seem to regard love as an athletic contest in which the number

of lovers and the frequency of sex adventure—the scoring record, so to speak—are more important than the quality of the experience. The resulting reports are therefore confusing to men and women already disturbed about sex, increasing their anxiety and reducing their confidence in themselves as human beings.

Victims of the sex delusion learn that the act they have been led to believe is exhilarating and ecstatic can be mechanical and lifeless, often bringing bitterness and self-doubt instead of the mood of serenity and emotional fulfilment.

This expected mood can never occur without love. There can be no ecstasy unless the sex act expresses love for the other person. Love is an intense awareness of the loved one, a feeling of respect for him or her as a human being and an instinctive recognition that the needs of the other person are as important to you as your own needs.

But all too many people make love to anonymous blobs in the darkness. They go through the motions of sex without knowing any true sexual fulfilment. Where there is hostility and resentment, boredom and mutual disparagement in a relationship, nothing vital is going to happen sexually, no matter how frequently you "necked" during adolescence and even if you have never acquired any horrible "religious inhibitions."

## THE READER'S DIGEST

The essential attitude of mutual respect cannot be forced. Nor can it be obtained by memorizing books on sex technique. The offices of psychoanalysts are crowded with men and women who think all they need is to be fixed up in the sex department. They think they are "frigid" or "impotent"—or something. They discover that there is a more fundamental sickness in their souls, and that they will not be capable of warmth and intimacy with another person until that sickness is healed.

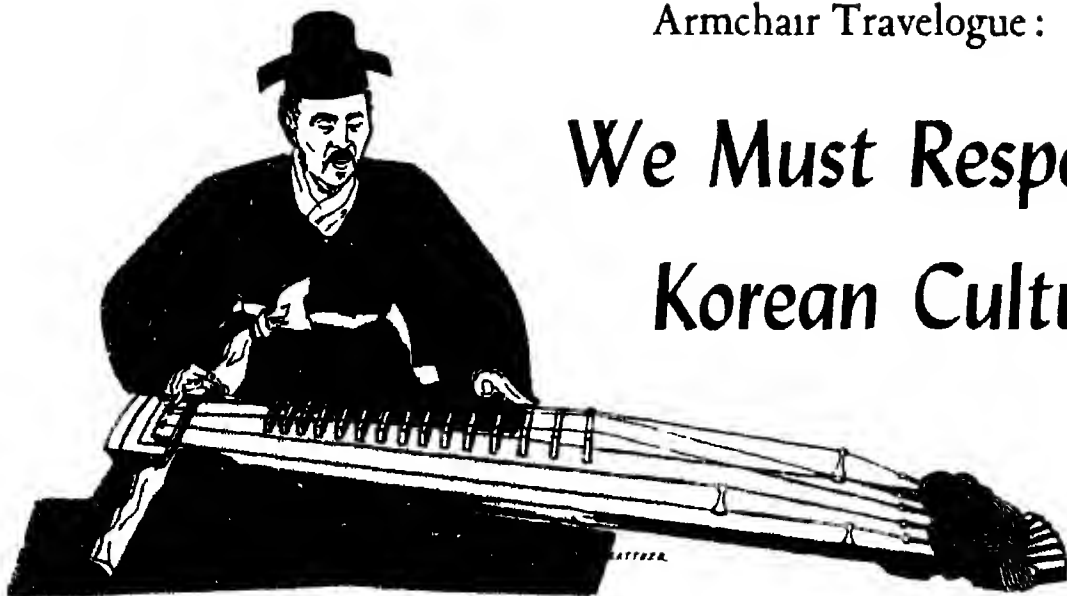
One famous psychoanalyst told me of a male patient who complained, "I've had six love affairs since 1940, but I can't seem to enjoy any of it. Is there something the matter with me? I feel I'm not getting out of sex what I'm supposed to." Another male patient complained, "I can't get close to people, even my wife and children. I feel almost obliged to have relations with my wife, rather than that I actually want to."

Dr. Clara Thompson, a distinguished psychiatrist, told me that the sexual experiences of promiscuous people are always unsatisfactory. For about 15 years I have been the confidant of Broadway and Hollywood actors and actresses who have opportunities to live a promiscuous sexual life. And some of them live it to the hilt—eight, ten, 12 "affairs" a year. But when they trust you and let down their hair, they will confess how frustrating and unsatisfying it all is.

Granted, to be so guilt-ridden and repressed that one is afraid of sexual urges is a sign of personal maladjustment. But it is equally true that sexual promiscuity or experimentation, without tenderness and affection, is no less destructive. Persons incapable of real love, who look upon it as a physical appetite or a sport, usually lead lives as frustrated and lonely as the once-ridiculed Victorian spinsters. Without love and mutual respect, the act of sex is barren and self-defeating.

### *So That's How It Started!*

IN 1904 a French scientist named Benedictus dislodged a bottle from its shelf in his laboratory, and it fell to the floor with a crash. It was broken, but to the scientist's astonishment it retained its shape. None of the particles was scattered. Benedictus remembered he had been using collodion in solution in this bottle. By some chance the solvent had evaporated, leaving a skin of cellulose nitrate on the walls of the bottle. A few days later he read in his paper of a motor accident in which a woman had been seriously cut by flying glass. The two events connected themselves in Benedictus's mind, and laminated safety glass was the outcome.



Armchair Travelogue :

## We Must Respect Korean Culture

By James Michener Author of *Tales of the South Pacific*,  
*Return to Paradise* etc

**I**N DECEMBER 1950 the half-de-  
stroyed city of Seoul was about  
to be captured by the Communists  
for a second time. Only a few hours  
remained to salvage precious na-  
tional treasures, and a government  
ship stood by for one last-minute  
cargo.

What could be evacuated that  
would be of most value to the  
nation? Machinery? Engraved plates  
for printing money? The govern-  
ment chose to rescue the Seoul  
Symphony Orchestra. For without  
music there could be no Korea.

Korean music is unique and won-  
derful. It is the only Asian music  
which compares in richness and  
emotional complexity with the best  
of Europe. Founded upon a three

~~~~~

JAMES MICHENER has recently returned from
Korea and Japan where he gathered the
material for this article.

*Our unknown friends, the Koreans,
despite a long series of devastations,
have an extraordinary cultural heri-
tage of which the world knows far
too little*

or six-beat system, its best songs
sound like spirited waltzes.

If a dozen Koreans gather it
won't be long before singing starts.
Four Koreans and a bottle of wine
will provide music for an entire
night. Recently I overheard such an
impromptu songfest, in the course
of half an hour these village singers
tried half a dozen folk songs, part
of a Korean opera, "My Old Ken-
tucky Home" and the "Habanera"
from *Carmen*. Schoolgirl groups
love the wild old folk songs. Boys'
choirs sing Western music and street
singers chant, "How Much Is That
Doggie in the Window?" Only

strikingly similar Wales provides as much music as Korea, so that the rescue of the Seoul Symphony Orchestra made sense. Here was a real national treasure

But the Koreans' love of music doesn't mean they are a soft people. Koreans are—and have to be—tough. Theirs is the most-destroyed nation on earth. You have to go back to the Middle Ages to find another nation so completely wiped out. Yet today's destruction is merely one more in the long series of devastations. First came the ancient Chinese marauders. They were followed by ravaging Mongols of Genghis Khan. In 1592 the Japanese destroyed almost every city in Korea. In 1636 the Chinese Manchus repeated the job. In 1910 the Japanese took over completely. When liberation finally came in 1945 the Russians occupied North Korea. Then, in 1950, war again shattered the land.

It is doubtful if any other nation on earth, except possibly Poland, has maintained its integrity under such conditions. It is an historical miracle that Korea exists today. Four explanations are suggested.

First, Korea serves as a bridge between the mainland of Asia and Japan. Since ancient days cultured Chinese and savage tribes from Siberia and Manchuria have gathered at the northern end, while at the southern have stood the capable Japanese. The history of Korea must be viewed as the passage of these peoples back and forth across the

peninsular bridge. These vast movements have brought not only the destruction of war but also the benefits of peace. To a strong, capable Korean people their bridge has brought influences from Japan and Siberia.

Second, the country is tremendously mountainous. It is claimed that if its peaks were flattened out Korea would cover the entire earth. Such chopped-up terrain encourages tight little groups to hide away in remote valleys and continue their immemorial customs regardless of who occupies the cities. A Korean village today, with its grass-roofed houses built round tiny central courtyards, looks very much as it did a thousand years ago. Such isolated living engenders rugged individualism.

Third, Koreans as a national group are unbelievably resilient, dogged and well suited to absorb the shocks of history. An American colonel who watched them patiently rebuilding a village which would have to be destroyed in the next big push said, "They work slowly, but nobody can stop them." I remember asking an admiral in command of forces trying to destroy a Korean railway bridge what he would do when he retired. He replied, "I'm going to cash in my insurance, pawn my wife's jewels and invest every cent I have in any railway in the world that will hire Koreans for maintenance men."

Fourth, as a people and as a na-

tion, Koreans possess a stunning integrity. Defeated and mutilated by wars, they still have kept themselves proudly intact. A Korean sociologist says, "I think it's because of our women. They treasure this sense of personal purity. Japanese occupied us for 40 years, but our women ignored them. One enemy after another has swept our land, but none were able to seduce our women. American troops, coming as allies, have had a little better luck, but we must remember that Genghis Khan's troops didn't have mail-order catalogues to help them do their wooing."

What major ideas from Asia moved over the Korean bridge to enrich the world? Practically an entire civilization was exported to Japan. Almost every facet of Japanese culture was first polished in Korea.

Three religions came down from the bridge. Confucianism from China, Buddhism from India and Shamanism, or spirit worship, from Siberia. Each took hold in Japan, where the latter two prospered, Buddhism under its own name and Shamanism as the much-improved Shinto.

In architecture the pagoda and temples with upswept roof-poles were passed on. Some of the finest sculpture in Asia was done by Korean artists. In art the secrets of woodblock printing and Chinese pottery were transmitted across the bridge. As early as 900, Korean

pottery were making exquisite bowls and dishes with lustrous glazed finishes. These ancient works of art are now prized in museums round the world. In the great Japanese invasion of 1592 the principal loot taken away by the conquerors was a colony of potters who built the Japanese ceramics industry which later sent its superb products across the earth.

Unfortunately the Japanese refused to borrow Korea's great invention of the floor-heated house. The germ of this idea probably originated in Manchuria, but the Koreans perfected the simple trick of piping hot air and smoke through floor ducts, over which were placed large slabs of laminated paper lacquered with bean oil, so that the Korean floor is beautifully polished and permanently warm. As long ago as the time of Christ, Koreans enjoyed radiant heating.

Western gardens have been enriched by the glorious flowers which came to them through Korea. Some, like the forsythia, azalea and plum, came from China, but the Japanese cherry originated in Korea, where the world's finest groves of this spectacular tree still stand.

There were other lovely things that developed in Korea, sometimes with an initial hint from China or Siberia, but always with a strong Korean colour. One is the Korean dance, wild, passionate and sweet. At times it tells an historic story in the manner of a ballet.

Often it expresses a sly commentary on human pompousness or the ridiculous upsets of love. The dances I like best are crazy little ones that simply tell of a man or woman having a rousing good time.

Every Korean can dance, not mystically as in India nor with iron skill as in Japan. Korean dancers are just happy people in billowy costumes, cavorting with the joy of life.

Another Korean invention is the *kisang* house, where professional entertainers sing and dance for well-paying customers. In Japan this became the highly formalized geisha house.

In science, Korea has made several distinguished advances: one of the first astronomical observatories, the first controlled system of measuring rainfall, cast-metal type for printing books at least 50 years before Gutenberg, and one of the first comprehensive encyclopædias.

Perhaps the greatest contribution was in the field of naval science. In 1592 Admiral Yi Soon-Sin got the job of halting the Japanese invasion. But his wooden ships were knocked out by a secret weapon imported by Japan from England: cannon. When the Japanese had landed, Yi quietly assembled his remaining ships and encased them in metal so that they looked like turtles. Then Yi's iron-clads sped out and destroyed the Japanese fleet, putting an end to the invasion.

The Chinese have always called

the Koreans "the gentlemen and scholars of the East." Korea's major intellectual accomplishment was its alphabet. For the first 1,500 years of the nation's history, all writing was done in Chinese characters. This kept Koreans largely illiterate, for spoken Korean is as different from Chinese as Finnish is from English.

Then in 1445 a brilliant Korean king handed his people a practical alphabet which anyone can learn in an afternoon. Illiteracy in Korea has practically disappeared.

Throughout history there was a rich interchange of ideas between East and West; one Korean cave contains extraordinary carvings whose graceful drapery copied Greek statues which were well known as early as A.D. 300.

The movement of Western ideas through Korea has continued into modern times. Koreans say, "The Germans brought us breweries and public architecture. The English taught us how to collect customs and work out a financial system. The French brought civil law and museums, while the Americans gave us hospitals and schools."

Korea is unique among the major nations of the world in that it has no generally accepted national religion. At one time Buddhism predominated but never really captured the country. Later, Korean men were Confucianists while many of the women clung to Shamanism and its warm world of spirits. To-

day the leading religion is Christianity, but the number of its actual followers is not great.

The permanent religion of Korea is love of the land. Against the flood tides of disaster the people cling to their land. This means that the people are stubborn, hard to get on with at first, sometimes even snug in their assurance that they know what's best for Korea. A scholar told me, "Until we see some other nation that has survived the way we have, we must be suspicious of good advice from the outside." This attitude has prevented Korea from developing a fully democratic government. The tough old ways are good enough.

In spite of its wonderful people, Korea is a nation seems destined for tragedy. Geographically it must always be a bridge nation, and it is the fate of such nations to be invaded periodically. Today, in addition to the historic pressure from

China, Siberia and Japan, the forces of Russia and the Western World have met on the Korean bridge.

That Korea will stay invaded permanently because of this is unlikely. In the cold December of 1953 I saw vivid proof of Korea's determination. At night there was no electricity for most homes in Seoul, no running water, no heating. There was insufficient food, and of every five buildings three were bombed out. Seoul was a destroyed and miserable city, but its artists decided to hold an exhibition.

In a shabby hall whose rooms were cold and dreary was hung a collection of pictures that would have graced any world capital.

Here was no doleful emphasis on war. Not one of the artists who painted these pictures had known security, warmth or sufficient food. Yet here was the vigour of Korean dancing, the joy of Korean song.

That is the spirit of Korea.



For the Record

A MERCHANT seaman was being investigated under the U. S. Immigration Act. "Do you," asked the interrogator, "have any pornographic literature?"

"Pornographic literature!" the sailor burst out indignantly. "I don't even have a pornograph!"

—Dennis Clark in *The Diplomat*

At a SUPPER PARTY in London, the actor John Loder was seated next to an attractive French woman who lives in Italy. Loder, who knows the country well, asked in what part, and she replied, "In ze Norz."

"What beautiful lakes you have," he said.

"How can you see zem?" she asked. "Zey are under ze table."

—J. CONRAD EVANS

Our Life in Hiding

By Svetlana Gouzenko

MY HUSBAND AND I were having dinner with friends who live near us in Canada. Somebody mentioned a story then on the front pages of the newspapers: two United States Senators had travelled to Canada to discuss Soviet espionage with Igor Gouzenko, former Red Army Intelligence clerk at the Russian Embassy in Ottawa.

Our friends talked about Gouzenko and how he had fled from his post in 1945, turning over to the Canadian Government almost 100 official Soviet reports, exposing the Red spy network.

"I wonder if any of us will ever meet this fellow Gouzenko," one of the men said. "The newspapers say that he and his wife and children are living somewhere in Canada. Of course, nobody says where he lives because the Russians would love to get their hands on him."

I could not help stealing a glance at my husband. He was busy with his food and he said nothing. He seemed rather bored by the conversation. I wondered what the people who were sitting with him would

When Igor Gouzenko walked out of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa in September 1945 he took with him sensational evidence that the Soviet Union was systematically betraying its allies. Since then, for the last eight years, Mr. Gouzenko has been a fugitive from the Soviet secret police. This article by his wife tells how they live, but not where

think if they knew he was Igor Gouzenko.

"If the Russians learned of Gouzenko's whereabouts," one of the men said, "that would be the end of him. He and his wife must have a very lonely life."

I had to restrain myself from laughing aloud. It is true that during these eight years we have concealed our identity. The only people who know where the Gouzenko family lives are a few Canadian Government officials and my husband's bodyguard, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable who poses as our handy man and chauffeur. Only a few people have met us as Mr. and Mrs. Igor Gouzenko. These are our lawyer, the editors for

whom my husband writes and some American and Canadian journalists who have interviewed us.

When we see such visitors under our real name, we meet them at the home of a friend who does not know where we live. We park our car a long distance from the friend's house and travel the rest of the way by taxi. Our own children do not know their real name.

But we are not frightened and lonely. Far from it.

Under our assumed name, we have a busy life. We have made many new friends and we go to parties and enjoy sports. I am deeply involved in social activities of all kinds. My husband and I feel that this normal life makes us safer from Soviet vengeance. If we lived as recluses we might cause talk.

But while we enjoy life, we are always careful. You must pardon me if I do not describe exactly what sports I like. One of the women who know me might read this article and recognize me.

Now and then a little thing happens and we wonder. A few weeks ago a man stopped in front of our house to change a flat tyre. My husband became alert. From our living-room window, he took pictures of the car and its licence-plate.

"It's only a man changing a tyre," I said to him.

"I know," Igor said. "But why did he happen to stop in front of our house?"

The man with the flat tyre was

checked by the Mounted Police. He had a good reason for being in our street—he lived in it.

Igor and I have too much of a foreign accent to pose as native-born Canadians, but our friends and our two children—a boy, ten, and a girl who is eight—have no idea that we were born in the Soviet Union. They think we came to Canada from another country in Europe.

I have never been in this European country where I am supposed to have been born. But I can tell you all about it. My past history was skilfully prepared for me by Canadian Intelligence experts and I know it by heart. I know every detail about "the town where I grew up," the names of the shopkeepers and the schoolteachers, the house I lived in and its furnishings and the kind of trees and flowers in its garden. It would be very difficult to trip me up.

We have changed our assumed name twice. We cannot change it again. The children are too old now. It would be difficult to explain a new name to them.

And three times in the past six years we have moved to a new neighbourhood. Igor feels it is wise not to stay too long in one place.

I am not worried now, because I think we survived our worst danger long ago. I feel that if the Soviet agents did not catch up with us during those first nerve-wracking months in the autumn of 1945, they will never get us.

When Igor walked out of the embassy with the secret papers hidden under his shirt, we lived under tense secrecy. The Soviet officials knew that Igor had disappeared with vital documents. But they did not yet know whether he had turned himself over to the Canadians or the Americans. They were searching for him desperately, hoping to find him before he talked.

The first night after Igor vanished, four men from the Soviet Embassy broke down the door of our apartment in Somerset Street, Ottawa, and searched our rooms. Igor and I and our little boy were hiding in the home of a neighbour across the hall. In the morning, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who had witnessed the search by the NKVD, were listening to my husband's story and examining the Soviet papers. These papers showed that samples of uranium had been sent to Moscow from American atomic laboratories and that Dr. Alan Nunn May, one of the leading scientists who worked on the bomb, had given detailed descriptions of the experiment to the Russians. Later Dr. May confessed and was imprisoned. The findings in his case led to the convictions of Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs.

Convinced that my husband was telling the truth, the Canadians took all three of us to a hideout in the country. Despite the precautions I have mentioned, we live in wonderful freedom. The Canadian Gov-

ernment never restricts our movements nor the social life we enjoy under our assumed name. We travel all over Canada. We have never visited the United States, not because it is forbidden but simply because Igor feels it might be asking for trouble.

Igor has spent the last four years writing a long novel about life in the Soviet Union, *The Fall of the Titan*, which will be published soon in the United States, Canada and Great Britain under Igor's true name. If our friends knew that he was a writer, they might connect him with the book by Gouzenko. They do know that he works at home, but they think that he is an industrial designer.

Democracy has been good to us. Twentieth Century-Fox paid Igor \$75,000 for the film rights to his story, *The Iron Curtain*, and *Cosmopolitan* gave \$50,000 for the magazine rights. We also have an annuity that gives us \$100 a month for the rest of our lives. It was established for us by a private citizen in Canada. Frank Ahearn, who wanted to reward my husband for the service Igor did for the country. Our rather modest house in Canada would be regarded as a royal palace in Russia.

When I think of Russia, I think of an old man I talked with on the docks at Vladivostok. As we were waiting to go aboard the ship, we were gay and happy. The old man was watching us.

"I have seen many Russians like you go and come from America," he said to me "You are laughing now. But when you come back, you will be weeping."

Now I know what he meant.

So what does it matter if we get a little nervous now and then when a stranger loiters near our house? Perhaps it is rather sad that we can-

not tell our son and our daughter their real name. It is sometimes annoying to go through the cloak-and-dagger procedure of changing car licence plates frequently and moving often to a new house where we cannot entertain the few friends who know our true identity. But all this is very much better than going back to Russia.

The Lady Vanishes

Mrs. HENRY COWELL, a folksong collector, started to drive a small pick-up truck and trailer loaded with recording equipment from San Francisco to New York. She'd had no experience in driving a trailer and got into difficulty during her first night out. While she was trying to back up in the parking area of a roadside cafe a huge tractor trailer pulled into the yard. The driver hopped down and came over. "Having trouble?" he asked.

Mrs. Cowell explained her predicament, and the driver spent about ten minutes showing her a few tricks of the trailer trade. Then he asked how far she was going and what route she was taking and wished her luck.

At St. Louis, Mrs. Cowell left the main highway and drove south to a small town where she visited friends. A week later she drove north again. Only a few miles after she'd picked up the main highway, an enormous truck overtook her and the driver signalled her to stop.

"Lady!" he demanded. "Where the devil you been? You disappeared!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Cowell.

"We got word to keep an eye on you," said the driver. "Every day we'd get reports on you from maybe four or five of the other truck drivers that seen you. You was doing fine--taking it nice and easy and making good time--and then all of a sudden *you disappeared!* We been checking with the cops about accidents, but we couldn't even get a clue!"

Mrs. Cowell explained that she'd turned off the main highway to visit friends. "All right, lady," the driver said. "Just so you're okay. I'll pass the word along--some of the boys are real worried. Good luck!"

Mrs. Cowell drove on to New York--careful, she says, to stick to the main roads.

—Contributed by Ed Zern

*A handful of men with a handful of money are creating
some bright spots in the old world's future*

They Develop Today's Youth for Tomorrow's World

By Stanley High

I BELONG to a unique committee of Americans and Canadians which meets once a month at a luncheon club in New York City. This committee directs an undertaking which yields no monetary returns. Yet I have heard it rated by heads of government, diplomats and men of affairs in many lands as one of the most productive international enterprises.

The men who direct this enterprise share the conviction that the future of the free world depends on what happens to the free world's youth. In 29 countries they are backing that conviction with practical support and thereby adding strength to one of the most effective and dynamic of the world's non-Communist youth organizations.

The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations has a World Service budget of only £525,000. This money is used solely to prime the pump of local leadership and self-help. Appropria-

tions are not only matched in the countries where they are received, they are multiplied. The YMCA programme has no political, economic or sectarian strings attached.

I have lately seen something of what that programme is producing.

Cairo, Egypt Until the Egyptian YMCA, helped by an appropriation from the International Committee, started the Pont Limoun Club some 15 years ago, Cairo had no centre for work among the thousands of waifs who roam the city's streets and live precariously by begging and stealing. The Pont Limoun Club is unimpressive—an old building with limited equipment, a walled-in vacant lot. Its few hundred boys—to whom this place is school, playground, clubhouse and, often, home—seem too few to make a serious dent on the problem.

But Pont Limoun has worked like a leaven in Cairo. Today, still run by the YMCA, its work is wholly financed by Egyptians, most

of them Moslems. Young Egyptians preparing for social work in Egypt's towns and villages are assigned to Pont Limoun for training by the government's Ministry for Social Affairs. Public-spirited citizens of Cairo have started more than a score of similar clubs, the leaders were almost all recruited from young Moslems trained at Pont Limoun in the character-building programme of the YMCA.

Kokkinia, Greece This slum suburb of Athens was a Communist stronghold after World War II. "You can't change those people," said a Greek shipowner when the YMCA asked his help to start boys work in Kokkinia.

But, supported jointly by the Greek Association and the International Committee, the initial improvised quarters were soon crowded with young men and boys. For the first time in their lives, these youngsters were greeted by friendly people working to interest and help them with organized sports, night classes, discussion groups, amateur plays, community projects.

Today the Kokkinia YMCA has a new building and sports field, more than half the cost of the building was contributed from the Queen's Fund by Queen Frederika. The Greek Government now finances summer camps for the underprivileged boys of Kokkinia and other communities and calls on the YMCA to help them train leaders.

Last year, when the Lawyers' As-

sociation of Athens was asked to make its annual contribution to the Greek YMCA, its president replied: "This year we will double our subscription. I have seen the YMCA at Kokkinia." The popularity of this programme has sharply reduced Communist influence in the area.

Jerusalem, Israel Here, where the Arabs are a minority and bitterness against them is explosive and increasing, Moslems, Jews and Christians play in the YMCA basketball teams, use the athletic field—one of the finest in Israel—without discrimination. The director of physical education is a Jew, but his associate director is an Arab-Christian. Moslems, Jews and Armenians are in its prize-winning swimming team.

"We don't take our hates to the Y," a young Jew told me.

In nearby Nazareth, largest Arab community in Israel, the Communists' aggressive, well-subsidized programme for youth was virtually unchallenged until the YMCA moved in in 1950. Today the Y centre, financed by an International Committee grant, is directly across the street from Communist headquarters, and its growing membership is increasingly recruited from young men once drawn to the Communists.

Assiut, Upper Egypt On this, the Arab side of the bitter conflict, it is the Jewish minority which is hated and ostracized. When I arrived at

the YMCA in Assiut, one of Egypt's largest cities, a boys' parliament was debating a vote of censure against its "cabinet" for alleged mismanagement of a recent hike and picnic. When one speaker got a hearty round of applause, my Egyptian host said "That could happen only here at the Y. That boy is a Jew."

In Cairo, when the Israeli-Arab war began in 1947, clubs and other gathering places once open to Jews were closed to them. Then the general secretary of the Egyptian YMCA, an Egyptian, went to the head of the Jewish community with an invitation endorsed by the Y's board of directors.

"Make the YMCA your community home and meeting place." Many hundreds did.

The International Committee supports an overseas American staff of 55 "fraternal" secretaries; they are sent only where the need is established and urgent request is made. Their mission is to share their "know-how" in training local youth leaders and speeding the growth of a self-supporting, self-propagating YMCA movement.

Convinced of the growing importance of Africa to the free world, the International Committee has

The British YMCA is also responsible for pioneer work abroad. Our Overseas Committee of the National Council of the YMCA runs along similar lines to the International Committee, which is composed of Canadian and American YMCA members only. Both Committees work under the co-ordination of the World's Alliance of YMCAs in Geneva.

The British Overseas Committee have allocated £13,000 for pioneer work during the year 1954. They already support trained YMCA Secretaries in the Gold Coast, Kenya and Iraq, as well as an Indian Secretary who is acting Educational Secretary for the YMCAs in India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma. Recently, they have received urgent calls to send pioneer secretaries to Malaya, Nigeria and the Caribbean, and they are now looking for men of the right qualifications.

The first YMCA was founded in the City of London in 1844, by a group of young men headed by George Williams. The Great Exhibition of 1851 brought opportunities for a great campaign among foreign visitors, and the first American YMCA was opened in Boston in 1851. The British Association moved to their present headquarters in Great Russell Street, W.C.2, in 1912.

launched its newest work in two key African countries—Liberia and Ethiopia.

Dave Howell, a Y-experienced American Negro, was sent to Liberia five years ago. There was then no important community work for the boys and young men of this, Africa's first, Negro republic. There were few playgrounds, few organized sports, no boys' clubs, school attendance was low, juvenile delinquency was high and increasing.

Howell's first Y was the veranda of his own house, his first members

were ten small boys he rounded up from the streets. Within a month the venture had grown so fast that Howell moved it to three rented rooms and set up courts on sandy waste ground for basket-ball.

A few weeks ago in Monrovia I attended a monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Liberian YMCA. Its 27 members include four members of the Cabinet, the director of the National Public Health Service, the Mayor of Monrovia, the publisher of the daily newspaper, two judges, clergymen, lawyers, businessmen.

A short distance from our meeting place the new £20,000 YMCA building was nearing completion. One quarter of the funds to erect it came from the International Committee, the rest was raised in Monrovia in a community wide money-raising campaign. William Tubman, President of Liberia, was the first contributor and laid the cornerstone. In a dozen parts of the city there are thriving self governing affiliated clubs enlisting hundreds of secondary school boys. Their example has appreciably increased school attendance.

In Ethiopia, when the first YMCA work began in 1948, the Soviets were aware that this country could be the Red gateway to Africa. They were already on the job in force. In Addis Ababa, the capital, their educational and information centre, manned by 100 Communist professionals, was mak-

ing headway among young people.

The YMCA sent a single secretary—Michel Wassef, a young Egyptian, product of the Egyptian YMCA. The government loaned Wassef a small building, rent free, which was soon overcrowded with Christians, Moslems and Jews. Emperor Haile Selassie gave two acres of land in the centre of the city as site for a new building, made the first contribution towards the building fund and assigned several young men, at government expense, to aid the Y programme.

The programme made headway, but in 1951 the Soviet centre was still attracting more Ethiopian youth than the YMCA. An American "fraternal" secretary, an expert in industrial training, was sent to Addis Ababa. He took the Y's sports programme to outlying needy districts. He set up a campers' programme which enlisted more than 500 boys. Two hundred young men regularly began to attend weekly current events lectures and debates. An outdoor adult-education programme on health and sanitation drew crowds that averaged more than 8,000.

Last spring the new YMCA building—paid for by contributions from Ethiopians and members of the Arab, Greek, Indian and Armenian communities—was dedicated by the Emperor. The YMCA has long since eclipsed the Soviet centre in popularity, today it is outdrawing it by an estimated nine to one.

The Best Advice I Ever Had

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

*Formerly Pastor of The Riverside Church
New York*

MY FATHER, a secondary-school headmaster, bidding my mother good-bye on the front steps of our home one morning, said to her: "Tell Harry that he can cut the grass today, if he feels like it." Then, after walking a few steps down the street, he called, "Tell Harry he had better feel like it."

That afternoon, although like any teen-ager I had other plans, I cut the grass and, chuckling over my father's remark, found that the job was not too bad. Before I had finished I really liked it. I never dreamed, however, that 60 years afterwards I would be hearing the echo of my father's wise counsel. *If you don't get tasks you like, like the tasks you get.*

I could not escape from that, even in school. I hated mathematics.

When I reached the university I longed for the day when no more of the miserable stuff would be required of me. Meanwhile, the compulsory courses confronted me—that grass had to be cut. Then my father's advice clicked. I had better feel like it. Believe it or not, when the compulsory courses in mathematics were finished, I chose others, right up to differential calculus.

Any layman who supposes that a minister on Tuesday morning starts preparing his Sunday sermon because he spontaneously feels like it should guess again. Preparing a good sermon is hard work, and far too many preachers think up all sorts of excuses for not tackling it. They know that sermonic grass has to be cut, but they will wait till they feel like it. Endless times on Tuesday morning, facing another sermon's preparation, I have heard the echo of my father's voice: "Tell Harry he had better feel like it."

This counsel has helped me especially in dealing with drudgery. No matter how thrilling the high spots in any vocation may be—and I have found the ministry full of them—any calling is like an iceberg, its peak visible but most of it under water, invisible routine, uninspiring details, drudgery.

Now that I have come to three-score years and 15 and face old age, I still hear my father saying about growing old, "Tell Harry he had better feel like it."

How The Commonwealth Could Learn One American Lesson

By Sir Norman Angell

THE TERRITORIES of the British Commonwealth (excluding in this discussion the Asian Dominions) embrace a much larger area and contain greater resources, human and material, than does the United States. Why, then, is the Commonwealth less powerful than the United States in the influence it exercises in the world and, largely, less successful in improving the standard of living of its peoples?

The explanation is that the 48

The bonds of feeling and fellowship in the Commonwealth, so greatly strengthened by the Queen's tour, should be turned into a political and constitutional unity. Only thus can the immense potentialities of the Commonwealth be made actual.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, now 79, has divided his 60 years of journalism and authorship about equally between Great Britain, the United States and France. At 17 years of age he emigrated to the United States to become a farm-hand, cowboy, miner, prospector, newspaper reporter. Later he joined the staff of a Paris newspaper and was for ten years the general manager of the *Continental Daily Mail*. He is the author of some 40 books dealing with international affairs and economics. One, *The Great Illusion* has been translated into 25 languages. He sat in the House of Commons from 1929 to 1931 as a Labour Member, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1933.

states of the American Union make a firmly integrated political unit. The absence of tariffs between the states and the existence of a common monetary system make possible the vast market necessary for the large-scale mass production of consumer goods that fosters a high living standard. And an industry so equipped can readily be adapted to the production of military equipment on a similar great scale.

By contrast, the British Commonwealth is so little a political unit that it has not even a government. There is a government of Canada,

another of Australia, another of New Zealand, another of South Africa, another of Britain. But there is no government of the Commonwealth, no common tariff and monetary system. Australia, in order to develop its own textile industry, puts a tariff on textiles, to the impoverishment of the British industry. When the Australian pound falls below the value of the British pound, purchase of British goods is restricted in order to sustain the Australian currency, thus adding to the economic burdens of Britain. Canada is not even within the sterling area, but on a dollar basis.

The Advantages of Union

IN ITS early years the United States, under the Articles of Confederation, which tried to satisfy the demands of each state for economic independence, went through most of the difficulties the Commonwealth is now encountering. But in 1789, after a decade of economic disorder and crisis, each of the states agreed to limit its independence sufficiently to create a real Union. This was something the British Empire, in its evolution into Commonwealth, has failed to do. True, there are occasional conferences between Commonwealth governments, but this does not make a Union in the North American sense.

A worldwide British Union would add greatly to the defensive strength of the West. Russia makes

no secret of her hopes that she may use the considerable Communist parties of France, Germany and Italy to paralyse the effectiveness of any alliance among those countries as an instrument of resistance to Russian expansion. The British Parliament, in contrast to those of France and Italy, does not include a single Communist, and in the politics of the overseas Dominions Communism plays no real rôle.

Yet, curiously, much of world opinion seems averse to the Dominions' doing what the 48 American states have done in forming a Union. The attitude seems to be prompted by the assumption that the Dominions still have colonial status and are not really free, that complete independence for all who desire it is both the prerequisite and guarantee of a peaceful world.

These assumptions ignore present-day facts.

Independence Invites Aggression

TAKE the point of independence as the road to peace. The nations that went to war in 1914 and again in 1939 were all completely independent and sovereign. Not one was the victim of imperialist oppression. They went to war not because they lacked independence but because each had clung to it so tenaciously as to make impossible any effective co-operation for common defence, anything resembling that international community we are now so laboriously trying to set up.

Russia's present cold war—perhaps the most serious threat that Christendom has ever faced—is not the war of a colonial or oppressed people “rightly struggling to be free.” It has not been provoked by the presence of an alien government, or foreign troops on Russian soil. Nevertheless, the slogans which figure most prominently in Soviet propaganda are concerned with the “rights of national independence” threatened by “warmongering imperialists.” We thus have the astonishing spectacle of an imperialist power which in a few years has swept away the independence of half a score of satellites exploiting the very ideals it aims to destroy.

The explanation is not difficult. The Communists are aware of the intense emotion, as well as the intellectual confusion, inspired by such a word as “independence.” The calculation is, of course, that if this emotion prevents the nations of Western Europe from surrendering sufficient independence to form a workable defensive alliance then Russia will never have to meet anything as strong as herself, and will be able to apply what Churchill has called “the simple and deadly plan of one by one”—to achieve what she has already done with Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Albania and China, and hopes to do with Indo-China, Indonesia, Burma and, ultimately, India and Africa.

Obviously, one means of meeting that threat is for the nations of the British Commonwealth, which encircle the globe, to form a closer Union, reversing the tendency towards separateness which has been so strong in the British Commonwealth for the past century.

Many people fail to appreciate how greatly the British Empire has been transformed over the past 100 years. When lecturing to audiences outside my own country, I have been asked such questions as “When is Britain going to give Canada her freedom?” Yet it is nearly 30 years since an Imperial Conference declared that each Dominion is “an autonomous community, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of domestic or foreign affairs.” The statute governing their relationship even recognizes their right of secession from the Commonwealth.

Partnership Fosters Strength

It is all to the good that the Dominions should have exchanged a subordinate position in an Empire for equality of status in a Commonwealth. But equality is not to be confused with an absolute independence which none can possess. The government of one people by another is a hateful relationship. The right alternative to that relationship is not for both to be independent. It is for both to form a partnership. But a partnership in which the parties are completely in-

dependent is a mere contradiction in terms. Right and freedom, whether of men or of nations, are incapable of defence without surrender of minor freedoms in order to preserve greater ones.

The Commonwealth nations have so many ties of sentiment and history that it should be readily possible for them to apply the lessons of unification provided by American history. In any case it is time we asked what is to follow the dissolution of the British Empire. We have too readily assumed that the dissolution of any imperial authority must automatically be followed by conditions more favourable to freedom, peace and welfare. History does not confirm such a conclusion. When the Roman Empire fell, it was not followed by something better but by the Dark Ages.

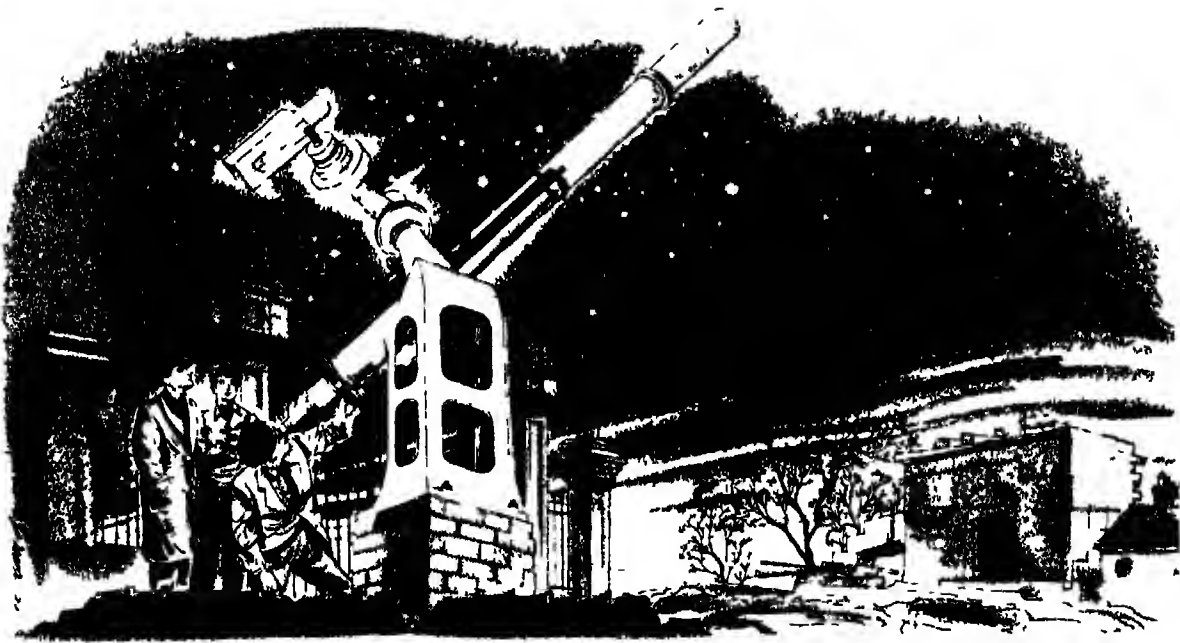
The history of the United States itself has demonstrated that there are cases in which the preservation of unity is of greater value than the satisfaction of even a justifiable claim to independence. The Confederacy based its claim for independence on the very terms of the Declaration of Independence, and more than one American historian has written that if ever there was a good case for self-determination the South possessed it. Lincoln denied the claim, though denial brought about the American Civil War. Yet history has fully justified Lincoln. For if the American Union had broken up, there could not have

been in the First World War, nor in the Second, nor in the present cold war, the American contributions to the defence of the West, without which Western civilization would have been overwhelmed.

If on such grounds we may justify America's maintenance of political unity, we may well consider another fact of recent history. If there had been no British Empire in 1940 after the fall of France, no Gibraltar (now demanded by Franco), no Malta, no troops in Egypt to meet Rommel and defend the Suez Canal (in the Egypt which now demands complete evacuation of British troops from the Canal Zone)—if dissolution of the Empire to that extent had already taken place in 1940, it is as certain as anything can be in military affairs that Britain would have had to follow France in surrender to Hitler.

In dissolving political unions or authorities, timing and conditions are of the essence. It may be right and desirable that the white man should withdraw his authority altogether from, say, Africa. But it should be done under such conditions that withdrawal would not mean simply handing the African continent over to Moscow, adding a further vast reservoir of human material to that already available in China for the purposes of world Communism.

The free world cannot afford to regard possibilities such as these with indifference.



Berlin's Tin-Can Observatory

Condensed from the Swiss weekly, Pour Tous

J. D. Ratcliff and Claus Gaedemann

ASTRONOMY is studded with names of great observatories—Greenwich, Palomar and Mount Wilson. Another should be added—the grubby little Wilhelm Foerster Observatory in Berlin. Improvised from scrap and built on a heap of rubble, the Foerster may never create any great scientific stir, but it is an unparalleled example of what pluck and energy can accomplish in the face of mountainous difficulties.

The Foerster is the handiwork of two untrained but dedicated men—Hans Muhle, mechanic, and Hans Rechlin, an actor. Muhle, a compact little man with mild blue eyes and an Einstein haircut, had been taken

Two amateurs with no money build an observatory on a rubble heap

prisoner by U.S. troops in Austria after the German Army's defeat. Rechlin, small, dark, boyish-faced, was taken prisoner in Norway. When released, both headed for Berlin. Muhle got a job with an optical company. Rechlin, with no hope of a stage job, fell back on his hobby—astronomy. He built a small telescope, set it up in a public square, and charged 30 pfennigs (then less than a penny) to look at the moon, Mars or Saturn. A chance meeting of the two men in 1947 re-

vealed their mutual interest in astronomy. Soon Muhle was reporting each night to help Rechlin set up his telescope.

Berlin had two observatories—both in Russian hands, both cut off from the 2,500,000 West Berliners. Watching the people who lined up each night to look through Rechlin's telescope, Muhle had an idea. Why not build an observatory, a *real* observatory, for their city?

The proposal was preposterous, of course. Together the two men had less than £20. A lens for even a moderate sized telescope would cost £1,500 or more, a complete observatory was out of the question. Still, night after night, they talked their impossible scheme into a project. Perhaps they could substitute energy and ingenuity for money. A group of youngsters who hung round the telescope became inoculated with enthusiasm. "We'll help," they said, "after school and weekends."

Muhle and Rechlin scoured the outskirts of Berlin for a possible observatory site. In Tempelhof, near Berlin's airport, they found it—the bombed-out ruin of an officers' club. No high buildings nearby obstructed the view of the skies. City authorities, when approached, were sceptical, but agreed to let the building to them for a pound a month.

In October 1947 Rechlin, Muhle and six teen-age boys, each armed with a bucket, began the back-breaking task of clearing away the

debris and building a cement platform on which to mount telescopes. For the cement Rechlin and Muhle bartered their bread ration on the black market—eight loaves for one bag.

Work went on all winter, one of the worst in Berlin's history. Hands and feet were numb with cold, but spirits were high. An old cauldron, kept full of bubbling potato soup, provided warmth and energy for the workers. Meagre funds came from two sources. Muhle's pay packet and whatever Rechlin could pick up with his telescope.

The least damaged room in the ruined building was repaired and roofed. This became a workshop. Here, under a smoking paraffin lantern, the two men built the observatory's first telescope. By traditional standards, it was a ludicrous affair. A length of 12 inch sewer pipe, found in the ruins, was the barrel. Salvaged pipe fittings and an iron flagpole made the mounting. The telescope had to move in order to track stars across the sky for time-exposure photographs. An old gramophone motor solved this problem.

The biggest stumbling block was the optical equipment, which would have cost thousands of non-existent marks. But Muhle met an amateur lens grinder, Hermann Grandt, who worked in a chocolate factory. In his flat Grandt had an incredible rig, an ancient sewing machine converted into a foot-powered lens

grinder. Grandt enthusiastically agreed to grind the lenses—free

By the spring of 1948 the first telescope was ready. Its cost—five shillings for welding the barrel.

Word spread through West Berlin. Visitors flocked to the little "observatory." One room became a lecture hall where weekly classes in astronomy were held—free, five shillings a month. One simple class of 30 people included a teacher, a nurse, a locksmith, a factory worker and an 11-year-old boy.

As interest grew, help flowed in. One member of the class, an electrician, volunteered to wire the building. A plumber put in a water system, using mostly salvaged pipe. A portrait photographer built a photo lab, sinks were made from bathroom tiles found in the ruins, and light reflectors from scrap kettles.

The baby observatory needed a name. Muhle and Rechlin decided to honour a former director of the Berlin Observatory, Wilhelm Foerster, who had done much to popularize astronomy.

Week by week the crowds increased. More telescopes were required, and Muhle and Rechlin built them—a total of eight. For one of them a 12-inch mirror was wanted. Such mirrors must be ground to exacting tolerances. Grandt said he could grind such a mirror, but he needed a thick piece of glass. Muhle found it in the ruins of the Berlin aquarium—an inch

and a half thick, it had once been part of a big fish tank.

At his wife's suggestion, Muhle gave up his job to devote his whole time to the observatory. She got a job with an insurance company.

He started exchanging information with observatories in England, Holland, Switzerland and the United States. There were regular contributions to the German *Astronomical News*. The small, hand-made observatory was becoming scientifically established.

One day just before Christmas, 1950, Rechlin arrived at the observatory in a state of excitement. He had found a telescope in the ruins of the old Urania Observatory in the British sector—one with a 12-inch lens and a 20-foot barrel! Exposed to rain and snow for five years, it looked like a rusted wreck, but the lens was intact. And they could have it—it they could dismantle and move the five-ton instrument.

A haulage company wanted £350 for the job. Muhle and Rechlin undertook the task themselves. Borrowing linesmen's belts, block and tackle, and other equipment, they took the telescope apart. Next came the problem of getting the heavy parts moved. The mounting post alone weighed a ton. The U.S. Army lent them a truck equipped with a hoist.

Student bricklayers from Berlin's building-trades school built a room to house the instrument. Bricks

came from the rubble pile adjoining the observatory

Then in the summer of 1952, before the overhaul on the big telescope could be finished, Rechlin died. Finances were at a low ebb. Muhle—after five years of thankless, round-the-clock work—was ready to give up. But the Berlin city council rose to the occasion, voted the observatory £1750 a year to

carry on—a remarkable tribute in a city as impoverished as Berlin.

With this expression of confidence, Muhle started laying new plans, among them an expedition to observe the solar eclipse in Sweden this summer. Other observatories will send their expeditions to Sweden in style. The Foerster expedition will probably have to hitchhike its way—but it will be there!

Kangaroo Words

Ben O'Dell in The American Magazine

A KANGAROO WORD is one which carries within its spelling (in normal order) a smaller word which is a perfect synonym for itself. For example, note how the word, HURRIES, contains, in its natural sequence, the synonym, HILLS. Listed below are several more of these baby-carrying words. So hop to it and see if you can find the synonym hiding in each one. Answers appear on page 100.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1 DECEASED | 11 ROTUND |
| 2 ILLUMINATED | 12 OBSERVE |
| 3 FABRICATION | 13 REVOLUTION |
| 4 SALVAGE | 14 MARKET |
| 5 SEPARATE | 15 FAÇADE |
| 6 CATACOMB | 16 DELIBERATE |
| 7 SATISFIED | 17 PANTALOONS |
| 8 EXISTS | 18 PRECIPITATION |
| 9 RECLINE | 19 SUPERVISOR |
| 10 APPROPRIATE | 20 HOSTILITY |

ADVICE to husbands: Women love to be surprised. Some Sunday morning slip down to the kitchen and prepare a tray. Put on bacon and eggs and orange juice. Place the morning paper next to a steaming cup of coffee and, as a final touch, add a tiny rosebud. When everything is ready, carry the tray into the dining-room and have a leisurely breakfast.

When your bride comes down she will be delighted to find that you've eaten and got out of the way.

-Collier's

The day 100 refugees from a pet shop took over downtown New York

Monkeys

Out on the Razzle

BY HENRY TREFFLICH *As told to Baynard Kendrick*

ABOUT 10 15 on Saturday morning, May 11, 1946, lights began to flash and telephones to jangle at the Old Slip police station in New York City. A moment later came the riot call. Nearby Fulton, Vesey and Church streets were jammed with people. Downtown New York, the business quarter, was being taken over by monkeys!

At 9 45 that morning Gus Hildebrand, an employee in my pet shop at 215 Fulton Street, had noted a monkey entangled in the wire mesh of his cage. Gus opened the door of the cage and untangled the little fellow, who promptly raced out. Before Gus could make a move, 19 other monkeys, gibbering with glee, followed the leader.

The monkeys held a quick consultation and apparently decided that it would be unfair to leave their fellow primates behind bars. In an instant they had opened the other four cages and 80 more monkeys poured into the room. Then, while Gus was frantically trying to trap some of them, one bright little fellow opened the door of the room and discovered, there in the hallway, a ladder leading to an open skylight! Immediately the 99 other monkeys followed him up the ladder to the roof—and to freedom.



CHESTER GORDON, employee of a grocer's shop nearby, was in the third-floor storeroom showing a customer a new stock of coffee when a cloud of 40 monkeys entered noisily through an open window behind him. Mr. Gordon turned his attention to the half of the visitors who were opening sacks of coffee and aromatic spices. The customer made his way to the ground floor, accompanied by the other half, non-coffee drinkers who meant to investigate the bananas in the fruit department.

Though a little green, the bananas proved edible, and since salesmen and customers had obligingly left, everything was quite convivial until some dogs tried to chisel in. These strays were greeted with a barrage of banana skins, bottles and tins from the shelves. The dogs beat a strategic retreat.

Exhibiting remarkable presence of mind, Mr. Gordon slammed the upstairs window shut, then dashed downstairs and shut all the other windows and doors. Twenty minutes later the 40 monkeys (netted by officials of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) and Mr. Gordon were removed from the shop—alive and unharmed.

... EVERYTHING was quiet at the three-storey fire station in Fulton Street. A netball game was underway on the roof, and on the second floor two firemen were engaged in a game of draughts.

"It's your move," one player said impatiently. "Why are you sitting there staring at the wall?"

The other man shook his head as it to clear his brain. "Five monkeys just slid down the pole," he said. "One was holding a netball."

Everything broke loose at once.

Two irate firemen burst into the room yelling, "Who stole our netball?" Just then all the showers in the adjoining changing room were turned on full force. The changing room door flew open and five more monkeys ran gleefully to the shiny brass pole and disappeared to the floor below. A fireman dashed into the changing room and gazed in stunned disbelief at ten monkeys taking showers.

For 35 minutes every member of the fire brigade chased monkeys over and under the escape-engine, up the stairs and down the brass pole. Then the alarm sounded. When the escape-engine started to move, ten monkeys were left taking showers, while the other ten clung to the machine. The firemen didn't have far to go—it was just a call from down the street where a ladder was needed to get some monkeys off a building. But when the escape-engine rolled to a stop, a policeman took one look and shook his head. "It ain't possible," he said. "They're bringing it!"

THE Trinity Church choir-master was starting a practice session with his choirboys at the Ful-

British monkeys show as lively a taste for town-life as the New York monkeys in this story. During one month—last November—the newspapers carried stories of no less than 60 escaped monkeys.

One of them, Jackie, a five-year-old Vervet monkey, found his passport to freedom in Pimlico. He spent two and a half hours dodging policemen in the back gardens of Ebury Street before he was eventually caught.

But the monkey that caused the most chaos was unnamed and unclaimed. He fed on a diet of bananas and sprouts, thieved from the stalls at Ilford Market, before fancying an exploration into an Ilford china shop. Bowls, plates and a dinner set came to grief while two policemen, a policewoman and seven other people chased him round the shop.

ton Street mission house. When at last he got the 27 choirboys quietened down, he struck his tuning fork, raised his finger to give the beat—and then one of the boys giggled.

"I'm sorry, sir," the giggler said, "but there's a monkey on the piano. Another just came in the window."

A moment later there were four boys on top of the piano, but now the monkey was hanging from a chandelier. The second monkey was swinging gaily from a curtain rod.

The choirmaster calmly closed the window. He had been dealing with choirboys for a number of years—what were a couple of monkeys? With military precision he broke the choir up into squads of four, arming each squad with a loose cover stripped from a chair. The monkeys proved no match for the boys. The two were bagged in seven

minutes flat and deposited in the corner to wait for their owner.

A BARREL CHISTED longshoreman, Pete by name, was just winding up a three-week binge. That Saturday morning he drifted into the White Rose Tavern in Fulton Street, ordered a drink and looked round.

He reached for his drink. It wasn't there. Pete grinned sheepishly and pretended he'd been reaching for a cigarette.

He wasn't going to tell the barman that half a dozen monkeys had just come along and one had drunk his whisky. But a few minutes later the barman telephoned the police. "Hey, there's a guy here screaming, '*There are no monkeys in here!*' "*There are no monkeys in here!*" "

"Oh, DTs," the officer said.

"No! He's crazy. The place is full of them!"

It was three months before all the monkeys were rounded up. One little female retreated into the drums and cables that operate the lift in Callanan's Grocery Store. A reporter photographed her squatting on the cable drum. The picture appeared in the New York *Daily Mirror* next morning, captioned WE'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS TO USE THIS GAG—A MONKEY WENCH IN THE WORKS.

Three solutions to the mystery of
why some people rub you the
wrong way

Hate at First Sight

By Stuart Chase

WHY do we sometimes take a strong dislike to a stranger on first meeting? Somebody who has never injured us in any way may arouse a sharp antagonism—a new face appears in school or office or shop and our blood pressure begins to mount. Why? What produces this irrational, even embarrassing response?

Recently, a group of psychiatrists and industrial psychologists held a series of conferences to try to answer this question. The medical director of an important sugar refinery led the discussions. Putting their minds to work on many cases that they had experienced or observed, these social scientists found an answer.

Every case laid on the table fell into one of three classes. Your irrational dislike of someone whom you may not even have met probably arises because.

He, or she, reminds you forcibly of someone you dislike or have disliked; or he shows a quality which

you dislike in yourself, or he represents a threat to your security. (You are afraid of what he may do to your job, your social standing, your prestige, etc.)

Ever since I heard the results of this interesting discussion, I have been watching my own hasty dislikes. Time and again the three reasons fit. When you become aware of them, much of the sudden antagonism can be dissolved, this helps you to get on better with people, to make fairer judgments about them.

Let us look more closely at each reason.

1. He reminds you of someone you dislike:

The newcomer in the office is a tall man with red hair and green eyes. Years ago you bought some worthless shares from a tall man with red hair and green eyes. The association switchboard in your mind identifies the new man with the old—you hate anyone who looks like the man who made a fool of you.

All of us have been hurt by the actions of other people—or think we have. We may remember vividly certain characteristics of the one who administered the hurt—the set mouth, the tone of voice, the nervous walk—and the associative process rings a bell.

This is grossly unfair, of course, but it's the way the mind works. Fortunately, the mind is also able,

by a little mature reflection, to dispel the unfairness.

2. He reminds you of something you dislike in yourself:

The newcomer in the shop is always trying to please the boss. You are not above buttering up the boss yourself, but you hate yourself for doing it. He is also a champion alibi-maker, one of your failings. So you hate the new man for reminding you of something you would rather not think about.

Perhaps the newcomer is a woman who talks too much, or smokes too much, or indulges in malicious gossip—things which you have been known to do. Perhaps the stranger comes from the same home town, persists in recalling old days at the local school—an era which you have been trying to forget.

3. He threatens your security:

A newcomer appears in the office, a very competent performer. Will he get that promotion you were hoping for? Will he make your job less important? You feel that just by being there he threatens you.

A pretty widow, childless, moves next door. Just the type that your husband, your sweetheart or your brother falls for. You can't see her without an inner fear.

Or perhaps a new soprano joins the local choir. She has a good voice,

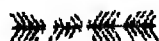
yes, her manners are all right. But why should she get all the solo parts?

A new boy comes into your class at school. He knows all the answers. After school you pick a fight with him. (See *Tom Sawyer*.)

We tend to dislike anyone who, unwittingly or not, makes us feel smaller, weaker, more foolish than we thought we were. They spoil our picture of ourselves. We were doing all right as a foreman, or wife—when suddenly someone makes us feel that we are *not* doing all right. It is an intolerable feeling, which leads from frustration to active dislike.

The reader can doubtless remember other illustrations of irrational hate on first sight. Can he find one which does not fit into the three classes? Those scientists could not.

Meanwhile, profit by their findings. When you experience blind hate, run over their list. How to reduce your blood pressure then becomes an interesting adventure. You will not always be able to get it down—especially in the case of a potential threat to your security (see number 3). But I predict that you can do it in enough cases to improve your human relations, and to save considerable wear and tear on your emotional machinery.



Success in dealing with other people is like making rhubarb pie
—use all the sugar you can, and then double it

--Ranking

Even in the world's tightest police state the desire for profit manages to raise its head

Russia's SUS Turn a Pretty Rouble

By Tom Whitney



IF YOU DIAL a certain telephone number in Moscow you can arrange to buy a TV set within 24 hours—instead of the two or three months it takes to get one from the state-run electrical appliance store. Calls to other Moscow numbers will summon such people as washing machine salesmen, doctors, repair men and house builders—all private enterprisers ready to provide speedier or higher-quality services than the Soviet Government offers.

It may sound surprising, but capitalism and free enterprise exist on a substantial scale right in the home of Communism. The phenomenon

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TOM WHITNEY recently returned to the United States after nine years in Russia, first as chief of the economic section of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and later as correspondent for the Associated Press.

is growing in a variety of legal and illegal ways. Consider the case of young Rosa Martynova, a model member of the Moscow branch of Komsomol, the Communist national youth organization. Rosa made it a practice last year to get herself at the head of the long queues that formed at the doors of skimpily stocked department stores when new shipments of goods arrived. Later she would resell her purchases—at a handsome profit—to folk unwilling to stand in a queue. Convicted as a “speculator,” the term given to any unauthorized private profit maker, Rosa is at present doing five years in a Soviet gaol.

The Communists can blame this persistence of private enterprise on their rigid and inefficient system of production and distribution. Although the Soviets are now en-

gaged in a much-publicized drive to make more consumer goods available, experts believe that only one in three Russian villages has a shop that offers retail goods. Such blank spots have brought thousands of keen business minds to the fore.

Last year when the Ministry of Internal Trade failed to put enough watches into Moscow's shops, Comrade M. Kogan and several cohorts wangled several thousand sets of watch movements from government factories, assembled them and sold them. The Kogan crowd netted a million roubles (equal to about £89,000) before the police woke up.

The vast intertwined network of state factories and shops, working under national production and marketing "plans," can't manage to keep supply adjusted to demand. The manager of a state chain of hardware shops, for example, can do very little about replenishing his stock if a sudden demand for screwdrivers empties his shelves. He's tied to an annual quota. A request for doubled screwdriver production must go through red-tape government channels, often to the Kremlin's highest councils. No shop manager can slash prices to meet a slump in demand without official approval.

Although the supply of goods and services has improved since the war, it's still months before a changed market situation in Russia is recognized and remedied. Meanwhile, the public can sit and wait—or patronize a private "businessman."

Soviet citizens often find there are lush profits to be made even in supplying state agencies. Leeches, for example, are still widely used for bloodletting in Russia. (They were applied to the dying Stalin himself.) One of the big suppliers of these worms to the Ministry of Health has been a co-operative run by two brothers named Mamedov in the Caucasian city of Leninakan.

When the Ministry in Moscow contracted to pay the Mamedovs 120 roubles per leech (about two shillings), it was assumed the brothers would have to pay most of that to the co-op's employees who collected the leeches. But the Mamedovs hired labour at a cost of only 1/5 of a rouble a leech, pocketing the difference. Before they were caught, they were taking in private profits of more than 400,000 roubles a year on sales to the government.

Hundreds of such speculators are caught and punished monthly in the Soviet Union. But for every speculator caught scores more go about their daily business. Even in the world's tightest police state, the profit desire manages to poke through legal bans.

How, for example, can the secret police prevent landlords from letting rooms at prices far above "controlled" maximum levels? A friend of mine in Moscow signed a lease for a room priced at 265 roubles a month. But on top of that the landlady demanded extra cash to boost the total rent 450 per cent. "I'd go

bankrupt if I charged only the official rent," she said.

And how can the police prevent the buyer of a television set from reselling it to a "friend" for a handsome profit? Only 100,000 or so TV sets are at present coming on to the Russian market annually. There's demand for ten times that many at the 1,275-rouble (£113) price fixed for the popular five-inch screen. One Russian, who apparently made a business of such dealings, said he could get me a new television set for immediate delivery at a price of 1,800 roubles (£160), 525 roubles above the state price.

Not all private business in the U.S.S.R. is illegal. Soviet law permits individuals to work privately under licence at any of 20 trades and professions, including medicine, hair-dressing, optometry, bookbinding, house repairing. Russians can work full time on such jobs. Permits can be had also for part-time private work in other fields. But on such labour the free-enterpriser finds hefty obstacles, tax rates on private income soar to 50 and 75 per cent, compared with the top 13 per cent tax on state-derived earnings.

There's often hot competition among these tradesmen and professionals. For some time, wealthy Moscow wives have been travelling all the way to Riga, in what once was Latvia, to have dresses made. At last report Riga dressmakers, in a price war with their Moscow competitors, would turn out a well-styled

street dress for 200 roubles, half the cost at the Soviet capital.

It's also not difficult to hire a state-employed carpenter who can find spare time to help build you a house or construct a piece of furniture. Often these private operators can't obtain the necessary materials for such jobs. This has led to widespread thievery from state warehouses and factories. Not long ago a group of "businessmen" headed by a man named Kobenev was accused of having skimmed off ten per cent of the total output of a group of factories in the Moscow area over a period of six months. Hundreds of tons of nails, lath, plaster and door-knobs were pumped into the Kobenev group's private business empire.

There is also extensive private business in such professions as medicine, dentistry and teaching. Because the state-run free clinics are often congested or offer inferior service, families that can afford it frequently arrange for the services of their own "private" doctor, a medico who works at an official job and takes private patients on the side. This sort of "private practice" can be lucrative. One of Russia's most famous homœopaths is said to earn 16,000 roubles a month from the private practice he maintains in Moscow. His income from official work wouldn't approach that mark.

You can get private help in practically any service field in Moscow—if you can pay the price.



BILLY GRAHAM:

Young Thunderer of Revival

Condensed from Newsweek

VANGELIST Billy Graham once described Washington as "the most sinful city" in which he had ever preached. By the time he finished his five-week "crusade" there two years ago, he had preached repentance to audiences totalling 500,000 in an area with 1,500,000 residents. Recently the young thunderer from North Carolina has been drawing capacity crowds in London, the start of a four-month tour of England and the Continent which, he prays, will win countless new souls to Jesus Christ. At 35, he is the world's No. 1 revival preacher.

In 1949 Graham was almost unknown to the American public. In the five years since, he has preached to some eight million people in gigantic rallies from coast to coast (a rally in Dallas's Cotton Bowl last June drew a record 75,000 people). Beyond this, his radio and television

Unknown five years ago, he is now the world's No. 1 evangelist

audience adds up to some ten million regulars in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Panama, India, Africa, Formosa, Hawaii and areas reached by Radio Luxembourg and the Voice of America. And his newspaper column, "My Answer," now appears in 73 papers reaching another 15 million.

Machine-Gun Gospel. Billy Graham differs vastly from other great revivalistic evangelists who have sprung up about once a generation, though his message is much the same. All men are sinners, he proclaims, in breaking the Ten Commandments and not living up to the Sermon on the Mount. The only hope of salvation lies in accepting Christ as a personal Saviour. It is not enough to go to church once in

a while. To put Christ's teachings into practice in daily life, we must all start by being "born again" as individuals

Graham's machine-gun speed of delivery, his stabbing forefinger, his restless pacing of the platform (he has covered as much as a mile and a half during a sermon), his dramatization of the old Bible stories have moved many to compare him with the late Billy Sunday. Sunday, however, was notably blunt-speaking in the pulpit, whereas Graham seldom says anything that can't be found in the Bible. And a majority of the 7,600,000-member Southern Baptist Convention—of which he is an ordained minister—heartily approve of Graham's work.

Although he has been accused of over dramatizing religion, Billy Graham has never been as theatrical as the late Aimee Semple McPherson. Sister Aimee might appear in football togs carrying the ball of the Foursquare Gospel, or ride down the aisle of her Los Angeles temple on a motor-cycle dressed as a traffic cop, leap off, throw up a white-gloved hand, blow a screech on her whistle and shout, "Stop! You're speeding to Hell!" Or she might—and did—pass clothes lines dotted with clothes-pegs down the rows for offerings (removing any possibility of getting pieces of silver). Both she and Billy Sunday were said to have made fortunes out of preaching the Gospel.

Billy Graham never opens a "cru-

sade" in any town unless he is invited by local ministers. They run the campaign, and collections are taken up only to meet local expenses. Then an audit prepared by a certified public accountant is published. Graham and his evangelistic team get only hotel, food and transport from local crusade coffers. Billy draws a flat salary of \$15,000 (about £5,350) per year which is donated to his cause by interested businessmen.

Perhaps the greatest difference between Graham and other revivalists is that he insists on an intensive follow-up programme. Those who come forward to be saved are invited backstage where they sign "Decision Cards" and talk over their problems with trained counsellors. Billy estimates that some 300,000 "decisions" have been made in this way in the past five years. About 59 per cent are already church members who want to reaffirm their faith. The others are new converts. All cards are referred to local ministers, and the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Incorporated, keeps a check on progress for as long as six months to a year.

Graham has been attacked by both ultra-fundamentalists and liberal churchmen. Some scoff at the fact that cowboy actor Roy Rogers' horse Trigger sometimes appears at Graham's matinées for children. Others are amused at his homely benediction: "May the Lord bless you real good."

In answer, he can point to such backing as that offered by the Rt. Rev. M. G. Henry, Protestant Episcopal bishop of western North Carolina, who states that "Billy Graham is doing a great work which I heartily support." And after Graham had concluded his Boston crusade in 1950, *The Pilot*, one of the most influential and conservative Roman Catholic papers in the U S A, complimented him in an editorial titled "Bravo, Billy!"

When non enthusiasts call him the "Barrymore of the Bible," the "Gabriel in Gabardine" or "Hill-billy Billy," Graham likes to quote a story about Billy Sunday. When Sunday was told that his revival efforts didn't last, he quipped, "Neither does a bath—but it does you good to take one."

But there are tens of thousands who get a good deal more than a spiritual bath out of Billy Graham's sermons. They get an amazing uplift, they get courage to carry on against human difficulties.

"Bored by Religion." William Franklin Graham was born on a farm near Charlotte, North Carolina, of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian parents. Although he went to church and Sunday school, he admits that he "was somewhat bored by religion." At 17 he was in the school baseball and basketball teams, but "I was getting a reckless attitude on life. I liked to take a car and go as fast as I could and date as many girls as I could. I had no objective

or purpose in life." When a revival came to town, Billy snickered at those who went. But his parents urged him to attend. He did—and went back almost every night for a month.

He became uncomfortable. "I was fighting the revival and I couldn't sleep. Then one night I went up and sat with the people who were saved. I was converted. There was that quiet resolve that I belonged to Christ. Next morning when I went to school, even the leaves and the trees looked different. It was a deep thing."

Young Graham went to the Florida Bible Institute to study. There he began to feel a call to the ministry. He spoke at the Tampa Rescue Mission on Saturday nights, and on Sunday nights preached to gatherings at the Tampa caravan site. Soon he joined the Southern Baptists, and in 1939 was ordained a minister. The next year he entered Wheaton College, near Chicago, where he earned a B Sc. in anthropology.

Not long after leaving college Billy became interested in Youth for Christ, a new organization set up to bring young people to God. With a young trombonist named Cliff Barrows, he proceeded to criss-cross not only the United States but also Great Britain, promoting Youth for Christ. Barrows was his platform manager, a post he still holds today.

In 1948 Billy became president of

North-western Schools, an evangelical college in Minneapolis, but spent much of his time meeting speaking engagements. It was in 1949 that he hit the big time.

Headline Conversions. Billy was preaching at tent meetings in Los Angeles when the meetings began stretching on weeks longer than planned. Converts were making headlines. Stuart Hamblen, a cowboy singer who owned a string of race horses, announced his decision for Christ and prepared to sell his horses. Lou Zamperini, Olympic running star and war hero, was publicly converted with his wife.

Now Graham began to make powerful friends in the cities he visited, as well as among members of Congress. Also he began building up a vast organization known as the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, Incorporated. Today some 200 people work for this organization, expend an annual budget of almost \$2,000,000 (£700,000), most of it to put Graham's Hour of Decision radio and television programmes on the air and to produce Graham films. Part of it, of course, goes in salaries to members of the Graham team.

Crusader at Work. During a crusade Graham is heavily protected from the public by his team (he took 30 people with him to London). They help handle the 9,000-odd letters he normally receives per week, the hundreds of phone calls per day.

In addition, for his London appearance 5,000 choristers and 1,000 ushers were recruited, and 2,000 "counsellors" were trained.

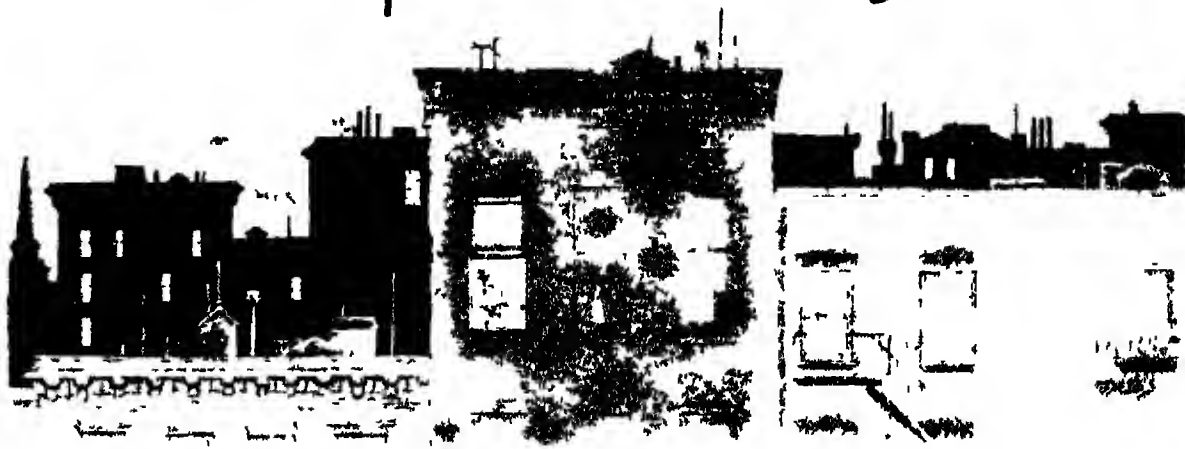
He rises at 7.30 a.m. and, after brief prayer and breakfast, is ready for a gruelling day of mail, interviews and speeches. To keep his 12 stone 12 pounds well distributed on his six-foot two-inch frame, he eats four or five times a day, and has a steak for at least one meal. During crusades, nevertheless, he loses about five pounds.

He has to change his white shirt three times a day, and after he delivers his 40-minute sermon in the evening rallies he must change from top to toe. He preaches in a gabardine suit (the lightest weight available), and wears out four a year. Billy used to dress more flashily—he went to see President Truman in a pistachio-green gabardine suit. Now, more mature, he has also given up loud ties and socks.

Relaxing between campaigns with his wife and four children at his Montreat, North Carolina, home, Billy still works hard. He often reads the Bible while listening to Scripture recordings ("I want to be saturated with the Bible. I want to know it all by heart before I die.") He has worn out ten Bibles thus far.

"I'm not an intellectual or a theologian," says Billy Graham with typical honesty. "It's not me who draws the crowds. It's God."

Life's Like That



I WAS LIVING in a featureless apartment building and didn't know any of my neighbours. Determined to be a singer, I was putting almost all the money from my daytime job into singing lessons. Lessons meant practice—and I devoted every spare moment to scales and songs.

One morning I met one of my neighbours on the stairs as I was dashing to work. I was humming a song I had just been working on. She looked at me a moment, then asked hesitantly, "Are you the girl who sings all the time?"

I felt myself flush. "I'm afraid I am," I replied. "I'm sorry." And I fled.

A few evenings later I was turning over in my mind my desperate musical ambition. Was I foolish to continue? Almost panicky, I grabbed at a piece of music. It was Albert Hay Malotte's beautiful setting of *The Lord's Prayer*. My courage returned. Jubilantly I stood in the middle of the room and sang it with a full heart. I must have sung it five or six times.

Several days later I heard a rustle at my door, and turned to see a note being slipped under it. It read: "Dear Neighbour: If ever you feel discouraged, perhaps this will hearten you. Things have been going badly for me—so badly I didn't want to live any longer. When I'd hear you practising I'd snap out of it a little, because you sounded as though you had something to live for. Finally the other night I decided to end my life. I went into the kitchen and turned on the gas. Then I heard you singing. It was *The Lord's Prayer*. Suddenly I realized what I was doing. I turned off the gas, opened the windows and drank in the fresh air. You sang that song several times. Well—you saved my life. You gave me the courage to make a decision I should have made long ago. Now life is all I could hope it to be. Thanks always."

—MARY COBURN

"HAVE YOU ever lost a mother?" I asked the young obstetrician for whom I had just typed some reports.

"I've been lucky," he answered. "Never had a death."

"Have you ever lost a father?"

"In my case that isn't as funny as it sounds," he replied. "Recently I delivered a very young mother, whose husband had never seen a newborn baby. The child was healthy, but it looked like all newborn babies - red-faced and flat-headed, plain. Through the window of the nursery, I pointed out the baby to his father."

"That?" he said. "Is *that* mine?"

"Yes," I responded cheerfully. "That's your son."

"Without warning, he fell backwards in a dead faint, hitting his head on the cement floor so hard that he fractured his skull. I had quite a job explaining to his wife what had happened. After she and the baby went home she made several return visits to her husband in his hospital bed."

LIKE MANY another child reared in America's Deep South - a land teeming with cousins of all degrees - my sister learned that one could afford to be hearty with first cousins, less so with second cousins, and so on to the formal fringe of the tribal circle.

She had long ago forgotten this social code when, recently, she went to a garden party in Alabama. There a charming middle-aged woman appeared to be trying to catch my sister's eye. She nodded graciously - but made no effort to come over and speak. Later, however, she advanced diffidently.

"My dear," she apologized, "I'm afraid I would never have come over if it hadn't been for our hostess. It was only after she told me more about you that I realized you were a *speaking* cousin of mine."

H. R. WHITAKER



OUR holiday plan last year was so satisfactory that we're repeating it this year - an acquaintance told us. "Four couples banded together and rented a country house for two months. Each couple spent two weeks there, taking care of all 13 children."

"Heavens!" exclaimed my wife. "I wouldn't call taking care of 13 children a 'holiday' - though it would be wonderful for the children."

"Oh, the two weeks were hell. The 'holiday' was the six weeks at home without the kids." G. H. HENSGAR

UNHOOKING the baby seat from the front seat of our car, I slipped the hooks over my shoulders. My wife popped the baby in, and we strolled at ease through New York's Bronx Zoo.

This was apparently a new use for a baby's hook on seat, for New Yorkers pointed us out to each other and smiled. We had arrived from England, and were still being impressed by gadgets and labour saving devices. Now we seemed to have struck on a new idea.

Or so we thought, until we met a lad who in a deep redskin voice intoned "How!" WILLIAM R. FRASER

A CASE FOR PSI

By Aldous Huxley

Mrs A woke up one morning during World War II—the morning of November 18—sobbing, “Jack is dead” Jack was her son, a soldier. Five days later she again woke up crying, again insisted that the boy was dead. A few hours later a telegram came reporting Jack’s death on November 17.

An Englishwoman, Mrs. Atlay, wife of the then Bishop of Hereford, dreamed that after the family morning prayers she went into the dining-room and saw an enormous pig near the sideboard. She told the dream, before prayers, to her children and their governess. After prayers she opened the dining-room door and there was a pig exactly

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, one of the most distinguished literary figures of our time, belongs to a famous scientific family. His grandfather, Thomas Huxley, was an early evolutionary theorist, his brother is Julian Huxley, the biologist. Novelist, essayist and biographer, Aldous Huxley is noted for his provocative use of scientific and philosophic ideas in such novels as *Point Counter Point* and *Brave New World*.

A distinguished writer assembles evidence that “there is something operative in man that transcends the laws of matter”

where she had dreamed it was. It had escaped from its sty during the prayers.

The first of these anecdotes is cited in the *Journal of Parapsychology* (published by Duke University, North Carolina), the second is told in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (London). Both have been vouched for by reliable witnesses, and there seems to be no good reason for doubting that they actually occurred. How are they to be explained?

One answer, of course, is pure “coincidence.” But coincidences like these are only moderately plausible. The alternative answer is more plausible but more disturbing when the mother said that Jack was dead, she really *knew* he was. The bishop’s wife actually saw, in her mind’s eye,

what was going to happen the following morning

This latter hypothesis assumes that human beings are endowed, at least potentially, with a paranormal (beyond normal) faculty. Research workers have given this the blanket name of "psi." They have shown that it can manifest itself as telepathy, an awareness of events taking place in other people's minds, as clairvoyance, an awareness, with no help from sense impressions, of events taking place in the outside world, and as foreknowledge, an awareness of future events. These are the three types of what is called extrasensory perception, or ESP.

But psi is not exclusively a form of knowing. There is some evidence that it is also a form of doing. Dr. J. A. Hadfield, an English psychiatrist, hypnotized a sailor, Leading Seaman H. P., and told him that his arm was being seared with a red-hot iron and that a blister would form at the point of contact. Actually Dr. Hadfield merely touched H. P. with his finger and bandaged the arm. When the bandage was removed six hours later, a small blister had formed. By the next day, Dr. Hadfield said, "there was a large quantity of fluid, giving the exact appearance of a blister produced by heat." The body had acted—with no physical reason for it to act.

Perhaps the world's most distinguished parapsychologist is Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University, who has been investigating psi

for 25 years. His latest book is called *New World of the Mind*. This new world, he points out, is new only to modern science. Prophets, oracles, ghosts and second sight were accepted realities as far back as the Bronze Age. It wasn't until the early 18th century that educated people began to doubt their existence. For decades thereafter, "spiritual" phenomena were the special reserve of a fringe commonly regarded as lunatic.

Then in 1882 a group of eminent English academicians founded the Society for Psychical Research. Its *Journal*, now in its 72nd year of publication, contains records of a prodigious quantity of careful work in the field. The early investigators collected a great mass of anecdotal material and published as much of it as could stand up to a searching examination. Juries are prepared, in good conscience, to send men to the gallows on less convincing evidence.

A second phase in the history of psi research began in 1930 with the foundation of the parapsychology laboratory at Duke University under Dr. Rhine. He and his co-workers first developed fully controlled experimental conditions and subjected all results to statistical appraisal. Their work has established the case for psi on a basis too solid to be explained away.

To test ESP, they invented a pack of 25 cards containing five kinds of cards, each with a simple symbol: circle, square, star, cross and waves.

"make sense"? Not much more than anything else in the fascinating and bewildering field of our human nature. To refuse to accept psi because it does not conform to a hypothesis which is admittedly incapable of explaining the facts even of our everyday experience seems, to say the least of it, a little captious.

Perhaps William James was on the right track when he suggested that we live immersed in "a continuum of cosmic consciousness," a World Mind, a little of which filters into every particular brain and is experienced by the owner of that brain as his private mind, or consciousness. Another philosopher, Henri Bergson, went a little farther. Mind in itself, he said, is aware of everything, everywhere, without regard to space or time, but the function of our brains is to shut out most of this (to us, irrelevant) knowledge, in the interests of biological efficiency. On this hypothesis, psi would represent a leakage into personal consciousness of some of the mental material which the brain normally excludes.

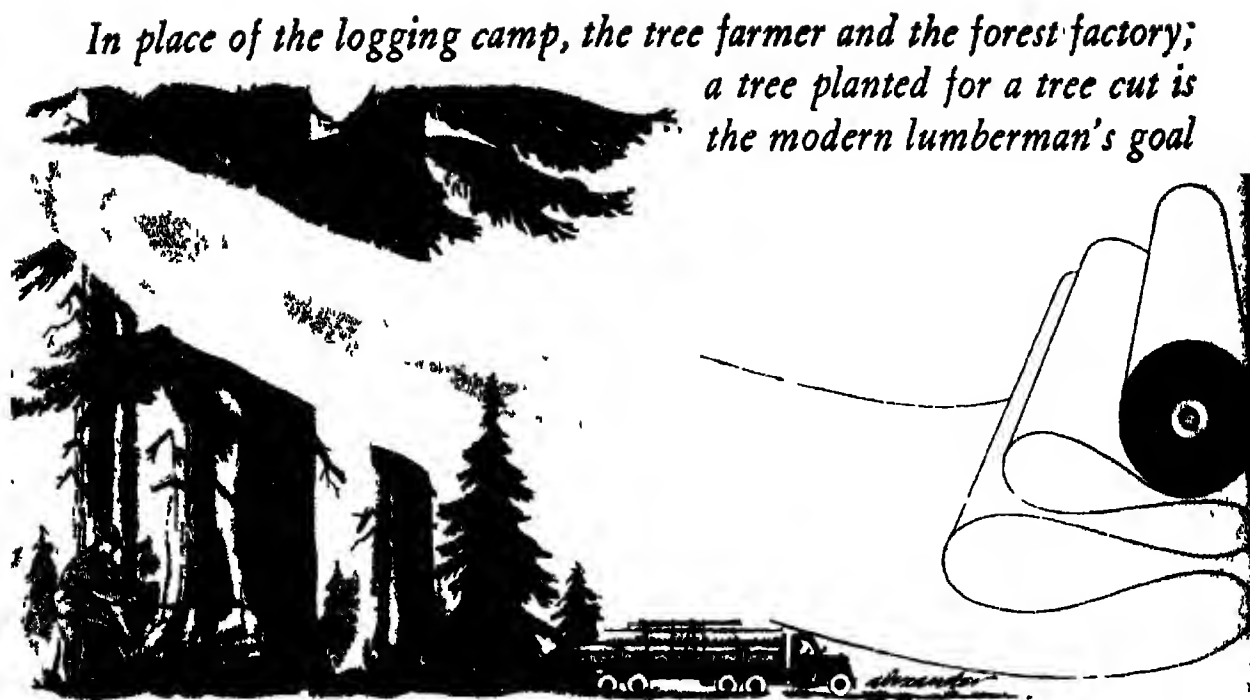
Evidence amassed to date about psi points to the following conclusions. Some people can become directly aware of events taking place in other people's minds. Some people can become aware of events taking place remotely from them. Some people can become aware of events, either mental or physical, which have not yet taken place. Some people can influence the be-

haviour of matter with which they are not in contact.

The most urgent task confronting the psi researcher is to discover some way of bringing psi into consciousness and controlling it. We already know that certain mental attitudes and personality traits militate against high scoring in Dr. Rhine's experiments. Boredom and monotony are as bad for psi as for every other kind of work. Scoring rates tend to fall off towards the end of every long series of calls. Similar declines appear in tests for learning and memory. The regularity with which they appear in the records of psi testing is another powerful proof that the results are due to psychological causes.

Another problem presenting itself to psi researchers is that of human survival after death. If all mental events depend completely on physical events, survival is out of the question. But if some mental events do not depend completely on physical events, survival certainly becomes a possibility.

In *New World of the Mind* Dr. Rhine has some interesting chapters on the significance of psi for religion. Psi research, he points out, has led "by the application of strict scientific method" to the conclusion "there is something operative in man that transcends the laws of matter. The universe differs, therefore, from what the prevailing materialistic concept indicates. It is a universe about which it is possible to be religious."



Looking Forward in the Backwoods

Condensed from Fortune

BROWN ZELLERBACH, a large U.S. paper producer and forest-products company, may eventually be able to utilize every part of its trees except the leaf rustle.

The company owns, controls or has a substantial interest in huge Pacific Coast forest areas which total about 20 thousand million board feet, in an area of 2,200 square miles. Because CZ's future depends on this vast forest reserve, it has laid out a carefully planned forest-management programme "Trees For ever" is CZ's operating and planning slogan.

As early as 1889 one papermaking unit now embraced in CZ restocked with seedlings some cotton-

wood islands in Oregon after stripping them. Forty-five years later CZ harvested the crop, restocked and again turned elsewhere while another crop grew on the islands. Today CZ is a leader in the U.S. tree-farm movement. Since 1945, using hand labour, seed guns, planes and helicopters, CZ has put seedling trees or seeds into about 32,000 acres of logged or burned lands to supplement natural seeding.

Tree farming means more than just planting and waiting. It means gathering cones, drying them and extracting the seed, cold-storing, raising seedlings to plant, scattering seed from the air. It also means aerial baiting of seeded lands against

rodents that eat seeds, and dusting against insects and diseases. It means fighting fires with elaborate equipment: look-out towers, two-way radios, fog machines, portable pumps that draw from company-maintained reservoirs. This industrial forestry involves controlling soil desiccation, upgrading seed-bed conditions and seed-tree spacing, and otherwise intensifying tree culture.

The industrial tree farmer employs selective cutting. A forest of a 60-year-growth-cycle species will, in early decades, comprise many more trees than could ever reach full growth if none were removed. The tree farmer thins the forest after two or three decades, using the thinnings industrially and leaving the optimum number of trees with increased vigour. Another technique is to leave behind blocks of trees that will re-seed cut-over areas.

In an effort to fit the small woodlot owner for such progressive practices, CZ has, since 1945, given away more than a million trees, largely to small landowners for planting on lands adjacent to CZ properties. Some day CZ will want to buy thinnings and eventually mature trees from the small forest farmer.

The development of this complex programme required a revolution in forest equipment and techniques. The cry of "*Timber!*" is still heard, but trees are felled in the American North-west nowadays by power-

driven chain saws instead of by hand cross-cuts. With huge tongs mounted on a Caterpillar and powered by air (a CZ idea), the felled tree is loaded on to a truck trailer.

Long hauls of logs are still made by river rafting, at the riverbank overhead cranes pick up logs bound in "asparagus" bundles by steel bands crimped by an automatic gadget. This makes it possible to construct outsize rafts, including logs smaller than were formerly economical, and to prevent losses of heavy "sinkers" by loading them jointly with floaters.

Modern techniques have reached into the mills as well as the forests.

Not so long ago even the most efficient lumber mills burned enormous amounts of waste—slabs, sawdust and saw kerf—in refuse burners. Today pulp mills convert these slabs into wood chips for the manufacture of pulp, and both lumber and pulp mills burn most of the remaining waste as fuel for the generation of steam.

Another dramatic way of saving wood is the elimination of mechanical means of removing bark. Now even the largest logs can be debarked by a high-pressured blast of water. Off comes all the bark and none of the wood. Then, instead of being cut into short lengths, the entire log (up to 42 inches in diameter) is thrown into a machine whose power-driven knives quickly reduce it to chips suitable for cooking into pulp. In some pulp mills the result-

ing saving amounts to 15 per cent. At one CZ mill this comes to the equivalent of 600 acres of timber annually.

Inside the newer mills, no peavey (the long pole-like tool of the logger) is to be seen. Elk Falls newsprint mill on Vancouver Island is the newest of all. Two men do all its wood-mill operations—handling, debarking, sawing—by push button. The paper machine is designed to

produce 100,000 tons of newsprint annually and has thus far achieved an 83,000-ton rate.

The aim of CZ is such management that the commercial forest will annually add growth equivalent to what is taken away. This end—called sustained yield—has not been achieved, but the increasing practice of tree farming by Crown Zellerbach and other leading industrial foresters brings it constantly nearer.

LESSON FROM THE MOON

By Vicki Baum

Author of "Grand Hotel," "The Mustard Seed"

*When the moon is fullest it begins to wane,
When it is darkest it begins to grow*

— Chinese Proverb

HERE IS a calm wisdom in this old saying that impressed me when I heard it first from a monk of a Buddhist monastery in China. It has often helped me to retain a good measure of equanimity under stress and hardship as well as when some unexpected success or good luck might have made me too exuberant. There is hope and consolation in the sure knowledge that even the darkest hours of pains and troubles won't last, but also a warning against overrating the passing glories of wealth, power and great good fortune. A warning and a hope not only for the individual but for governments, nations and their leaders, a brief summing up of all that history and human experience can tell us. And beyond all that we might hear in it an echo of the law and order that holds our universe in safe balance.

This Week

Answers to "Kangaroo Words"

(See page 22)

- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|-----------|-------------|
| 1 DEAD | 6 TOMB | 11 ROUND | 16 DEBATE |
| 2 LIT | 7 SATIATED | 12 SEE | 17 PANTS |
| 3 FICTION | 8 IS | 13 REVOLT | 18 RAIN |
| 4 SAVE | 9 LIE | 14 MART | 19 SUPERIOR |
| 5 PART | 10 APT | 15 FACIL | 20 HOTEL |

Personal Glimpses

IN THE OLD League of Nations I had the privilege of sitting on a committee with H. A. Lorentz, the great physicist, and his even more noted disciple, Albert Einstein.

The day came when a shrinking budget forced a readjustment in salaries. Since we agreed that the cuts should be proportional to the reduction in funds, it was a problem in simple arithmetic.

Einstein and Lorentz began separately to work out the new figures. Perhaps one used trigonometry and the other differential calculus. But the two scientists produced results that were not only completely different but totally absurd.

Lorentz's brows furrowed, stared fixedly at Einstein, who registered complete amazement. Finally both broke into loud, helpless laughter. The conflict was solved by bringing in an accountant, for whom the problems of ratio and proportion were child's play.

—Julio Casares, of the Royal Academy, Madrid

A FRIEND lamented to John D. Rockefeller that he had not been able to collect a \$50,000 loan made to a business acquaintance.

"Why don't you sue him?" asked Rockefeller.

"I neglected to have him acknowledge the loan in writing."

"Well," said the oil magnate, "just drop him a letter demanding the \$100,000 he owes you."

"But he owes me only \$50,000."

"Precisely," said Rockefeller. "He will let you know that by return post—and you will have your acknowledgment."

—F. F. Edgell

ARTHUR SCHNABEL, the pianist, used to take a firm stand against playing encores after a concert appearance. But the stubborn applause of one audience recalled him time after time. Finally Schnabel surrendered. He seated himself at the keyboard—and played a sonata that lasted 45 minutes.

Chicago Daily Tribune

IRVING BERLIN, an expert insomniac who claims he hasn't slept well for 32 years, was holidaying in Bermuda. One morning a friend, noticing that the composer looked even more finely drawn than usual, asked if he got any sleep at all. "Yes, I slept," Berlin said bitterly, "but I dreamed that I didn't."

—Walter Ross

NOBODY knew why, but for years Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne had lost money in Pittsburgh. It exasperated Lunt, and the night before they were to open in *The Taming of the Shrew* he took Larry Farrell, their manager, aside. "Larry, I don't mean to be critical,"

he began, "but I think the reason we don't make a profit here is the company isn't managed properly."

"Would you like to take over while we are here?" asked Farrell. The actor agreed and Farrell handed him the books. On Saturday night when they closed, Lunt was brimming with good news "We made \$4,000," he told the manager proudly "Here are the books."

The manager glanced over the ledger "One thing, Alfred," he pointed out "You forgot to pay the Lunts "

—Jean Meegan

U S SUPREME COURT Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his opinions standing beside a special high desk "Mr. Justice, why do you write your opinions standing up?" a new secretary asked

"It's very simple," said Holmes. "If I sit down I write a long opinion and don't come to the point as quickly as I could. If I stand up, I write as long as my knees hold out. When my knees give out, I know it's time to stop "

—Coronet

ONE SATURDAY U.S. Under-Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith decided to come into the office and catch up on his clerical work. "I got in at nine o'clock," he said, "feeling self-righteous for being on the job so early on my day off. The phone rang and it was President Eisenhower 'Beetle,' he asked me, 'are you all right? I've been trying to get you since 8 15. When you weren't at work, I decided that you must be ill' "

—The Saturday Evening Post



Pun Fun

ONE OF the contestants on Groucho Marx's radio quiz show was a young man named Lee "One of the Virginia Lees?" asked Groucho

"No, I'm from England," said the contestant

"Oh," said Groucho, "one of the lend Lees "

—NBC-TV

IN a Minnesota State Legislature debate on the merits of front or rear car licence plates, a senator argued that the rear plate was more help to pursuing police, clinched his point with "After all, most pinches are made from the rear "

EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES, the famous western novelist, used to recall with affection a certain New Mexico cowman "Not only was Jones a man-to-take-along," Rhodes told us, "but he knew a little Latin. Once he took his steer sales money and went off for a spree in Denver. Two full weeks passed without any word. Then came the message: "'Hic hock .. hike!'"

—Contributed by Eugene Cunningham

An old schoolteacher told him the greatest thing in life . . .

Keep On Growing!

By Donald Culross Peattie

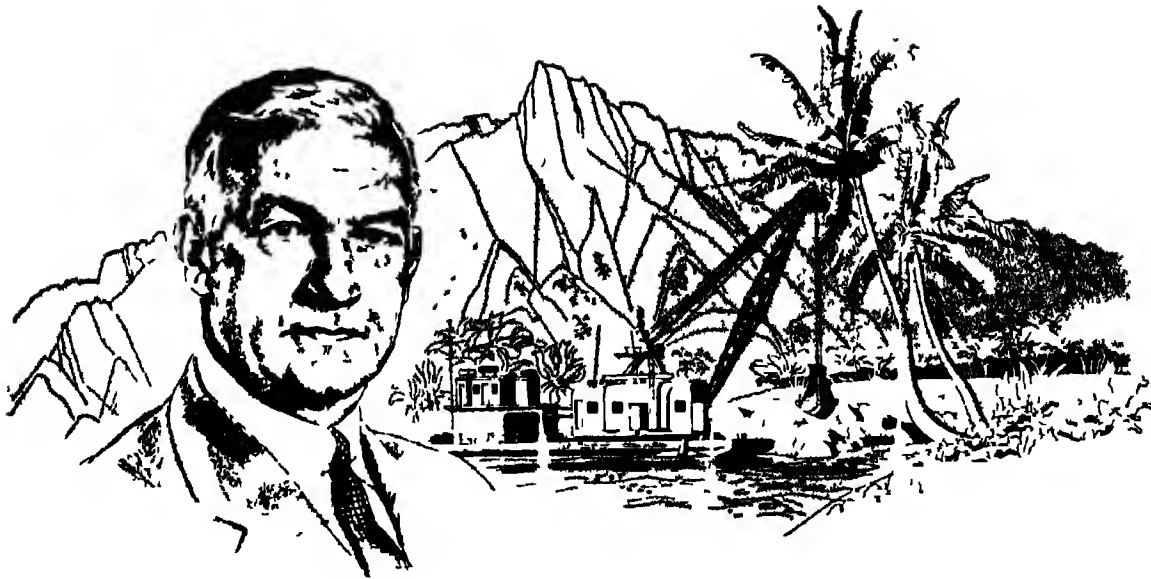
SHE was tiny and wise and brave, she had lived many years and taught many children besides me. A grown man, I could still learn from her. For, as casually as an old tree dropping fruit, she had said on my last visit, "I sometimes think, Donald, that the greatest thing in life is the power to grow."

With every year of my own, I have come to agree with her more. If in the complex processes of nature there is any direction, any law resembling a command from above, it is growth. I hear people speaking of this or that happening as being "God's will." For myself, I lay no claim to any such knowledge, save that it seems plain that the Divinity which endowed its creatures with life intended them to grow—seed and egg, blossom and tree and beast and humankind.

Yet how many men and women stop short! They grow older, yes. But long ago they ceased any inner development. They have put forth no fresh green ideas for years, they have flowered in no new interests or understanding. They are, spiritually, dead wood.

FOR GROWTH, inner growth in a human being, is a matter of striving. By our own will we must push up through the hard crust of accustomed ideas, and reach out into the light of greater wisdom—a sunlight in which even the aged may flourish verdantly to the end. The power lies within us. It is a miraculous power, that makes earth green and children fair with promise, and gives to mankind its greatest hope. May it stir in you and me to our very roots!

Condensed from This Week



Hawaii's Indefatigable Land Maker

By Frank J. Taylor

HE MYTHICAL goddess of fire who unleashed the volcanoes that reared the eight Hawaiian Islands out of the sea has only one rival. He is tall, tanned Walter Dillingham, a convivial septuagenarian whom Islanders call "Uncle Walter." In the past half century he has probably created more new and indispensable land than any other person in the world. He has wrested it from useless salt marshes, swamps and coral reefs.

Today nearly a third of Honolulu, a slim fringe of a city squeezed between steep mountains and the ocean, is built on manufactured land. Most of the modern factories which have transformed the city from a sleepy tropical capital into a bustling commercial metropolis are

on land Dillingham made. So are half the recreation grounds and a fourth of the houses. By salvaging low coastal land Dillingham has also saved priceless plantation land for sugar and pineapple production.

Only five years ago Wailupe, a new Honolulu suburb, was the stagnant remnant of a royal fishpond, laboriously built under orders of an early ruler whose subjects had dragged huge boulders down from the mountains to wall off sizeable areas of shallow sea. Fishermen kept their catches in these salt-water lockers. Years ago Uncle Walter began buying up the neglected ponds.

"When our dredgers aren't busy on bigger jobs we'll fill them in," he said. By 1951, 200 houses had been built on the 44-acre tract.

Thirty years ago famous Waikiki Beach was a narrow crescent-shaped sandspit fringed by coconut palms and isolated by a 1,000-acre swamp. In the swamp, Chinese squatters lived in shacks, kept ducks and farmed rice paddies. During heavy rains flood waters poured over the sandspit, leaving the beach strewn with ill-smelling refuse. The whole area was a civic headache. Dillingham persuaded the authorities to let him cut a drainage channel to the sea. The Ala Wai Waterway, 250 feet wide and two miles long, is now one of the city's most popular recreation areas. Mud from the excavation transformed the swamp land into valuable residential property and public parks. A third of Honolulu's population now lives in this suburb. Most important, the cleaned-up beach at Waikiki has become a travel lure that attracts some 40 million tourist dollars a year and provides jobs for thousands.

Walter Francis Dillingham was born in Hawaii, April 5, 1875, when Hawaii was still a Polynesian kingdom. His father had come to the Islands from Boston as a teen-age sailor. He returned later as the 20-year-old skipper of a small schooner. Deciding to settle in the Islands, he bought a shop on a shoestring and built it into a leading ironmongery. Then he launched the Oahu Railway on a hunch and a slimmer shoestring. Before long, the railway was doing a bustling business hauling freight to and

from the fast-growing plantations.

A major bottleneck was the transfer of cargoes between the trains and steamers, so Dillingham senior decided to build deep-water docks. He bought a newly invented hydraulic dredger in California and the manufacturers sent Captain John Parker of San Francisco to assemble it. About then the elder Dillingham's health broke, and young Walter hustled home from Harvard University to take over.

Parker finished dredging the channel and filled the land the railway needed for goods-yards. Then he proposed that he and young Dillingham go into the business.

With borrowed capital of \$5,000, Walter organized the Hawaiian Dredging Company with Captain Parker and Bob Atkinson, a Harvard friend. In 1903, a year later, the U.S. Navy decided to cut a channel 208 feet wide through the coral reef blocking the entrance to Pearl Harbour, and to develop Pearl as a major Pacific base. An American mainland dredging company landed the contract but brought out the wrong kind of equipment. Friendly Walter Dillingham tried to help them out. They gave up after a year, but recommended Walter to finish the job. He did.

Fifty years of re-doing geography, not only in Hawaii but in a dozen other Pacific islands, followed. Dillingham's dredgers added 5,000 acres of new land to the Honolulu waterfront and shaped the harbour

into a notably commodious port. When his men devised a monstrous new cutting tool, modelled on a Japanese toy, they blasted out the coral shoulders and made Pearl Harbour a spacious Navy base.

Hawaiian Dredging had been getting the tough, risky projects, while big mainland competitors had moved in to snatch easy mud-moving jobs with low bids. The next time a simple mud-sucking contract came up, Dillingham was ready. He underbid a mainland rival by five cents a cubic yard, and then sold the mud for five cents a cubic yard to fill in tidelands.

When Jim Dole, founder of the pineapple industry, could find no site for a cannery near Honolulu, Dillingham said, "I'll make one for you." Shortly, when he landed a job deepening Honolulu Harbour, he filled in a swamp at the same time. Hence, the pineapple industry—Hawaii's second largest source of income—had not only cannery sites but wharves for unloading barges of fruit from other islands.

On another earth-moving job Uncle Walter converted a vast area of swamp land into magnificent sites for other new heavy industries. Again, when the growing Island fishing fleet needed a port, Dillingham dredged one at Kawelo Basin, now the home of a thriving tunny-fish-packing industry.

About this time Captain Parker, concluding that Hawaii was just about dredged out, sold his interest

to his two partners. Dillingham and Atkinson believed they were just getting started. They were right. In the years that followed they scooped harbours for ocean-going vessels on the neighbouring islands of Maui, Hawaii, Kauai and Lanai, and still bigger jobs awaited them on Oahu, where Honoluluans needed more and more land.

The reclamation achievement that delights Uncle Walter most is Ala Moana Park, a mile-long beach and playground stretching from Honolulu Harbour to Waikiki. When he first proposed the project, a howl rose from property owners who protested against "the waste of taxpayers' money." But Dillingham eventually won over the legislators. "All I want to do," he told them, "is to turn that smelly tide flat into the finest beach and park in the city for workers' families." The politicians understood that kind of talk. Soon the people of Honolulu had their park. The dredgers also filled in the lowlands behind the park, creating land for a spacious shopping area and for ultra-modern office buildings, a boon to business firms formerly crowded in the Honolulu business district.

Land-making has been as important to the armed forces as to the people of Hawaii. When flying boats first conquered the Pacific, the U.S. Navy got Dillingham to dredge three huge seaplane runways north of Honolulu. The sucked-up coral created Rodgers Field, which

later became Honolulu International Airport. In both World War II and the Korean War this has served as the hub of airlifts to and from Asia.

On the opposite side of Oahu, the Navy decided—before Japan attacked Pearl Harbour—to build the largest air base in the Pacific. A hurried call went out for Dillingham dredgers to clear the coral out of spacious Kaneohe Bay and cut a channel through the reef so that supply vessels could get in. The Kaneohe project emerged as a combination seaplane and land-plane base with vast runways pushed far out into the shallow sea.

Before this naval air base was finished U.S. military leaders decided to dot the Pacific with similar bases. This called for construction on so vast a scale that Dillingham needed partners. With two mainland construction companies, later augmented by two others, he joined in organizing CPNAB (Contractors Pacific Naval Air Bases).

On Johnston Island, Midway, Wake, Kwajalein, Guam—wherever the American military needed channels and airstrips—Dillingham dredgers moved in. On Wake Is-

land an entire construction crew of 800 men was lost when the Japanese captured the atoll.

Dillingham is one of the most potent personalities in the Islands. Scarcely any civic movement is launched in Honolulu without his leading it. On one piece of reclaimed land he built a large office building and used its earnings to endow a hospital for children. Punahou School, in which his mother taught and where he trained for college, has become another of his philanthropies. Athletic and sports-loving, he played polo with his sons until he was 60.

He has a magnificent house in Honolulu. In sharp contrast, on the ranch where he week-ends and raises thoroughbred polo ponies he has built a replica of the plain New England type of house in which he was born, every detail faithful even to the quilts on the beds.

But the achievement of which he is most proud is making land. At 76, Hawaii's courtly and persuasive Uncle Walter is still driving his dredgers to add still more housing-sites for fast-growing Honolulu, and industrial and military land to his beloved Islands.



Coloured Language

TRAVELLERS AMONG the Gullah Negroes of the coastal country of South Carolina are often impressed by the imaginative quality of their speech. "Doan short-patience me," they say, meaning, "Don't make me lose my temper." A delicate child is called "A come-see" the child has come to the world indecisively, to see whether or not it wishes to stay.

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

IT IS EASY to increase one's vocabulary and it takes very little time. This page is a good beginning. First, write down definitions of the test words you think you know. Then check the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>(1) INCREDULITY (in kre dū' li ti)—A <i>amazement</i> B <i>unbelief</i> C <i>ignorance</i> D <i>passionate faith</i></p> <p>(2) UNALLOYED (un ā loyd')—A <i>not connected</i> B <i>absolute and complete</i> C <i>calm</i> D <i>inferior</i></p> <p>(3) DISPOIL (dī spoil)—A <i>to destroy utterly</i> B <i>to cause to decay</i> C <i>to plunder</i> D <i>to over-indulge</i></p> <p>(4) LIAISONS (lī a mens)—A <i>garments</i> B <i>fine threads or fibres</i> C <i>sieves</i> D <i>characteristics of the human face</i></p> <p>(5) BLATANCY (blay' tan si)—A <i>notoriety</i> B <i>offensive noisiness</i> C <i>worn and abuse</i> D <i>corruption</i></p> <p>(6) BLANDISHMENTS (blan' dish ments)—A <i>slanders</i> B <i>thievery</i> C <i>flattering speeches</i> D <i>immaturities</i></p> <p>(7) DEPOSE (de pone' ent)—A <i>one who opposes</i> B <i>a witness</i> C <i>one who looks to another for aid</i> D <i>one who procrastinates</i></p> <p>(8) VORACIOUS (vō ray' shus)—A <i>wild</i> B <i>hungry</i> C <i>tactful</i> D <i>true</i></p> <p>(9) ENVIS (in vest')—A <i>to begin</i> B <i>to envelop or surround</i> C <i>to examine carefully</i> D <i>to inquire about</i></p> <p>(10) PROPULSIVE (pro pūl' siv)—A <i>explosive</i> B <i>impatient</i> C <i>disgusting</i> D <i>impelling to action</i></p> | <p>(11) OSTENTATIOUS (oss ten tay' shus)—A <i>wealthy</i> B <i>talkative</i> C <i>showy</i> D <i>noisy</i></p> <p>(12) DOUBT (dōbt' li)—A <i>gloomily</i> B <i>wearily</i> C <i>insultingly</i> D <i>lazily</i></p> <p>(13) CUMBRIOUS (kum' brus)—A <i>like a clown</i> B <i>unwieldy</i> C <i>cloudy</i> D <i>thick</i></p> <p>(14) AMBULATORY (am' biū lā to rī)—A <i>clumsy</i> B <i>needing surgical treatment</i> C <i>able to walk about</i> D <i>uncertain</i></p> <p>(15) CEREBRAL (ser' i bral or sē rē' bral)—A <i>insane</i> B <i>feverish</i> C <i>pertaining to the brain</i> D <i>nervous and trembling</i></p> <p>(16) ATTHWART (a thwart')—A <i>crosswise</i> B <i>flattened out</i> C <i>following</i> D <i>just ahead</i></p> <p>(17) PROFESS (prō fess')—A <i>to become expert at</i> B <i>to proclaim</i> C <i>to plan</i> D <i>to foretell</i></p> <p>(18) FLAGGING (flag' ing)—A <i>becoming afraid</i> B <i>growing weak</i> C <i>hesitating</i> D <i>limping</i></p> <p>(19) INTRANSIGENT (in tran' sī gens)—A <i>power</i> B <i>obstinate unwillingness to agree</i> C <i>bitter criticism</i> D <i>great anger</i></p> <p>(20) RETALIATORY (re tal' i ā to ri)—A <i>impudent</i> B <i>full of repetitions</i> C <i>revengeful</i> D <i>sarcastic</i></p> |
|---|--|

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) INCREDULITY—B From the Latin *in-credulus* (*in-*, "not," and *credere*, "to believe") Hence, unbelief, doubt, scepticism, as, "She gave a sniff of *incredulity* as she listened to his story "
- (2) UNALLOYED—B Having no admixture to debase it Hence, absolute and complete, as, "It was a tragedy, poignant and *unalloyed*" From *un-*, "not," and the Latin *alligere*, "to bind to "
- (3) DESPOIL—C Its Latin parent, *despoliare*, means "to plunder", "to pillage", as, "It was the practice of Attila to *despoil* villages of the conquered "
- (4) FILAMENTS—B From the Latin *filum*, "thread" Hence, fine threads or fibres, as "the *filaments* of spiders' webs "
- (5) BLATANCY—B Offensive noisiness and clamour, coarseness, as "the *blatancy* of some political speeches " A word coined by the philosopher Herbert Spencer
- (6) BLANDISHMENTS—C Soothing or flattering speeches or actions, as, "Men of integrity resist the *blandishments* of favour seekers " From the Latin *blandus*, "soft "
- (7) DEPONENT—B A witness, especially one who gives written testimony under oath
- (8) VERACIOUS—D True, accurate, honest, as, "He gave an obviously *veracious* account " Latin *verus*, "true "
- (9) INVEST—B To envelop or surround, to clothe, as, "He continued to *invest* his hero with the virtues of a god " From the Latin *in*, "in," and *vestire*, "to clothe "
- (10) PROPULSIVE—D Driving forward, impelling to action, as, "His genius was helped by the *propulsive* forces of the Renaissance " From the Latin *propellere*, "to drive forward "
- (11) OSTENTATIOUS—C Showy, marked by vain display, as, "Some think his house is *ostentatious* " From the Latin *ostentatio*, "a boastful display "
- (12) DOURLY—A A Scottish borrowing meaning gloomily, sourly, sullenly, as, "'Why are you criticizing me?' he asked *dourly* "
- (13) CUMBROUS—B Unwieldy, burdensome, as, "He carried a *cumbrous* weight of responsibility "
- (14) AMBULATORY—C From the Latin *ambulare*, "to walk about " Hence, able to walk about, as "Although he is now crippled his ambulatory powers are astonishing "
- (15) CEREBRAL—C From the Latin *cerebrum*, "brain " Hence, pertaining to the brain, as "a *cerebral* hæmorrhage "
- (16) ATHWART—A Crosswise, across the course of, as, "Mountains which lie athwart the winds " From *a-*, "on," and the Old Norse *thvert*, "across "
- (17) PROFESS—B Claim, proclaim, as, "I do not *profess* to be a good golfer " From the Latin *professus*, "acknowledged "
- (18) FLAGGING—B Growing weak, becoming exhausted, failing, drooping, as, "His interest was *flagging* "
- (19) INTRANSIGENCE—B Obstinate unwillingness to agree, stubborn and hostile opposition, as, "The Russian rulers are noted for their *intransigence* " From the Latin *in-*, "not," and *transigere*, "to agree "
- (20) RETALIATORY—C Revengeful, paying back evil for evil, as "retaliatory remarks " The Latin *retaliatus*, from *re-*, "back," and *talio*, "like for like "

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct	exceptional
19-17 correct	. excellent
16-14 correct	. good

"Where do the eggs come from?" Johnny asked "Where did the calf come from? And where was I when I wasn't? . . ."



Johnny Jack and His Beginning

Condensed from Mother

Pearl S. Buck
Author of The Good Earth

JOHN JACKSON, whom everyone called Johnny Jack, was five years old. He had bright-blue eyes and yellow hair and he always wanted to know everything. "Why—why—why?" That was the way almost everything he said began.

Johnny Jack lived on a farm where something was beginning almost every day. "Where do the eggs come from?" Johnny Jack asked his mother.

"The hens lay them, of course," his mother said. She sprinkled sugar on the apple pie she was making.

"I know that," Johnny Jack said. "But why?"

"Why? Because if there weren't eggs there wouldn't be chickens."

"Then eggs are the beginnings of chickens," Johnny said.

"That's what they are," his mother said. She put the pie in the oven.

It was not only eggs Johnny Jack might go into the barn and see a tiny calf, just come from somewhere or other, looking surprised as it walked about on its four rickety legs.

"Where does the calf come from?" Johnny Jack asked.

"Out of the cow, of course," his mother said briskly.

"Like the eggs?" Johnny Jack persisted. "Then a calf is the beginning of a cow?"

"Or a bull," his mother said.

"Remember that people and animals come in twos."

"I didn't come two," Johnny Jack said. "I'm only one. I'd like somebody to play with."

"You do need a sister or a brother," his mother said.

BEGINNINGS! There were so many of them. One day at the end of winter when the last snow had melted away from the hillsides Johnny Jack ran into the woods and saw the beginnings of spring. Up from the brown earth under the snow came the snouts of bracken and little pale needles of wind-flowers. He brushed away the dead leaves from under the big oak tree and warm under the leaves were many small green things pushing up to begin their lives.

Suddenly a queer idea came into his mind. What was *his* beginning? Only last week Louise, the dog, had puppies, seven of them. One day they weren't there and the next day they were in the basket where his mother had laid an old black wool shawl. So he, too, must have begun. One day he wasn't there and the next day there he was.

He was so astonished at this idea that he ran straight to his mother.

"Where was I when I wasn't?" Johnny Jack asked. The question burst out of him like a stopper from a bottle.

His mother stared. "What do you mean, where were you when you weren't?"

Johnny Jack began to feel cross. "When I wasn't here—like the puppies! On Monday they weren't here and then on Tuesday they were. Where were they before?"

His mother laughed. "They just weren't born yet," she said.

"Born?" Johnny Jack said.

"Yes, you know, born," his mother said. "Every creature has to be born. You were and I was."

"I don't remember being born," Johnny Jack said.

"I remember very well," his mother said. "You cried hard and were all red in the face."

"Why did I cry?" he said.

"I suppose you didn't like being born," his mother said. "Although I don't know why! Little chicks peck their way out of the eggs without any fuss and I don't believe that puppies bark when they come out of their mother."

Johnny Jack suddenly asked "Did I come out of you?"

"Of course," his mother said. "And I had a busy time of it while you were in the making. Good gracious, I ate all sorts of healthy things to make you strong!"

One why leads to another and Johnny Jack felt a why coming up. Only this time it was a where. "Where was I in you?" he asked.

His mother patted her nice little round stomach. She was always thinking she was fat and maybe she was now, the least bit. "Just here," she said. "You had a little private room all to yourself."

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"I couldn't have," Johnny Jack said. "I'm too big."

"In the beginning you weren't," his mother said "You were no bigger than the smallest flower seed"

"In the beginning?"

"In the beginning of you," his mother said.

"But where was I before that?" Johnny Jack asked

"Still in me," his mother said

"But before you were born?" Johnny Jack said

"I was a tiny seed once, too, inside my mother. But you were in me and I was in her and she in her mother—and so it goes, back to the very beginning of everybody. And nobody knows what the first beginning was except the One who began it all."

"If I was so small inside you, what started me growing?" he asked

His mother smiled "You are a smart boy, Johnny Jack," she said "Of course something has to start the beginning. The father has to start the mother's seed or egg growing and that is why there are two of everything. One person just can't do it by herself or himself."

"How——" Johnny Jack began

"It's very simple," his mother said. "The mother grows the seed, but the father grows the water of life in a secret fountain inside him. One drop of that makes the seed begin to grow."

"How——" Johnny Jack began

"Wait," his mother said "You

don't need to ask. You'll know. Some day you'll grow tall, you'll be a man, you'll happen to meet a girl you like especially, and it will begin all over again. But I've decided to tell you something else, too. You are going to have a playmate. I am making a baby at this very moment, a little sister—I hope!"

Johnny Jack was so astonished that he dropped the cake he was eating "Can you be sure it's a sister?" he asked

"No," his mother said "You can just hope for what you want and then be glad of what you get."

"Will she be here tomorrow?" Johnny Jack asked

His mother shook her head "Not tomorrow. It takes quite a while to make a baby. There is a good deal of finishing, too—you know, hair, nails, all the last touches."

"Are you sure you know how to do it?" Johnny Jack asked

"Oh, I don't do it, exactly," his mother said cheerfully "I just eat and sleep and stay happy. Now run along, my Johnny Jack. You have asked so many questions that I need a nap."

Johnny Jack went away because he wanted to think things over. A baby sister—or brother—that would be nice. How small would she be when she was born? he wondered. Could she ride his tricycle? He tiptoed into the house to ask his mother, but she was fast asleep.

THE NEXT DAY Johnny Jack's

father and mother decided to send him to kindergarten, and there he went every day while the spring weather grew warm into summer, and he was so busy playing with all the children that he forgot to ask his mother as many questions as usual. After kindergarten the children came over from the next farm or he went over there, and he learned how to play marbles and cowboys-and-Indians and all sorts of games.

One day his father, instead of his mother, came to bring him home from school. "Your sister arrived rather suddenly," his father said.

Johnny Jack gave a yell. "Let's hurry and see her!"

The doctor would not let Johnny Jack go to the hospital and this seemed unkind until his father explained that they could not let the tiny babies catch colds from other children, or maybe measles or whooping cough. The day his father went to bring his mother home Johnny Jack stayed with Mrs. Green, who came over from next door. When he heard the car he went running to the gate.

Out of the car stepped his mother, looking exactly as she always did except that she held a pink bundle. She stooped so that Johnny Jack could see what was in it. A little round face looked up at him. "This is Susan," his mother said. "I did a good job, I think."

"Excellent," his father said. "She is very pretty."

They went in together, the four of them, and Johnny Jack put his hands in his pockets. He was glad he had not asked his mother whether Susan could ride his tricycle. She couldn't—not for a long time. By that time he would have a bicycle and he would give her the tricycle anyway.

Upstairs they went into the room his mother had got ready for Susan. There the little girl began to cry. "She's hungry," Mrs. Jackson said. "I had better feed her first."

She sat down in the rocking chair and threw off her jacket and unbuttoned the front of her blouse. Johnny Jack watched her, much surprised. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am going to nurse Susan, just the way I did you," Mrs. Jackson said. "Mothers have breasts so that they can give their babies milk."

Johnny Jack felt a little queer. Of course cows fed their calves and Louise fed her puppies and he had not thought anything about it. But mothers!

He stood watching Susan as she drank the milk, and a nice, warm, comfortable feeling came into his heart. Then he saw his mother lift her head and smile at his father. "Another good beginning," his father said.

"Beginning what, Daddy?" Johnny Jack asked.

His father laughed and tousled Johnny Jack's hair. "Everything," his father said, "for everybody!"

Smith's Prime Ribs

By H ALLEN SMITH

FIFTEEN years ago I wrote a series of newspaper articles dealing with famous practical jokes. As soon as the articles appeared, a cascade of mail descended on the newspaper. The letters fell into two categories. One group denounced me for a cur and a cad. The majority, however, sent in additional practical jokes and these letters I placed in a large red envelope. In succeeding years I added to my collection. These are some of the best of them.

HANGING some paintings in his London house, Horace De Vere Cole, the celebrated English practical joker, ran out of string. He walked to the nearest stationer's shop for another ball. On his way home he saw an elegant stranger approaching. The man was so stiffish, so splendidly dressed, that Cole could not pass him by. He whipped out his ball of string and stepped up to the gentleman.

"I say," he said, "I'm in a bit of a spot. We're surveying this area in order to realign the kerb, and my assistant has vanished. I wonder if I could prevail upon your time for a few moments?"

"To be sure," said the stranger, ever the English gentleman.

"If," said Cole, "you'd be so kind as to hold the end of this string. Just stand where you are and keep a tight hold on it, and we'll be finished in a few moments."

The splendid gentleman took hold of the end of the string and Cole began backing away from him, unwinding the ball. He continued all the way to the corner, turned the corner and disappeared. Halfway up the street, the string gave out. He was about to tie it to a doorknob when Providence sent him a second gentleman, fully as elegant as the first. Cole stopped him. "Would the good sir be so kind as to assist him in a surveying operation? Certainly!" Cole handed him the string and asked him to hold it. Then Cole hastened through an alleyway to the shop for another ball of string and returned home. How long the two men stood there holding the string he never knew.

IN WORLD WAR II, Hugh Troy, artist, writer and accomplished practical joker, was sent to a U.S. Army training camp. He was soon in rebellion against paperwork. Re-

SMITH'S PRIME RIBS

ports, reports, reports and more reports on the most trivial details went to Washington.

One day Troy devised a special report form and had it mimeographed. It was in re the number of flies trapped during each 24-hour period on the 20 flypaper ribbons that hung in the mess hall. The report included a sketch plan of the mess hall, showing the location of each ribbon in relation to entrances, tables, lights, windows and kitchen. Each ribbon was identified by a code number. Troy's first flypaper report showed that during a 24-hour period Flypaper Ribbon X-5 trapped and retained 49 flies. Ribbon Y-2 did even better—63 flies. And so on. He sent the report off to Washington. Every day he sent in a report.

About a week after he sent in the first one, two fellow officers called on him. "You been catching any hell from Washington," they asked, "about some kind of goofy flypaper reports?"

"Why, no," said Hugh.

"It's about a daily report on flypaper in the mess halls. We've been getting official queries, wanting to

know why we haven't been sending them in."

"Oh," said Troy. "I send *mine* in every day."

They protested that nobody had told *them* about any flypaper reports, so Troy gave them copies of the mimeographed blank.

After that every bundle that went in to Washington included a census of dead flies. Troy thinks it's possible that the daily flypaper report became standard Army procedure.



AN EXTREMELY serious young man who worked at the Walt Disney Studio in Hollywood made a habit of bringing his lunch. Each noon he'd go to a nearby shop and buy a bottle of milk and a tin of fruit. Some of his colleagues went to the same shop and bought

some tinned fruit and tinned vegetables and then switched the labels. They bribed the grocer to use this disguised stock whenever their victim made a purchase.

Soon the young man began finding beans or corn instead of fruit in the tins. He asked his associates what he ought to do about it. They said it was truly a phenomenon and

that he ought to try it for "Believe It or Not." So he sat down, composed a long letter and sent it to Robert Ripley. Then, since it was lunchtime, he walked to the shop, bought his bottle of milk and a tin of pears, then returned to his office and got out his tin opener. This time there was no fruit in the tin, and no vegetables—only a small test tube, tightly corked. Inside the test tube was a piece of paper which said.

Dear Sir

I don't believe a damned word of it

Robert Ripley

I WANT it understood that I am not a practical joker. I have been involved in them, usually as a victim, but I'm not a practitioner. I can remember having played only one joke in the last ten years. A letter came from a man in a distant city who had been reading some of my books. He insulted me at the outset by saying he knew I wouldn't even read his letter. My secretary would read it, but I wouldn't. The remainder of his impertinence was addressed to my secretary and, as he warmed to his task, he expressed the hope that she was young and redheaded and beautiful.

I have never had a secretary, but I invented one now. I wrote to this worm; I pretended I was my secretary. I told him he must have psychic powers, for I was young and redheaded and people thought I

was not bad to look at. I said he sounded like a really interesting fellow, the kind of masculine man I (the redheaded secretary) was just dying to meet. If he ever came to New York, please let me know—I'd ask the boss to let me off work for a day *and a night* and meet him in New York and we'd have dinner and go places and do things. I signed the letter "Eunice Wagstaff." And posted it.

Two days later the telegraph office phoned my house and asked if we had a Eunice Wagstaff in the place. Fortunately I remembered the letter and took the message. The telegram said: "Leaving for New York and you tonight. Meet me tomorrow Hotel B——."

I debated with myself about stopping him. Then I decided that he deserved it.

BRIAN HUGHES, a wealthy businessman, was a renowned practical joker. On rainy days he would often enter a bar, have a drink or two, and leave his handsome umbrella hanging on the bar. Then he'd retire to a corner and watch the eventual, inevitable theft. It delighted him to follow the culprit to the street, where, on being opened, the umbrella discharged posters proclaiming THIS UMBRELLA STOLEN FROM BRIAN HUGHES.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT once decided to test the theory that people at social functions pay no atten-



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tion to the murmured words sometimes required. He chose a big White House party, where there was a long reception line. As each guest came up and took his hand, the President flashed his celebrated smile and murmured, "I murdered

my grandmother this morning." Only one guest was conscious of what he said. This man, a banker, heard the words, "I murdered my grandmother this morning," and promptly replied, "She certainly had it coming."



10,000 Company Planes Expedite Business

O K Armstrong in *Air Facts*

BUSINESS FLYING has become one of the most important factors in American industrial life. Company-owned planes outnumber airliners almost ten to one, fly more miles, have a higher safety rate. They permit salesmen to catch prospects at the right time and place, and make it possible for executives to keep in personal touch with company needs in widely scattered areas.

There were 10,000 business planes flying in 1953, almost ten times as many as the 1,056 domestic scheduled airline planes in operation. In 1951, businesses bought 2,303 private planes, and in 1952 they bought 3,058. About \$200,000,000 is now invested in business aircraft, and annual expenditure for salaries and related expenses totals \$75,000,000.

Companies with widely scattered plants find quick travel by air indispensable. Continental Can Company operates more than 100 plants, from Canada to Cuba. The company has four planes, 31 people on its flying staff, and a hangar which cost \$300,000.

More than 1,800 of the business aircraft flying today are multi-engine types. These larger planes are usually equipped with all the gadgets needed for work and relaxation in flight. Many of them have sofas, folding writing-desks, television, air-to-ground telephones. A number have wire recorders for dictation. Facilities for serving food and refreshments are standard equipment.

In 1952, business aircraft flew 3,250,000 passenger hours—625,000 more than the total flown by domestic airlines. The three-year safety record of business planes is less than 5 fatalities for every 100 million miles flown, compared to .9 for domestic commercial airlines.

In the years ahead business flying may prove to be an important factor in locating firms in rural areas. With about 5,000 airfields available to business aircraft, many firms will get away from big-city congestion and carry their contribution of employment and higher standards of living to smaller communities throughout America.

"The heart has reasons which reason does not know"

Living Is More Than Skin Deep

By Ardis Whitman

HOW LONG has it been since you have allowed yourself the luxury of acting as you feel? The basic human responses, love, anger, laughter, even fear, hold enormous reservoirs of power, but too many of us refuse to trust them. Day after day we leave this rich store of vitality untapped. It is mature and civilized, we think, to be reserved and rational; it is primitive and childish to let go.

But emotional response is not the opposite of maturity. It is the opposite of cynicism and apathy. In this demanding world we can no more get along without emotional power than an engine can run without fuel. "Men and motor-cars," wrote Channing Pollock, "progress by a series of internal explosions." Emotions are just that—explosions of energy which marshal all our physical and psychic forces. Anger and fear send adrenalin into the

blood stream and glycogen to fatigued muscles to restore them; enthusiasm quickens the mental processes, love makes others respond to us.

After World War I, when parts of Germany were occupied by American Negro troops and feeling ran high against them, Roland Hayes, the Negro singer, faced a hostile audience in Berlin. A barrage of hisses greeted him and he might have retreated. But Roland Hayes had a great love in his heart for people and he believed that it would conquer. For almost ten minutes he stood quietly, his head bowed in prayer, waiting for the hissing to cease. At the first sign that it was over, he moved to the piano and, discarding his planned programme, began to sing softly Schubert's "Thou Art My Repose." With the first notes of the song a silence fell on the angry crowd. As Hayes,

deeply moved, continued to sing, the hatred vanished and a deep communion between singer and audience took its place. "The heart," says Pascal, "has reasons which reason does not know."

Too many of us feel and think timidly, the result is that our lives often seem to lack zest and adventure. Look at Evangeline Booth, for so long the beloved head of the Salvation Army. At 70, she sparkled with life and enthusiasm. Every day she mounted a horse few people could ride, waited until two grooms, frantically holding it, let go, and then dashed away. In the summer she dived and swam in the lake at her mountain home. At night she kept a notebook beside her bed so that when she woke she could record her thoughts and feelings.

On Arturo Toscanini's 80th birthday, someone asked his son, Walter, what his father ranked as his most important achievement. The son replied, "For him there can be no such thing. Whatever he happens to be doing at the moment is the biggest thing in his life—whether it is conducting a symphony or peeling an orange."

So much has been written about our harmful emotions that we have come to regard strong feelings as a sign that something is wrong with us. The truth is that it may be more dangerous to be *under*-emotional than to be *over*-emotional. The American Institute of Family Relations has discovered that depressive,

critical people, low in cordiality and lacking in demonstrations of affection, are most often the cause of divorce. They dwarf and inhibit the love which is offered them.

Recently a middle-aged couple of my acquaintance went through the long painful preliminaries of a divorce, only to be reconciled on the eve of the trial. In the judge's chambers, they shamefacedly admitted they had changed their minds.

"Why didn't you talk it over in the first place and avoid all this grief and publicity?" the judge asked.

Hesitantly the wife, a disciplined and undemonstrative woman, answered. "John was seeing someone else. People told me he was in love with her. I couldn't have talked to him about it without making a scene. So I left a note saying I wanted a divorce and just went away quietly."

Wearily, the judge pushed useless documents away from him. "Do you see now," he said, "how easily this might have been avoided if you had made that scene? It's possible, you know, for people to be *too* civilized."

When doctors tell us that our emotions can make us ill, they're not talking about the big breathtaking drives but about the continual gnawing of little niggardly feelings—envy, worry, resentment, jealousy. "Most people with emotionally induced illness," writes Dr. John Schindler, "suffer from the



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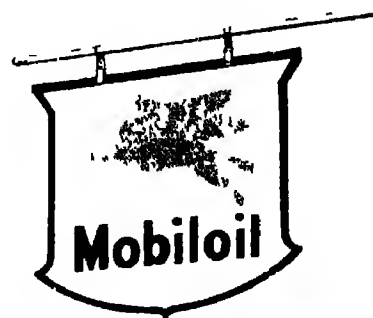
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monotonous repetition of many small unpleasant emotions which produce anxiety, frustration, discouragement and fear."

Once we have fallen into the habit of nursing such emotions it is not easy to change. But it is a fact that great emotions push out mean ones. In the midst of great joy, deep sorrow, righteous anger and heart-stopping fear we forget our petty, daily grievances. One sure remedy, therefore, is consciously to try to replace little feelings with big ones.

Those who have learned to face the hazards of life, who have been truly and profoundly moved, seldom indulge in petty, self-destructive feelings. The people of London discovered in the blitz that they were sustained and moved by a curious contagion of sympathy, men who storm war-time beaches are far removed from small grievances and imagined troubles. The watchful and timid, who try to dodge life's major experiences, too often find that they are inhabiting a vacuum.

The changing power of love is well known, but hatred, too, can carry a force that need not always be denied. There are plenty of things in the world which we ought to hate—injustice, cruelty, greed. "When I am angry," said Luther, "I can write, pray and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart."

Emotion, to be truly felt, must be

shared, forthrightly and without shame. How much deeper and more wonderful the experience of love if lovers could more often put into words the feeling they have! Because it is so hard for most of us to communicate deeply personal feelings, the language of emotions must be learned. It is truly a skill, civilized and sensitive. The first step is to give yourself *permission* to be emotional in words. Too many of us are suspicious of the language of feeling. We tend to think of it as superficial, sentimental, trite. We are afraid that we will be misunderstood.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that we are happier in our relationships with people if we keep our conversation safe, if we water down our true feelings. Too often we say "thank you" when we mean "God bless you." Or we say, "John isn't all he should be," when we mean he is a scoundrel.

Frankness attracts frankness, honest speaking almost always clears the air and brings out unspoken thoughts. Words that are warm and alive create an atmosphere that is warm and alive. It is a mistake to be eternally afraid to speak on impulse, or to make an impulsive, spontaneous gesture. We need to use our feelings wisely but we should neither fear them nor be ashamed of them. The significant moments in our lives are those in which we feel most deeply, and in which we act as we feel.

As Eisenhower's right-hand man, Richard Nixon is turning a traditionally soft spot into a man-sized job

A New Kind of Vice-President

Condensed from Time



JOHAN ADAMS, the first Vice-President of the United States, said that the post was "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived." Jefferson found the Vice-Presidency "tranquil and unoffending," assuring him of "philosophical evenings in winter" and "rural days in summer." Teddy Roosevelt referred to his election to the Vice-Presidency as "taking the veil." Later, when he had succeeded President McKinley, Teddy was annoyed by the tinkling of the enormous "Jefferson chandelier" in his office. "Take it to the office of the Vice-President," he said. "He doesn't have anything to do. It will keep him awake."

Under the Constitution, the Vice-President's sole specific mission is to preside over the Senate. Since the jealous Senate has always interpreted "preside" in the narrowest possible sense, anybody who can stay awake can do that job. The re-

cords of the first 35 Vice-Presidents include a generous proportion of nonentities, some able men and four towering figures: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun and Theodore Roosevelt. Not one—not even the four greats—ever made anything of the job.

Richard Nixon, 36th Vice-President, realized the painfully narrow limits of the office, but he has refused to act as though it were a stepping-stone to oblivion. The first Vice-President to be born in the 20th century, he is a new kind of politician and, with a fresh approach, he was able to see that the mid-20th-century problems and responsibilities of the Government's executive branch created an opportunity for a new kind of Vice-President. The result is that he is one of the busiest, most useful and most influential men in Washington.

Nixon has made himself into a projection of President Eisenhower. He builds bridges from the White House to Congress, to Government departments, to the officials and

people of other lands, to the press and to the U.S. public. Much of his work is outside the spotlight's edge. But his unique position is signaled by a sharp fact—he is the first Vice-President in history to preside over meetings of the Cabinet and of the relatively new National Security Council. When press of other business calls Ike away during a meeting, Ike turns to Nixon and says, "Dick, you take over."

Unlike Vice-President Harry Truman, who was not even told about the atomic bomb until he became President, Nixon has, with Eisenhower's enthusiastic encouragement, become steeped in knowledge of strategic position and policy. His advice also carries much weight on such questions as internal security, labour policy and political tactics.

Eisenhower and Nixon are engaged in an effort to strengthen the executive branch at the top, to enlarge the Presidential influence in the Congress and the bureaucracy. If it works—and it seems to be working—the new function of the Vice-President may help to solve a crisis of modern government—the conflict between the unity of national policy represented by the President and the multiplicity represented by Congressmen, specialized administrators and pressure groups.

The Wheel of Fortune. The young man, 41, who has undertaken the formidable task of vitalizing the

Vice-Presidency, has a passion for hard work and simplified expression. A professor from his university days remembers that Nixon used to write very brief answers on exams. "At first you thought that he couldn't answer the question in such a short space. But, by golly, he had gone to the heart of the problem and put it down simply."

In World War II Nixon became a lieutenant-commander in the U.S. Navy. Afterwards he returned to his native California—and promptly got himself elected to Congress. Congressman Nixon—a husky (five feet ten inches, 13 stone), black-browed young man with a fire in his eyes, voted with the bulk of his party on 78 per cent of the issues; most of his deviations from the party were on the liberal side. What Eisenhower stands for today is remarkably like what Nixon was voting for in 1947–52. But Nixon was just another promising young Congressman when the Alger Hiss case came up in the summer of 1948.

So convincingly did Alger Hiss deny charges of treasonable Communist activity that the Congressional Committee investigating him was about to call off its inquiry. But committee-member Nixon detected ominous hedging in Hiss's testimony. "I was a lawyer and I knew he was a lawyer," Nixon recalls. "I felt [he] was just too slick. If Hiss was lying, he was lying in such a way as to avoid perjury, with a very careful use of phrasing."



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BY 9645

To get facts, Nixon worked round the clock. In the second Hiss trial, Nixon's efforts paid off.

Armed with his Hiss-case success, Nixon ran for the Senate in 1950, and was elected by a big majority. Less than two years later, Nixon was the Republican nominee for Vice-President.

Mr. Fixit. Soon after he took office as Vice-President, Nixon became the Administration's "Mr. Fixit," the handyman who bound up leaky pipes and raw wires that connect the White House to Congress. This job was one for no mean plumber, for it involved some explosive fixtures, notably Senator McCarthy. As an investigator with a better record of success, Nixon was in a position to argue with McCarthy. At his advice, McCarthy called off his investigation of the Central Intelligence Agency and his threat to fight against Senate confirmation of Harvard University President James Conant's appointment as U.S. High Commissioner in Germany.

During last year's Congressional session, Nixon made his voice heard more and more. He arranged military briefings for Congressional leaders, lobbied in the House of Representatives for administration measures and saved the European aid bill from impending defeat at the hands of economizers. In the fight over Defence Secretary Wilson's cut in the Air Force budget, Nixon shrewdly counselled the President that the Democratic at-

tack would overcome Wilson's exposed position unless Ike threw his full weight behind it. As it turned out, no less was needed.

Mr. Stand-In. Successful as Mr. Fixit, Nixon gradually assumed the more important rôle of stand-in for the President. No man can push himself into that position, and Dick Nixon did not push. Ike took the initiative at every stage. Nixon's part was to demonstrate that he could take responsibility, wade through mountains of factual homework, handle older and more powerful men tactfully, and, above all, that he had no policy but Ike's policy.

As Ike's stand-in, Vice-President Nixon, accompanied by his wife, Pat, last October set off on a 45,539-mile, ten-week, world-wide trip to spread good will in the Far East and to find some facts. To express friendship, Nixon shook hands with close on 100,000 Asians.

Back in Washington, Nixon found that his prestige had grown with the success of his trip, and he took up his rôle of adviser on domestic policy.

On Capitol Hill, Nixon is a Presidential agent, not a Congressional leader. His fellow Californian, William Knowland, the Senate majority leader, must decide what bills the Senate will take up; Nixon can only advise the President on what to ask for. Knowland may, on occasion, disagree publicly with the President. Nixon submerges his

views if they conflict with Ike's.

The Vice-President and his wife own a home in Washington. Their two exuberant young daughters, "Tricia" and Julie, wake Nixon early every morning. From then until after breakfast is his only time to play and be with them. At eight o'clock he leaves for the Capitol and a full day of meetings and appointments.

Pat Nixon's day is almost as full as her husband's. She does most of the laundry and housework, half the cooking and all the shopping. The resident maid's job is mostly baby-tending. With Nixon seldom home, his wife has learned to repair squeaky stairs, sticky doors, taps, light fixtures. Her afternoons are

crowded with lunches, charity benefits, bazaars.

For both the Nixons, most evenings involve formal dinners. Nixon would like to hold such engagements down to four a week, and spend the time thus saved with his family and friends—but if he succeeds that is not how he will spend it. He has more homework to do, more preparations for Cabinet meetings and for the quiet, persuasive two-, three-, and four man conferences held in his office, under the Jefferson chandelier. If it tinkles, as it did in Teddy Roosevelt's day, Dick Nixon will probably not notice. He is busy being the first incumbent to upgrade the Vice-Presidency into a man sized job.

Vendant Vernacular

"How come you never married?" I once asked our middle-aged hired man. "A woman won't bite you."

"No," he retorted, "but they kin sure gnaw." —Contributed by John Bobula

WHEN his foreman walked off the job, a building contractor offered the post to one of the workmen. "Nopce," said the carpenter, "I just want to hire out from the neck down."

Contributed by Allen Gatewood

IN A MOB of pre-Christmas shoppers in a Phoenix, Arizona, shop, a young woman, obviously very angry about something, was struggling towards a shopwalker. As she bored through the crowd, the long, lean man in a ten-gallon hat trailing after her murmured: "Naow, honey! Don't lay your ears down!"

Detroit News

LIKE many a brand-new mother, I picked up the baby whenever she cried. "I wonder what makes her cry so much," I said to the nurse.

"'Tain't nothin' wrong with her," she replied, "'ceptin' she's got arm colic and lap fever."

—Contributed by Mrs. H. R. Santa Cruz

AN OKLAHOMA judge once stopped a lawyers' wrangle in a murder case with, "Gentlemen, the only issue before this court is. Should the deceased have went?"

—Collier's

It's not all her fault

How to Cure a Boring Wife

By Elsie McCormick



Most men who have to talk to a woman for more than ten minutes (barring, of course, communings of an amorous nature) are bored as stiff as a smoked herring. Both socially and matrimonially speaking, amusing and interesting talk between the sexes is a rarity.

Consider the average party given for the married crowd. Within five minutes the men are huddled together at one end of the room like a herd of bachelor seals. Or watch couples who have been married for more than a year having dinner together. Usually they are as silent as a pair of goldfish. Only occasionally does one see a wedded couple talking with animation, laughter and a glow of interest in their faces.

Is this a serious matter? Yes, it is. Boredom can slow down bodily processes and make one feel as old and

worn out as a discarded shoe. Also, marriage counsellors find that boredom underlies thousands of cases of heavy drinking, infidelity and desertion, even though it is practically never mentioned in divorce complaints.

Well, who is to blame? Probably both parties are, though if a normally intelligent woman is turning into a bore the chances are that her husband is more to blame than she. After all, he is the one who gets out every day and he might be expected to bring home a few ideas along with the pay cheque.

Many matrons complain that when they try to hold a conversation their husbands don't listen. The surest way for a man to create a self-pitying bore is not to pay any attention to what she is saying.

It isn't that a man should devote the entire evening to being conver-

sationally entertaining. Practically any wife would be happy as a sand boy if her husband put a look of expectant interest on his face and gave her his undivided attention for as long as 20 minutes

Some men with over-talkative wives are afraid that if they encourage them to converse the result might be something like opening a great dam. They shouldn't worry. The non-stop talker is usually a woman who is trying desperately to be noticed. Pay her the compliment of listening and of commenting occasionally, and you will probably find that her flow of words slows down to the normal rate.

In fact, a husband who puts aside his earmuffs now and then might even discover that his spouse is saying some rather interesting things.

Sometimes a man complains that when he tries to talk about his job his wife wears the earmuffs. Well, sir, just what do you tell her? Absent-mindedness on the part of a wife is certainly reprehensible, but there *might* be less of it if the information a husband brings home weren't so frequently confined to grumbling.

I know a woman who had been married for years to a rather reticent gentleman in the packaging business. She knew practically nothing about it except the layout of the office and the disposition of his boss, which was acid. Then one evening she half-heartedly went to a meeting at which her mate made a speech.

He told of a new way of packing away wedding dresses so they can be preserved without discoloration, and perhaps worn by the bride's descendants 100 years from now. He grew eloquent about packaging eggs and even dynamite so they can be parachuted safely from planes to settlers in the Arctic. The lady was astonished—she had no idea that her husband's calling was that interesting. She got him into the habit of telling her about it, and eventually gave him some ideas that proved successful.

It's an odd thing that a man will hire public opinion experts and other advisers to tell him what women think about the things he is manufacturing, and never dream of asking his wife.

If you want to save your wife from being a bore, why not make a conscious effort to provide her with at least one laugh a day? Surely you can find one amusing story, idea or incident during the hours away from home, even if you have to crib it from an old magazine. It will lighten the atmosphere, reduce tensions, cut down nagging and encourage her to look for funny things in her day to tell you.

To make domestic conversation less boring, get away occasionally from immediate material matters and plunge into science, religion or national and international affairs. Try picking out something interesting in the paper and getting your wife's comments on it. Your talk

about the children should be varied by discussions about what to do after the nestlings have flown off the perch. Many couples let their retirement age sneak up on them without giving it an advance thought. Then, when the time comes, they move to a strange town and are promptly bored into a state just one jump ahead of a coma.

The couples I know who have retired most successfully studied and discussed the subject for years. One pair now spend their summers in a beautiful resort town, running a little photographic business for tourists. Another couple have been taking tramp steamer trips round South America. People actually pay to hear them talk about their experiences. A third couple spend some months each year living inexpensively on the edge of American Indian reservations, gathering material for a series of boys' books. Another pair bought an old printing press and have a lovely time turning out greetings cards and artistic booklets for their friends.

Indeed, a very important way in which a couple can prevent ordeal by boredom is to share a mutually interesting hobby, be it bird-watching, a flower garden or astronomy. So, if you want to keep your wife from boring you, you could try becoming interested in some of the things she likes. Husbands have been known to visit antique shows and art exhibits without dropping dead, and the man who takes a

conversational interest in his wife's clothes is a clever fellow. It is likely to improve her disposition enormously, and may also save bags of cash. The woman who buys a new dress every time she goes shopping is often trying, unconsciously, to attract the attention of an unobservant husband. If a man tells his wife that a certain frock is extremely becoming, she may wear it cheerfully for a couple of seasons!

In addition to helping matters at home, you might like to do something about saving your wife from being a bore at parties. No doubt thousands of men have lost valuable business clients or reduced their chances of promotion because of an irritating or yawn-stimulating spouse. Men don't want to hear, at parties, about the alpine price of food or the shortage of sitters-in. They are also irked by the butterfly talker who flutters from subject to subject. So why not help your wife with a few tips? Tell her that George Clarke is still excited about his trip to Europe last spring, that Sam Brown is an authority on the new wonder fabrics, that Joe Doakes is a notable collector of cuttlefish holders. Thus guided, she won't have to flutter about looking for a topic of interest, and a better time will be had by all.

A great advantage of this project of saving your wife from becoming a bore is that, in the process, you may become more interesting yourself. How fortunate for us all!



Across America in 1903

By Tom Mahoney

SHORTLY AFTER horseless carriages took to the open road at the turn of the century, a few visionaries began to dream of driving one across America.

One day in 1903 Dr. Horatio Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont, began arguing about motor-cars at the University Club in San Francisco. Dr. Jackson, 31-year-old son of a Canadian minister, had given up medicine because of a touch of tuberculosis, and was studying western mining projects. Though his knowledge of cars was slight, he rose to their defence when a member asserted that "nobody will ever drive a car coast to coast."

"I'll bet you \$50 that I can do it in three months," Jackson said. The wager was accepted.

Jackson paid \$3,000 for a new 20-horsepower, chain-driven, two-cylinder Winton, made in Cleveland by a former bicycle manufacturer. The car's best speed was about 20 miles an hour. He christened it the *Vermont* and loaded it with sleeping bags, two spare tyres, an extra petrol tank, a compass, an axe, a rifle, a shotgun, two pistols, a water bag, extra cans of oil and—most important—a block and tackle with 150 feet of rope.

On May 23 Jackson and his 22-year-old mechanic, Sewall Crocker, set out for the eastern United States. To avoid the Nevada desert, they headed north for the old Oregon Trail. Next day, taking turns at the wheel, they reached Sacramento, California, where they spent a day

obtaining maps--the road map for motorists not yet being invented

Over narrowing, increasingly rocky roads the Winton rolled northwards, arriving in Alturas, California, on May 30, with most of its camping equipment thrown off and its rear tyres cut to ribbons. Jackson telegraphed for new tyres. When they failed to arrive after three days, he and Crocker wrapped the rear wheels with rope and pushed on to Lakeview in Oregon.

Two tyres arrived from San Francisco and after three days of rest and repairs the motorists started across the Oregon desert. Water was scarce. They conserved their drinking supply by putting alkaline water from desert springs into the radiator. At Silver Lake they ran out of petrol. Crocker walked 29 miles and returned next day with two gallons of petrol and three of benzine.

At Ontario, on the Oregon-Idaho border, four new tyres arrived from Akron, Ohio. The Winton crossed the Snake River by ferry and started south-eastwards along the Union Pacific railway tracks. Soon rain began to fall and the car became bogged. Hitching the block and tackle to a tree, they pulled the Winton to firmer ground. The impotent whirling of its rear wheels in the mud gave them an idea. At the next mud-hole they tied the rope about one of the big hubs and by winding up the rope the car pulled itself out.

At midnight, June 13, the car reached Caldwell, Idaho. There a

fight between two bull terriers was staged in honour of the visitors. Jackson was horrified by the spectacle, but he liked the winning dog and bought him for a mascot. Christened "Bud" and given a pair of goggles to protect his eyes from the dust, he sat between the men.

More rain fell. Following the bed of a stream towards Mountain Home they were engulfed by a sudden rise of water. The dog swam ashore. Dr. Jackson and Crocker attached the block and tackle, but could not budge the bogged machine. A farmer with a four-horse team pulled them out six hours later.

Following the Union Pacific tracks, often actually bumping along the sleepers for miles, the Winton got to Pocatello on June 17, and Soda Springs the next day.

At Montpelier the ball bearings rolled out of one of the front wheels. The ingenious Crocker found some of the same size in a mowing machine. Heavy downpours greeted the Winton in southern Wyoming. Branches had to be laid ahead of the car's wheels. With the roadway washed out, the travellers turned north near Granger into a wasteland. For 36 hours they were without food and saw no human beings.

They encountered then a lonely shepherd, who cooked them a generous meal of mutton and canned corn and directed them south along the Green River to the Union Pacific tracks again. He refused money but accepted Dr. Jackson's rifle.

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They crossed the Continental Divide and rolled into Rawlins on June 23. As the car was being driven to the livery stable a connecting-rod bolt broke. Parts arrived C O D five days later.

At Laramie on June 30 the travellers learned that they had rivals. Tom Fetch and Marius Krarup had started from San Francisco ten days earlier. Using a new Packard with a special low gear for sand and mountain travel, they were travelling straight east through Nevada and Utah. Still another pair was about to start in an Oldsmobile.

The news spurred Jackson and Crocker to rise at dawn and, with regular four hour turns at the wheel, drive as late as possible, often sleeping alongside the car. In Nebraska the block and tackle had to be used 17 times one day and the car travelled only six miles. Near Kearney the Winton smashed its front axle. Crocker fitted the broken ends into a piece of pipe obtained from a farmer and a few miles later a blacksmith welded the pieces.

It was Sunday, July 12, when the *Vermont* reached Omaha.

Still hampered by rain and mud, Jackson and Crocker pushed on to Chicago. Later, at Elyria, Ohio, a procession of cars from the Winton factory met the travellers and escorted them into Cleveland.

Rolling day and night over comparatively good roads now, they arrived in Rochester, New York, on July 23. From Little Falls, under

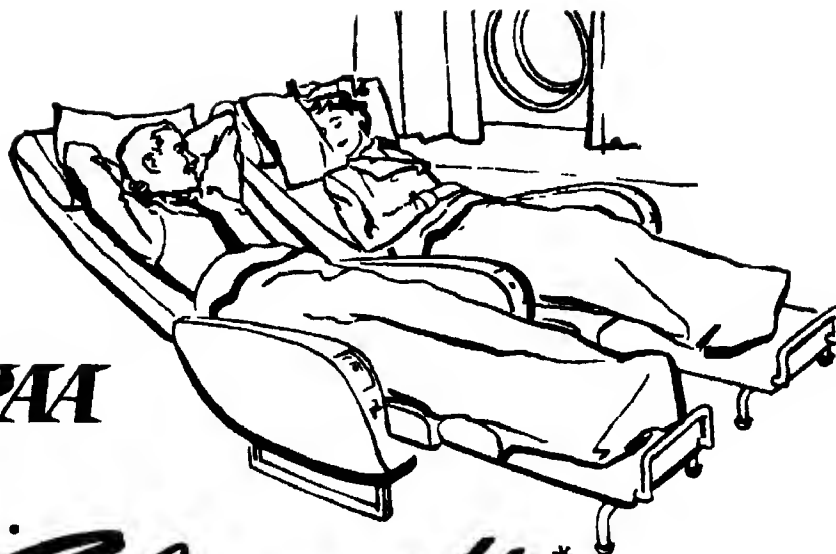
the first cloudless skies for weeks, they wheeled down the Mohawk Valley, crossed the Hudson River and turned south on the old Albany Post Road at top speed.

At 4.30 a.m., Sunday, July 26, the Winton ended its trip in New York's Fifth Avenue. The car had covered the last 230 miles in 24 hours. The rival Pickard had only reached Nebraska and the Oldsmobile, Colorado.

Dr Jackson had lost over a stone, spent the equivalent of £1,000 during the trip. He and Crocker had travelled approximately 6,000 miles in 63 days, but had not driven at all on 19 of them.

Many could not believe that the feat had been accomplished. "It is well known," said the *Sporting Times*, "that for a car to get through certain parts of Oregon and Nebraska without the assistance of a train is an impossibility."

The Winton company came to Jackson's defence, offering a reward equal to £5,000 to "anyone who will prove that Dr Jackson used other than the one car or that he was forced to resort to a train at any stage." The reward was still unclaimed when the company stopped making cars in 1924, but the dispute as to who made the first transcontinental car trip continued for years. It was resolved in 1944, when the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, put the old Winton on display near the aeroplane in which Charles Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.



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DON'T BE AFRAID OF AN OPERATION

As told to Ivan McLeod Wyllie

(5)

Let me take you through an operation step by step so that there will be no mystery about it

Your surgeon may place you in the hospital several days in advance so that a special nutritional and biochemical programme can be started to build your body up to its greatest strength for the operation. (This pre-operative preparation has

DR. FRED W. RANKIN is president of the American College of Surgeons.

been found to be a tremendous aid in reducing risk and assuring an easier convalescence)

There will be visits from your own doctor, ward nurses and house surgeons. They will ask dozens of seemingly irrelevant questions. Answer them all as best you can, even when they seem unimportant, they may be helpful. In turn, ask the doctors as many questions as you like. They understand that the more the patient knows, the easier it is for him to conquer his illness.

The evening before your big day your anæsthetist may drop in to discuss the anæsthetic technique that best suits your ailment, and you, as an individual. In the 1920s the anæsthetist had four drugs and two methods of administering them. Today he has more than 100 drugs and numerous techniques. Twenty-five years ago he used as much as a pound of ether for an hour of anæ-

thesia. Today he normally uses only one or two ounces

New drugs such as Sodium Pentothal have increasingly replaced ether in putting you to sleep. These are administered painlessly with a hypodermic needle. Today, post-operative nausea occurs in less than three per cent of all patients.

"Won't the pain wake me up?" and "What will I say while I'm asleep?" are fears that commonly disturb a patient. The answer to the first is that the anaesthesia is not just a nap—it's a state of unconsciousness which relaxes the muscles and removes all sensation.

As for the second, people don't tell secrets while under an anaesthetic. In fact, they rarely utter a sound and an occasional patient's mumbling doesn't make any sense at all.

When you are taken into the operating theatre, you'll glide there feeling pleasantly relaxed and dreamily indifferent to the world. In the theatre the anaesthetist will be pricking your arm again and asking you to count to ten.

"Six seven eight "

By the count of eight you will probably be asleep. The next thing you know a voice will be asking, "Can you tell me what time it is by that clock on the wall?" The voice is that of a nurse in the recovery room. Your operation is over.

What happened while you slept? I'll tell you.

In ordinary operations two nurses

A well-known teacher of surgery used to ask his students the question: "Who do you think is the most important person in the operating theatre?" Many—perhaps hoping to ingratiate themselves—would say: "The surgeon." Others might suggest the theatre sister or the anaesthetist. These mistakes, which were avoided by the more far-seeing among the students, would always annoy the surgeon, who would burst out impatiently: "What nonsense you are all talking. Why, it's the patient, of course!"

Throughout the country, at any hour of the day, hundreds of operations are taking place. In each one the central figure—the most important figure—is the patient; but he is the only person in the room who has no specific part to play, and from whom no special skill, training or discipline is required.

Everyone else, from the senior surgeon to the junior probationer nurse, has a definite job to do and is qualified to do it; and all their activities are co-ordinated to one end—the cure of the patient's disease.

—Ronald Woolmer in *Health Horizons*
Summer 1955

assist the surgeon. One is the theatre sister and the other is the assistant nurse.

All the instruments used in the operation are sterilized by steam under tremendous pressure, then arranged by the theatre sister on a draped instrument table in the order in which the surgeon will call for them.

Also on this table in neat rows and piles and tiers go packets of compresses, cups and trays and

sealed containers of sutures. As she works, the theatre sister follows a procedure so standardized that any other theatre nurse could take over in the middle of an operation.

The assistant nurse, meanwhile, has been checking her supplies of blood, plasma and intravenous solutions, clipping your X-rays over a light board on the wall. She carefully counts gauze pads and sponges.

The anaesthetist arrives. Then your surgeon and his assistants. A high instrument stand is rolled up over your knees. The theatre sister stands on a footstool from which she commands a view of her instrument table and the "operating field." To the house surgeon she passes soap and antiseptic swabs with which he cleanses the area of your surgery. Then they cover your body with another large sterile sheet which has a hole just large enough to expose the operating field.

Your surgeon, masked and gowned, steps to the table and extends his hands. The theatre sister passes him the scalpel. Through the deft fingers of the theatre sister, forceps, clamps, sponges and strands of surgical sutures flow back and forth to the surgeon's hands. The first assistant, across the table from him, aids by clamping and tying the blood vessels and exposing the organs. The house surgeon holds the retractors—two long curved strips of polished metal which hold the incision open.

Next to your surgeon the key

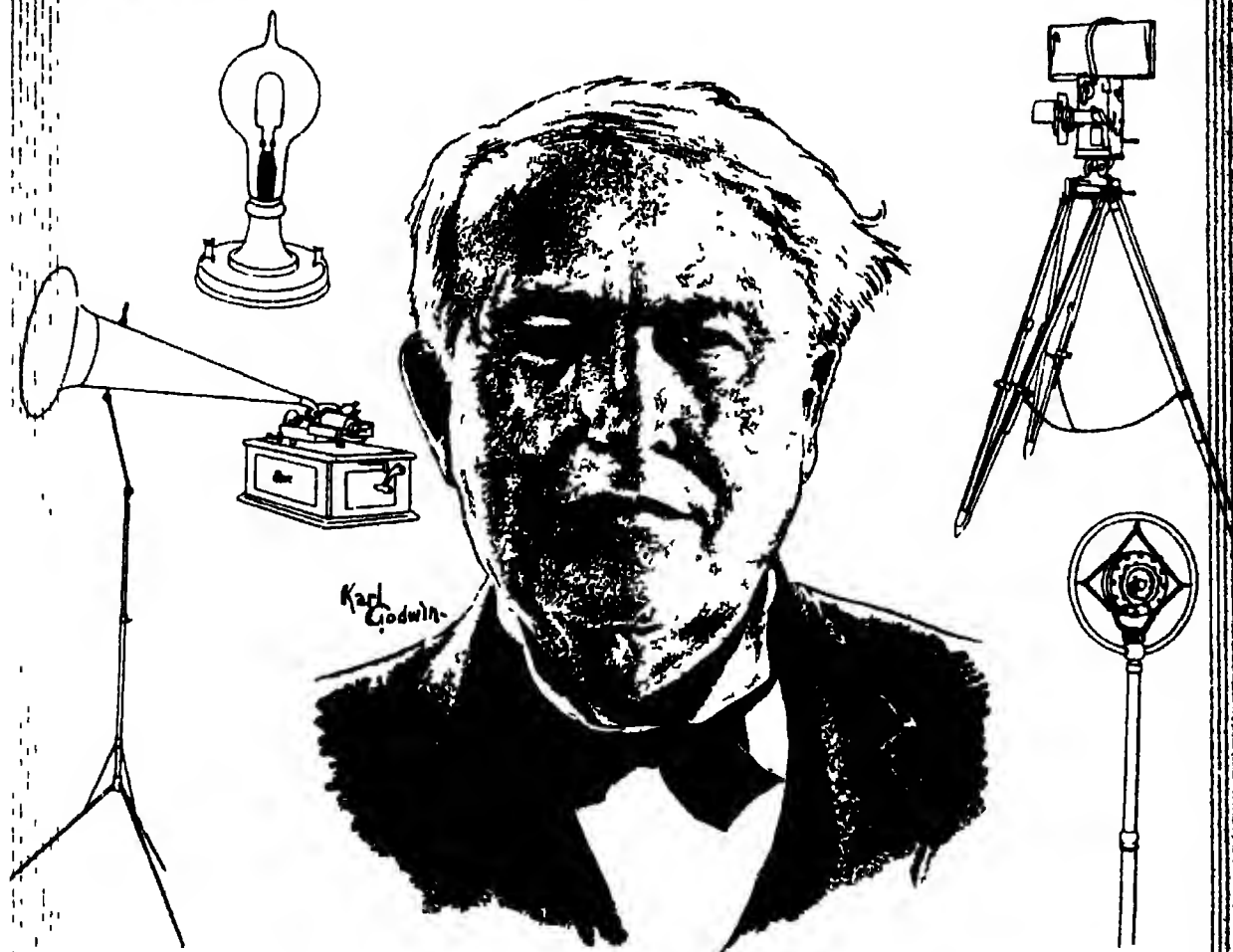
figure in the quiet little group is the anaesthetist. Sitting on a low stool beside your head, he keeps a second-to-second watch on your progress. By shifting his mixtures of anaesthetic gases he can hold you in a light or deep sleep. If necessary he can delay or halt the operation until he has restored your physiological condition more nearly to normal. From bottles suspended on stands beside him he has blood, plasma, dextrose and other intravenous solutions ready to flow into your body.

In earlier decades of this century surgeons had to be clock-watchers. The longer the operation, the more risky for the patient. Today "balanced anaesthesia" in which various drugs are used in combination with blood and supporting fluids lets surgeons take their time.

Before the incision is closed there is always a sponge and pad count which must agree with the figure written down before the operation began. When the last suture is in place you are rolled to your own room or to the recovery room. You are watched closely for signs of shock, relapse or complications. Of course you still have proper sedation against pain.

You should be out of bed in two or three days and out of hospital in a little more than a week. If you will rid your mind of fear about a coming operation, I'm willing to wager that after it's all over you will agree that your operation wasn't half as bad as you expected.

Incandescent Genius



A condensation from a forthcoming book

C B WALL

FOR MORE than 50 years the name of Thomas Alva Edison has been known round the world as that of America's most brilliant inventor. But Edison was far more than this. Few people realize that he was one of the most extraordinary human beings ever born. His life was more dramatic than any of his spectacular inventions.

From Edison's family, from surviving co-workers and other sources, the author has gathered fascinating material previously unpublished.

"Incandescent Genius" is condensed from a book to be published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York



HE HAS been dead now for 23 years, yet he is part of our lives in a thousand ways

As we watch television, listen to the radio, send a telegram, pound a typewriter, speak on the telephone, go to the cinema, play a gramophone record or switch on an electric light, we are in debt to his genius

His name? Thomas Alva Edison

Even in an age of giants Edison was an outsize and legendary figure

Thomas Edison was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1847, the sixth child of Samuel Edison, who operated a small timber mill. From the moment he began to toddle he was an unusual youngster. One spring evening, when he was five, his parents found him in a neighbour's barn, squatting patiently on a nest of duck's eggs. He had been there for at least ten hours and was blue with cold, but he protested bitterly as the elders bundled him home.

"I can hatch 'em. I know I can hatch 'em," he said.

Next morning at sunrise he was back on the nest. In this he demonstrated the stubborn tenacity that was to underline his whole career.

When he was seven the family moved to Port Huron, Michigan, where Edison began what was probably the briefest formal education in history. At the end of two months the teacher had a talk with his mother.

"I'm sorry, but your boy seems definitely backward. He simply doesn't want to learn."

"Nonsense!" Nancy Edison exploded. "Tom's a brilliant boy—I'll teach him myself."

Nancy Edison was the granddaughter of Captain Ebenezer Elliott of Connecticut, who had fought under Washington. She was an unusual woman and her son had an unusual education. After teaching him to read and write, she let him follow his own interests. Before he was ten he was reading Richard Green Parker's *School of Natural Philosophy*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the *Dictionary of Sciences*, Sears's *The Wonders of the World*.

The Parker book spurred the young mind to experiment. Gradually the farmhouse cellar became a laboratory stocked with hundreds of jars and bottles. Young Edison

was particularly fascinated by a description of Samuel Morse's recent invention. He puzzled over the construction of wet batteries, the rigging of telegraph lines, the design of instruments and the Morse code.

By the time he was 12 the youngster decided to strike out for financial independence. His laboratory needed expensive materials, and he was buying new science books as fast as they appeared. So the inventor went into business. He persuaded the Grand Trunk Railway to let him have the right to sell sweets and newspapers on its new daily train between Port Huron and Detroit.

In Detroit the young news-vendor was soon spending his spare time in the reading-rooms of the Young Men's Society. He had already learned to read rapidly and could skim through several average-sized volumes in an evening, retaining the important facts in a prodigious memory which seemed to operate like a high-speed camera. He started with "A" and resolved to read every title of the library's 16,000 volumes.

His business prospered, and within three years he had expanded it, hired news-boys for other trains, and set up a fresh-fruit-and-vegetable business.

Young Edison made scores of friends among the telegraphists, station hands and other railway employees along the 63 miles of line between Port Huron and Detroit. He sold them fresh butter, fruit and

vegetables at cost; he gave them sweets for their children, and magazines and newspapers left over from the day's run. In return they helped him.

The American Civil War was in full blast and Edison's Detroit newspapers sold best when the big battles were on. One April day of 1862 the *Detroit Free Press* was full of a great battle then raging at Shiloh. Edison rushed to the depot and persuaded the telegraphist to wire the headlines to the stations along his route. He knew friendly station agents would chalk the headlines on their bulletin boards. Then he asked the *Free Press's* circulation office for 1,000 papers.

"A thousand!" The clerk couldn't believe it. Edison's usual draw was 300. When the youngster told him he would have to have the papers on credit, the clerk shook his head. Edison explained his telegraphic set-up. Finally the clerk took him to the circulation manager, who, in turn, took him to the editor of the *Free Press*.

The editor was impressed by the boy's initiative. He scribbled a note: "Give this boy all the papers he wants."

Edison started off with his 1,000 copies. At the first stop, 12 miles outside Detroit, where he usually sold two papers, he was met by a mob which swept up 40 copies as fast as his arms could pump them out. At the next station he raised the price from five to ten cents. 150

copies disappeared. After that he raised the price to 25 cents and sold the entire 1,000 before reaching Port Huron.

With the earnings from this profitable coup young Edison picked up a secondhand printing press. He set it up in the luggage van, and began turning out a tabloid-sized paper called *The Weekly Herald*. In this sheet, which *The Times* described as "the first newspaper published aboard a moving train," he covered all the local news along the route—marriages, births, deaths, fights and fires. The paper sold from the start, and the young publisher began accepting advertisements.

To increase the *Herald's* appeal, Edison added a gossip column which he signed "Paul Pry." In this he recorded So-and-So's latest romance; So-and-So's inability to carry his liquor; how and where So-and-So acquired his present black eye.

Instead of printing names in the racier items, the young columnist took the naive precaution of labeling his chief characters with their initials. Since 63 miles of railway is, after all, a rather limited area, "Paul Pry" quickly became a much sought-after personality. Finally one citizen, J. H. B., caught up with "Paul" as he walked along the St. Clair River, and tossed him fully clothed into the drink. Edison, who by this time had committees of angry readers waiting for him at practically every station, decided to abandon editing and publishing.

Alongside the hand press young Edison had also set up a chemical laboratory in which he conducted experiments outlined in his scientific readings. One afternoon, as the train lurched over a rough stretch of track, a jar of highly combustible material broke on the floor, igniting newspapers and other inflammable odds and ends. After the train crew had brought the flames under control, Edison and his paraphernalia were dumped at the first level-crossing. That was the end of his career on the Grand Trunk system.

It was also the beginning of a new career. While still a news-vendor Edison had risked his life to snatch a three-year-old boy from the path of a train approaching the Mount Clemens stop. In his gratitude the child's father, who was the Mount Clemens telegraphist, offered to teach Edison telegraphy. The young man practised 18 hours a day.

All copy in that pre-typewriter day was handwritten. Characteristically, Edison began experimenting with various methods of handwriting in a search for the speediest and most legible form. He finally struck on a print-like, vertical script with characters as sharply formed as steel engraving and as legible as newspaper type. After months of practice, he achieved a speed of 55 words a minute, which was faster than any operator could send.

Edison now became a tramp telegraphist. His unlimited curiosity, his

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tremendous desire for knowledge about every subject under the sun, made him far from a steady employee. No matter where he travelled he continued his chemical and electrical experiments, reading through the night and into the dawn, catching sleep only when weariness overcame him.

In Stratford, Ontario, he found an undemanding night job. He was, however, required to flash his signal in to the main office every hour. Since this interrupted much-needed naps, Edison devised an ingenious contraption. A small wheel with a notched rim was attached to a clock and connected with the telegraph circuit. Every hour the wheel faithfully revolved, automatically flashing the signal over the wire. The system worked perfectly—for a while. Then one midnight, while Edison was sleeping, the Toronto chief dispatcher tried to get him on the wire shortly after his signal had come in. That was the end of that job.

For a skilled telegraphist employment was no problem, however, and Edison soon commanded a top salary of \$125 (£25) a month. His skill was all the more extraordinary because of his deafness. Only the vibration of the clicking instruments enabled him to hear messages.

Long before his 18th birthday Edison was quite deaf. During his Grand Trunk days a guard, trying to help him climb aboard a moving

train, had pulled him through the luggage van door by his ears. As a result Edison's auditory nerves had been irreparably damaged.

Even among the notoriously care-free, foot-loose telegraphic fraternity he was considered something of an eccentric. Wherever he went—to the theatre, to the dinner table, on the job—he invariably carried a pocket notebook in which he jotted down drawings and notes for experiments. He wore cracked down-at-heel shoes, seedy ink-stained clothes, a disreputable slouch hat, and in the coldest winters refused to spend money for an overcoat, preferring to squander his entire pay packet on scientific books and experimental apparatus.

Sometimes his intense interest in telegraphic theory was held against him. One of the experiments in his notebook was that of sending two messages in opposite directions simultaneously over the same wire. One day, while working for the Western Union Telegraph Company in Memphis, he tried to explain his theory to the Western Union chief there, a General Coleman. The chief was indignant.

"Look here, Edison," Coleman roared, "any damned fool ought to know that a wire can't be worked both ways at the same time!" He promptly fired Edison as an irresponsible character.

THE young scientist's technical proficiency as an operator was

tested to the utmost when he applied for a job in Boston. After one look at Edison, with his untrimmed mane falling over a threadbare coat, his socks showing through the cracks in his battered shoes, the Western Union operators in Boston decided to send him back to the haystacks. On his first trial night on the job they arranged to have the fastest sender in New York crackle through press messages at his highest speed.

As Edison sat down at the desk they gathered round, grinning at one another. The New York operator started out at a normal pace and then gradually increased it, abbreviating long words which the receiver had to transcribe in longhand. Without faltering, the applicant covered page after page with his precise script. There were no mistakes. Each sheet looked as though it had come off the press. The grind continued for four incredible hours.

Finally Edison nonchalantly opened his key and clicked. "Send with the other foot."

The Boston boys gave up. After examining Edison's faultless copy, the Western Union superintendent said, "He is as good an operator as I ever met."

It was in a Boston bookshop that Edison found his first complete set of the works of Michael Faraday. He had already begun his lifetime schedule which allowed him only four hours' sleep out of 24, but that night he didn't close his eyes at all.

At breakfast he was still reading Faraday.

"Aren't you going to eat?" his room-mate asked.

Edison looked up briefly. "Not now," he said. "I've got too much to do and life is pretty short."

Working by night as a press-wire operator, he spent the rest of his hours in a Boston machine shop, carrying out experiments which were already beginning to fill countless notebooks. (At his death, Edison had filled more than 2,500.)

The application for his first patent was filed when he was 21. Known as the Electrical Vote Recorder, the device would enable each legislator to register his vote by push button, thus eliminating time-consuming roll calls. As this would greatly hamper "filibustering," a Congressional committee before which Edison demonstrated his revolutionary gadget regarded it with considerable disfavour.

In that same year Edison finally worked out the method for sending two simultaneous messages over the same wire, and perfected the double transmitter. Leaving his job as operator at Western Union, he spent all his funds on a demonstration on the telegraph line between Rochester and New York. For some still unexplained reason the test was a complete failure.

Since the gamble had left him absolutely broke, he was unable to apply for a patent protecting his invention. A short time later, another

INCANDESCENT GENIUS

inventor, learning of the double transmitter, unscrupulously applied for and secured the rights. It was a bitter dose for Edison. Deciding a change of scenery might bring a change of luck, he left Boston for New York.

EDISON's first days in Manhattan had all the old-fashioned success story ingredients. He borrowed the money for passage on the night boat from Boston, and arrived in the big city penniless. Through an ex-Boston telegraphist he found lodging in the boiler-room of the Gold Exchange. His camp-bed was next to the master transmitter, which sent out fluctuating gold prices to the Exchange and 300 brokerage houses. Edison spent two evenings studying the complicated mechanism, dreaming up improvements.

On his third morning in the metropolis, just as he was going out to resume his job hunt, chaos broke loose on the floor of the Exchange. The master transmitter had creaked to a halt. Brokers on the floor and hundreds of offices were without the day's opening prices on gold and scores of commodities. The wheels of commerce were jammed. Messenger boys streamed in from the financial district. The operators, unable to find the trouble, were panic-stricken.

Edison clumped back down to the basement, took one look at the transmitter.

"Contact spring broken," he

pointed out calmly to the manager. "It's fallen between the gears."

The manager regarded the cool grey-blue eyes, the crumpled suit that had been slept in night after night, the straggly unbarbered hair that fell from the brim of the battered felt hat.

"Who the hell are you? Can you fix it?"

Edison pushed back his hat and went to work. Within two hours the transmitter was clicking smoothly. Edison was hired on the spot as mechanical superintendent at the incredible salary of \$300 (£60) a month.

But, as usual, he was far from content with a pay-roll job—no matter what the figure. Soon he and two friends leased factory space in Jersey City and set themselves up as electrical engineers, specializing in stock-market tape-machines and private telegraph facilities. The concern had been in business for less than six months when General Marshall Lefferts of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company offered to buy them out for \$15,000. They accepted. Shortly afterwards, General Lefferts, who had taken a liking to Edison, offered him a job in a Newark shop specializing in tape-machines. His task would be to improve and simplify the machines. Within months the young inventor had designed the Edison Universal Printer—the basic features of which are still in use today. It was much simpler and far more reliable than

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the automatic printers then in use among brokerage houses, and General Lefferts was highly enthusiastic.

One morning he called the inventor into his office. "How much do you want for your printer?" he asked.

Edison first thought of asking \$3,000. Could he dare ask \$5,000?

"I don't know, General," he answered at last, "but would you care to make me an offer?"

"All right. How about \$40,000?"

In a dreamlike stupor the 22-year old inventor walked to the bank with the General's cheque.

The cashier shoved it back at him.

"Endorse it," he ordered.

Edison, in his deatness misunderstood and thought the bank was refusing to honour the cheque. He rushed back to Lefferts. Roaring with laughter, the General showed him how to endorse the cheque. At the bank the same cashier, afflicted with an odd sense of humour, counted out the sum in \$5 and \$10 notes. Edison went home to his Newark boarding-house with the pockets of his threadbare clothes overflowing. He sat up all night to guard the unbelievable windfall. The next morning he opened his first banking account.

IN THE first months of 1870 Edison put his capital to work by opening his own factory in Newark, employing 18 men. In the beginning Edison's new works were devoted chiefly to turning out tape-machines

for General Lefferts' company, improving the mechanism, keeping them in repair. Soon he had an order for \$30,000 worth of his own Universal Printers, and began acquiring a staff of expert workmen, some of whom were to stay with him for the rest of their lives.

Although he was then only 23, Edison was known as "the Old Man" to his employees. There was an odd, raffish maturity about him. Heavy-set, with sharp grey-blue eyes beneath heavy brows and an extraordinarily broad forehead, he shuffled round his works in rumpled, grease-stained clothes, looking more like a wayward tramp than a rising young manufacturer. One applicant who inspected the place and then decided not to work for Edison said later, "It struck me that everyone in the shop—including the boss—acted sort of crazy."

As an employer Edison would have been the despair of a union organizer. He paid top wages, but he demanded the same single-minded devotion to a job which he displayed himself. He despised a clock-watcher, and installed half a dozen clocks about the factory—all set at different times.

On one occasion, with a huge backlog of tape-machine orders, a flaw developed in the mechanism. Edison collared four of his top men, locked the door and told them they were not to leave until the defect was corrected. For 60 hours the men stayed at their benches, taking

naps on the floor, eating from trays. But at the end of that time they had the flaw ironed out, and went swinging proudly home, cursing the Old Man as they went.

Even in these early days Edison was busy with no less than 45 inventions. He was hard at work on a machine which he believed would transmit the letters of the alphabet over telegraph wires when he learned that in Milwaukee Christopher Sholes was experimenting on a wooden model of a machine called the "typewriter." Believing this might help with the automatic telegraph, Edison invited Sholes to bring his model to Newark and made many suggestions for perfecting the first typewriter.

Although Samuel Morse invented the telegraph there is no doubt that Edison so completely revolutionized it that Morse himself would barely have recognized it. He not only invented the duplex (sending two messages in opposite directions over the same wire at the same time) and the simplex (two messages in the same direction) but he also saved Western Union's neck by devising a method of sending which was not covered by existing patents.

Jay Gould, the financier, warring against Western Union, had secured rights to a basic patent connected with the telegraph magnet. Firms using the telegraph would be compelled to pay royalties to Gould.

William Orton, Western Union president, called Edison in.

"We've got to find some way of sending without using the electromagnet," he said, "and I want you to get on the job."

Edison presently developed another sending device, called the motograph, which substituted a small electric motor for the magnet used in the standard transmitter. It was soon shelved, for once Gould's monopoly on sending instruments was broken he lost interest in protecting his patent, and Western Union blandly continued to use the standard instruments. But Edison was paid \$100,000 for the invention.

The mere accumulation of money for its own sake meant nothing to Edison. The \$40,000 he had been paid by General Lefferts went in a few months for equipment for his Newark factory. Conscious of his free-handed spending methods, he asked Western Union to pay the \$100,000 for the motograph rights in instalments of \$6,000 for 17 years. But even with this arrangement, he was usually hard up for immediate cash; he could never say no to a friend in need.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1871, Edison married Mary Stilwell of Newark, a charming 18-year-old girl who taught in the Newark Sunday School and worked in one of his factories. A few hours after the ceremony he excused himself from the wedding party and hustled back to work "for a few minutes." About

midnight his best man found him up to his ears in experiments

"You'd better come home, Tom," he advised.

"I've got an awful lot of work to do," Edison replied.

"But you just got married today," the other pointed out reproachfully, "and Mary's waiting to go to Boston on her honeymoon."

Edison gradually emerged from his cocoon of concentration and banged his desk "That's right!" he cried "I *did* get married today!"

Despite this unpromising start, the marriage was a happy and rewarding one.

Edison felt that rents in Newark were too high and in 1876 he broke ground for a new laboratory, at Menlo Park, New Jersey, 25 miles from New York. That Menlo Park laboratory, every detail of which he designed himself, was soon to become world-famous.

The year it was built, Western Union pressed Edison to improve the telephone, which Alexander Graham Bell had just patented, and on which Edison had already done considerable experimental work.

As a practical commercial device, the Bell instrument was limited. A clumsy, pear-shaped affair, it was held to the mouth for speaking and then shifted to the ear for listening. Conversation, even over short distances, was difficult because of hissing and static from the magneto.

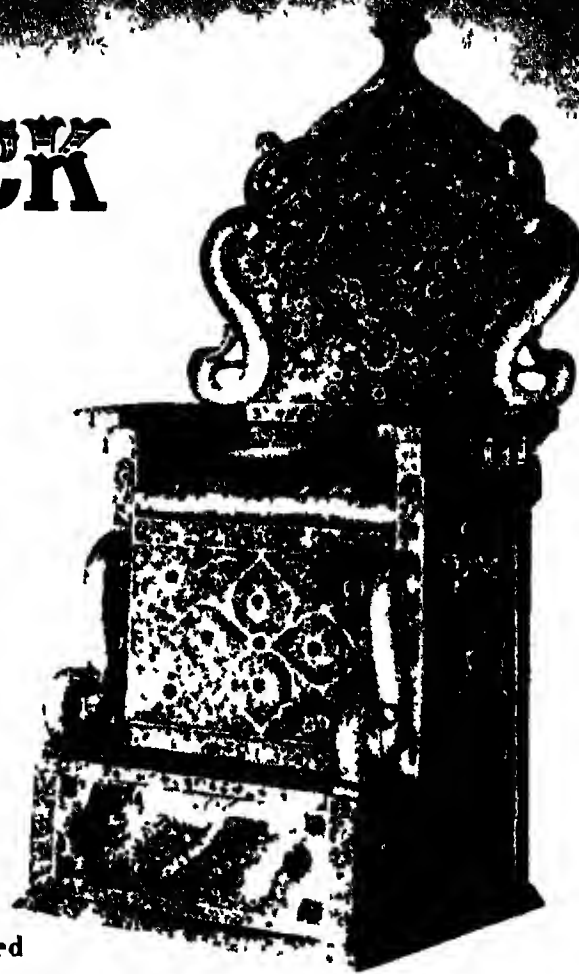
After two years of constant, grueling experiments (during which he

incidentally developed and patented a forerunner of the modern microphone), Edison finally perfected the carbon telephone transmitter. Successful tests were held over 140 miles of wire. Articulation was distinct and the volume of sound several times that of the magneto-type telephone. Western Union promptly bought the rights for \$100,000. "Bell may have been the first to invent the telephone," an observer wrote, "but it was Edison who made it possible to hear something on it."

It was Edison's invention of the gramophone, however, which first stamped him as a genius in the public mind.

The first machine that talked can be attributed to Edison's acute powers of observation and deduction rather than to any set series of experiments. He was tinkering one summer day in 1877 with his "automatic telegraph repeater," designed to record telegraph messages on chemically treated paper. This instrument had a metal point which passed in and out of a series of indentations on a whirling paper disk. By accident, Edison set the disk to spinning at high speed. He noticed a whining sound which seemed to rise and fall in direct relation to the indentations on the disk. Fascinated, he lowered the speed, then tried it again at high speed, this time substituting a small diaphragm with a pin attached for the repeater's metal point. The volume of the strange sound was much greater.

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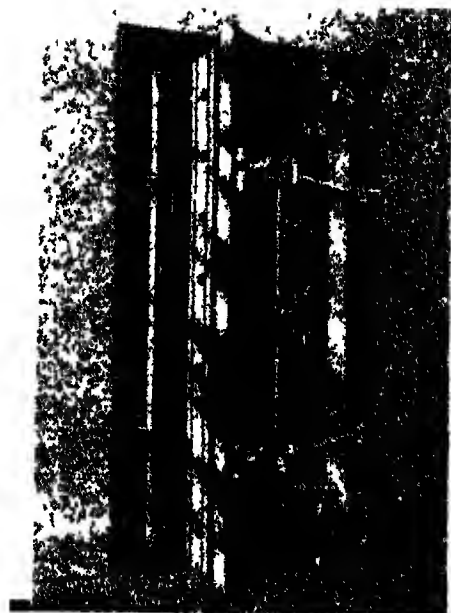


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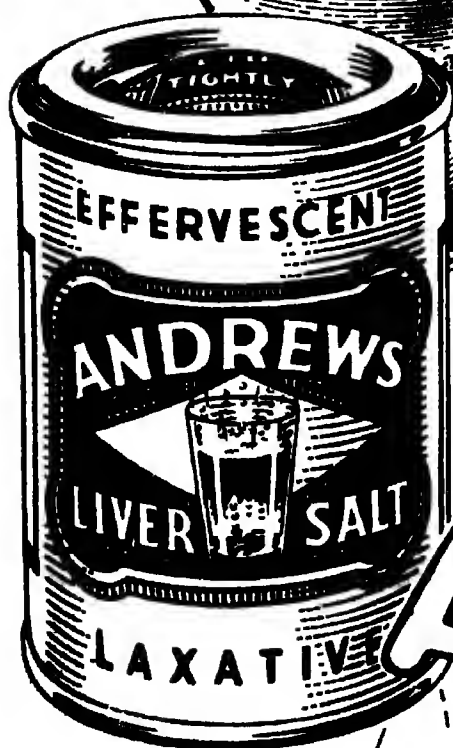
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ANDREWS

INCANDESCENT GENIUS

At midnight he went to his desk and began a crude sketch. It specified a metal cylinder with spiral grooves, mounted on a long shaft in such a way that it could be spun by a crank. A wooden telephone-transmitter case, fitted with a diaphragm with a blunt pin in its centre, was to be attached to a metal arm.

Next morning he called in one of his men, an expert Swiss craftsman named John Kruesi, who had a knack for translating Edison's roughest sketches into finished machines. As usual, Edison jotted down the estimated cost of the materials, the workman being allowed to keep any saving between actual cost and the original estimate. In this case the figure was \$18 (£3 12s).

Kruesi puzzled over the sketch. Most of the devices he worked on were electrical, this had no wires, no coils, no magnets.

"What's it for, boss?" he asked. "Don't seem to make sense."

Edison, who liked a touch of mystery, waved him away with his cigar. "You'll see when you bring it back. I think you'll be surprised."

As he worked on the machine, Kruesi tried to puzzle it out. Other workmen watched over his shoulder, hazarding guesses. No one was even close. When the Swiss brought the finished gadget to Edison, a curious group gathered round.

"All right, boss," said Kruesi, "there she is. Now, what's she for?"

Edison shifted his cigar in his

mouth. "This machine must talk, Kruesi. Think it will?"

Kruesi was startled. The others stopped smiling. One of the men behind Edison tapped his brow significantly and shook his head. The Old Man had always been a trifle on the queer side. Was he now definitely breaking from overwork?

There was pity on their faces as they watched the serious, young Old Man carefully wrap a sheet of tinfoil round the cylinder. At the first turn of the crank, the pinpoint ripped across the foil. The screeching sound jarred the nerves of the watchers. And Edison's intent look frightened them.

He patiently replaced the torn foil with another sheet, this time firmly fastening the ends together with glue. He placed the needle at the starting position, picked up the long mouthpiece and began turning the crank, reciting in a loud voice:

"Mary had a little lamb,

Its fleece was white as snow . . ."

When he finished the verse Edison calmly replaced the needle at the starting point, and again began turning the crank.

Suddenly his voice began eerily arising from the spinning cylinder.

"Mary had a little lamb . . ."

Except for the echoing voice, the room was quite silent. The workmen, their hearts pounding, their palms sweating, literally held their breath. Several instinctively made the sign of the cross. Even Edison was a little frightened. The miracle

of the gramophone's birth had been achieved

For the first time in the history of the U S Patent Office there were no prior claims to any device even remotely resembling it. The first of several patents protecting the invention was granted at once. The crude first machine was gradually transformed by Edison and others into a more finished instrument. A circular plate, revolved by clockwork, replaced the cylinder and hand crank. The familiar megaphone increased the sound volume.

The imagination of peoples everywhere was captured by this unearthly machine that could actually store and reproduce the human voice. Millions of words about the inventor were cabled all over the world. The name of Thomas Edison became perhaps better known than that of any other living man. He was then 31. His shy mannerisms, colourful speech, sloppy dress and complete lack of pretension appealed to the press. He was interviewed on every possible subject, and fantastic stories circulated about him. Through a chance newspaper caption he became known as "The Wizard of Menlo Park," a man who could produce miracles at will. This name, which pictured an effortless sorcery, always irritated Edison. As his son remarks wryly: "No man ever worked harder to be a wizard."

The gramophone remained one of Edison's favourite inventions. He

continued to improve it all his life, ultimately taking out more than 80 patents on it. This lasting interest, unusual for Edison, was highly lucrative. By 1910 the annual sale of gramophones and records had reached \$7,000,000, and even after his gramophone patents expired the sale of records continued to give him a substantial income.

Edison's deafness, far from hampering his work on the gramophone, actually may have helped him to perfect its acoustics. He had a trick of sinking his teeth into the machine's wood frame, thus detecting overtones and flaws inaudible to anyone with normal hearing. He once claimed that a world famous violinist went off key at a certain point on one of his recordings. The artist argued that this was impossible. Edison played the record for him with a special speaker megaphone which greatly increased the volume. When the recording reached the disputed passage, there was a slight off-key wavering. The artist promptly fainted.

*I*N his early 30s with 157 patents already to his credit and 78 pending in Washington, Edison followed a fantastic, steady work-pattern. Embarked on a "campaign"—his phrase for intensive research—he frequently kept going for three or four days and nights before allowing himself to go to bed. He had, however, a remarkable facility for taking a restorative "forty winks."



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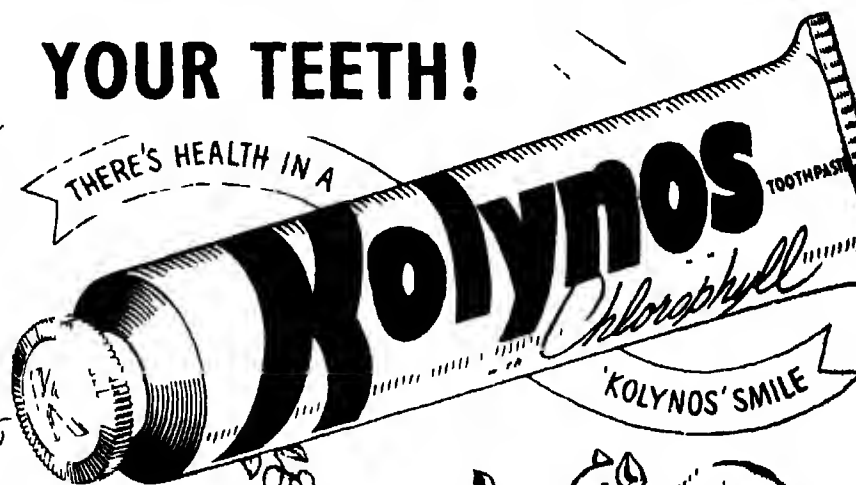


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"Even amid the most exciting work," a friend once observed, "the Old Man could turn a switch, relax completely and fall asleep. Fifteen minutes later he'd wake up a new man."

In 1878 Edison began work on the incandescent light. He started, as usual, by making an exhaustive review of what others had done, reading every available scientific paper. He then stripped for his "campaign." It was to prove stupendous. Of the 2,500 300-page notebooks preserved today by the Edison Foundation, more than 200 are concerned with electric-light experiments. These notes were the basis for one of the most astonishing feats of inventive and industrial pioneering ever performed.

In five years' time, although electrical engineering was then in its infancy and everything had to be worked out almost from scratch, Edison built a full-blown prototype of the electric-lighting industry and established it as a practical public service. He not only developed the electric light, as well as generators, dynamos, meters and techniques of installation, but in order to give electricity its first large-scale test he also wired a square mile of New York City. It was a breath-taking accomplishment. Behind it was an infinitely painstaking and systematic approach to the problem. As a friend said, "Edison's greatest 'invention' was organized research."

When Edison first tackled in-

candescent lighting, he entered a virtually unexplored scientific plateau. In 1841 a British patent had been granted on a lamp consisting of two platinum coils with powdered charcoal bridging the gap between them. When the current was switched on, the charcoal glowed. An American had patented a light in which platinum strips themselves glowed when current flowed into them, and there was also the arc light. But all these had proved unreliable, expensive to operate, and far too cumbersome for general use.

In his search for a more effective light Edison first tried winding platinum wire round the stem of an ordinary clay pipe. He noticed that after the platinum had been heated several times by electric current it became much harder and could stand higher temperatures. Apparently heating expelled gases from the platinum, causing it to become more dense. Reasoning that still more gases could be driven out in a vacuum, and that the platinum would become still harder and give more intense light, he tried passing a current through it while its glass enclosure was connected to the vacuum pump. The light was amazingly brighter.

Edison thereupon turned to the problem of maintaining a lasting vacuum in a lamp. Since no suitable glass-forming machine then existed, he employed a skilled glass blower who laboriously shaped the first experimental bulbs by hand and sealed

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them off while they were still connected to the vacuum pump

The vacuum theory was proved, but Edison finally decided that a platinum filament was too complicated and expensive, and that it consumed too much energy for the light it gave. He proceeded to try—and discard—other rare metals: rhodium, ruthenium, titanium, zirconium, barium. All proved unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless, when news of what Edison was doing reached the press, it caused a near-collapse of gas shares. Shares in the Chartered Gas Company of London, for example, depreciated by several hundred thousand pounds.

Edison's experiments were costing thousands of dollars. He was being financed by the Edison Electric Light Company, which had been formed with the idea of eventually setting up a utility service to compete with gas. Capitalized at \$300,000, it had at first turned over \$50,000 to the inventor. When he ran through this without positive results the shareholders became restless, and only reluctantly raised another \$50,000 for him. But Edison was making progress. As he continued the search for a suitable filament, his genius was working out every angle of the electric-lighting system from a revolutionary dynamo to the home meter, from switches to protective fuses. Everything was going well except the

One midnight as he sat in his laboratory the answer came to him. Since heavy carbon burners had not stood up, why not try a slender carbonized filament which was almost threadlike? Pursuing this thought, Edison turned from platinum, rarest of metals, to one of man's homeliest commodities—cotton sewing thread.

The experiments were maddening. Edison ordered the threads to be packed with powdered carbon, baked in earthenware crucibles, then slowly cooled. One after another the delicate threads, less than $1/64$ inch in diameter, crumbled in various stages of the process. But at last a carbonized filament was installed in a lamp under vacuum. When the current was turned on it began to glow with a steady, brilliant light. Edison and his workers barely breathed. It worked, but how long could this unbelievably delicate filament continue to burn?

Two hours crept by—three six ten. As the brave glow held steady against the dawn, Edison threw himself down on a camp bed for his first sleep for more than 60 hours. Assistants took over. From all over the laboratory and machine shops workers came to watch. As the hours piled up into the 30s, keyed-up workmen grinned, pounded each other happily. After 40 hours, Edison characteristically began experimenting with increased voltage. The overloaded filament finally flared and burned out.

..Gentlemen....



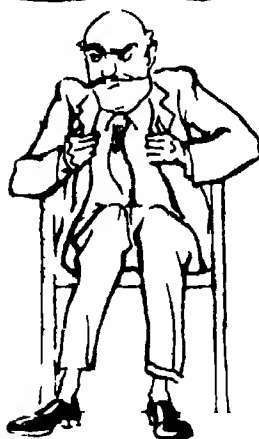
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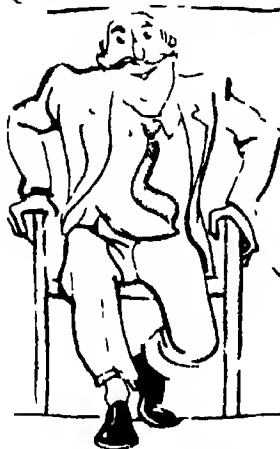
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ROLEX

Watchword of the World

Issued by Rolex Watch Co. (Eastern) Ltd., Bombay

EDISON next tried filaments of carbonized cardboard. They were even more successful. The life of the lamp was gradually increased to 170 hours. A public demonstration on New Year's Eve, 1879, when all Menlo Park was brilliantly lighted with the new lamps, drew 3,000 people. The spectacle created a profound impression. Immediately thereafter gas shares hit a new low.

But Edison knew he must have something tougher, more enduring than a cardboard filament if the electric lamp was to be commercially successful. One morning his roving eyes rested on a palm-leaf fan, and he noticed the thin strips of bamboo which bound its outer edges. At once he had the bamboo shredded into filaments and carbonized. It proved far superior to anything yet tried.

That experiment began a world-wide search for the best variety of bamboo. Altogether Edison tested some 6,000 varieties of plants and vegetable fibres before selecting a bamboo grown specially for him in Japan. The carbonized bamboo filament was used for more than ten years, being supplanted first by "squirited cellulose," and then by tungsten, which is in use today.

Edison had realized that if his light was to be practical for home illumination each lamp must be able to be switched on and off independently. Arc lights then burned "in series"—current flowed through *all* the lamps. If one lamp went

out, all the others failed, as do certain types of Christmas-tree lights today. He had therefore perfected a "multiple circuit" which allowed each lamp to burn independently, and had developed a satisfactory generator to produce steady current.

Not only were all generators then in use designed for the arc-light "series" circuit but they were inefficient, delivering less than half the energy they generated, the rest being lost in the windings. In 1879, when Edison announced a revolutionary generator that was 90 per cent efficient, the scientific world refused to believe it. But many features of Edison's invention are still used in generators today.

Edison was now ready to build a test lighting system for that crucial square mile in lower New York. Newspapers hooted when he outlined his plans for putting wires underground in conduits. New York streets were then a maze of telegraph and telephone wires overhead. Whoever heard of putting electric wires underground? Didn't the man know they might get wet and leak, and electrocute pedestrians right and left? Edison calmly went ahead with his plans, perfecting new types of insulation to do the job.

When the laying of the first street mains began in July 1881, skilled electrical workers were scarce. So Edison opened a training school, using his laboratory assistants as instructors. He even put

together a textbook, with simple sketches showing the proper way to connect dynamos, to wire houses, to install fuses. By the end of the summer he had 1,500 men tearing up streets, laying conduits, wiring buildings. He set up a special factory to manufacture heavy dynamo parts, opened one plant to make electric lamps, and another to turn out switches, meters, fixtures, sockets—all the gadgets necessary to this infant industry.

During the incandescent-lamp experiments there had been much scepticism about Edison's lighting project, and newspaper comment had often been sarcastic and belittling. Now the tide of public confidence turned. The Edison Company's headquarters at 65 Fifth Avenue became a nightly rendezvous for the city's civic and business leaders. Lawyers, bankers, actors, financiers, doctors, opera stars buzzed round the "electric light" display like children round a toy counter. They tentatively touched the glowing bulbs, poked at connections, asked countless questions.

But there was much "selling" of the idea yet to be done and, at the directors' insistence, Edison began speaking at banquets, cultivating the good will of influential citizens who might become important shareholders. At one such banquet the millionaire, W. H. Vanderbilt, persuaded Edison to install a private dynamo in his new home. When the apparatus was tested, a wire in

the picture gallery shorted and set fire to the silk-cloth decorations. Mrs. Vanderbilt went into hysterics and refused to live in the place until the dynamo had been ripped out. Although Vanderbilt became a shareholder in the Edison Co., the Vanderbilts' house continued to use gas for many years.

THE INVENTOR detested making and listening to after-dinner speeches, and he always left the banquet room at the earliest possible moment, tearing off his collar and tie as he went. Night workers became accustomed to the sight of the Old Man in his frock coat, handkerchief round his neck, crawling out of trenches or supervising installations in the power-house he had built in Pearl Street.

Building that first electric-lighting system was, Edison later said, "the greatest adventure of my life." He threw everything into the gamble—his reputation, his money, the faith of his friends, the trust of the public. Realizing that he would have to make his product cheaper and more efficient than gas—for the powerful gas trust then had a monopoly on lighting—he made the installations for prospective electric customers without charge, and asked no deposit on the meter. The user would pay the metered charge only if the lighting system worked satisfactorily. Edison personally guaranteed that the bills would be lower than those for gas!



A proud addition to Bombay's attractive skyline is Standard-Vacuum's new office, one of the most modern and handsome buildings in Asia. Specially designed to ensure maximum employee comfort, the seven-storied office is completely air-conditioned and combines many architectural innovations.

Outstanding features are its sun-control louvres, suspended ceilings covered with 'audicane', asphalt tile flooring, and Training Room complete with projection screen and light and sound control.

As the time for the first test approached, the eyes of the whole world were fastened on that single square mile of lower New York. Great things were expected and stock in the Edison Co had soared from \$100 to \$3,500 a share. If Edison failed, it would be the most-publicized failure in history.

On Monday, September 4, 1882, the new lighting system was pronounced ready. In the power house, firemen stoked the glowing coals, steam hissed up from the boilers into the engines of the mighty jumbo generators. Faster and faster the dynamos whirled. Edison reached for the master switch to send the mysterious force surging over 80,000 lineal feet of underground wiring. He was, he admitted later, sobered by the "great responsibility of turning a mighty power loose under the streets and buildings of New York." There was no hitch. When he pulled the switch, the windows of the chosen district suddenly sprang to life.

"It was a light," wrote the *New York Times*, "that a man could use for hours without the consciousness of having any artificial light about him. Soft, mellow and grateful to the eye, it seemed almost like daylight—without a particle of flicker and with scarcely any heat to make the head ache."

Edison's great gamble had been vindicated.

EVERY new product, Edison believed, should be sold as cheaply

as possible, since a wide profit margin invited competition. With a wary eye to the future, therefore, he now began selling his incandescent lamps at 40 cents apiece, though they cost him \$1.30 to make. In time, and with considerable difficulty, he brought the production cost down to 37 cents. He then sold his holdings in the lamp works for about a million dollars to a firm which was later to become the General Electric Co. Although Edison was an astute businessman, he loathed the book-keeping details of routine profit-taking. As soon as a project was operating successfully his interest in it usually waned.

Two years after he had established his pioneer electric-lighting system, Edison's wife, Mary, died suddenly of typhoid fever. Grief-stricken, Edison closed his home and laboratory at Menlo Park and sent his three children to live with his wife's mother in New York. His home life had been very happy. Now more than ever he plunged into all-consuming work, trying to drown his memories.

There was no lack of plans. In his 30s his genius flared in a dozen directions. Even during his struggle for the electric light, he had taken time to perfect and patent a method of preserving fruit under vacuum. And his notebooks of that period carried sketches of what is now known as the helicopter—which Edison was to advocate as the safest, most useful form of air transport.



At Menlo Park he had started operation of America's first passenger electric railway. He had sketched plans for a cotton harvester, an electric sewing machine, an electric lift, a new kind of snow-removal machine. At times the directors of the Edison Electric Light Co. were pained to read advertisements for Edison's Talking Doll and Edison's Neuralgia Cure. Such things, they said, were undignified and might harm the sale of shares. But Edison found it difficult to control his brain children.

In his ever-restless ranging it is startling to observe how near he came to breaking through the barrier of the unknown and into the age of present-day electronics. As early as 1875 he discovered a unique electrical phenomenon which he called "etheric force" (later recognized as being caused by electric waves in free space). He experimented with it, then was diverted to other quests. He gave his findings to Marconi at a time when that scientist was racing with others to perfect the wireless. Marconi was lastingly grateful for Edison's help.

While working to reduce the production costs of his incandescent lamps, Edison made another revolutionary discovery which he called the "Edison Effect." He developed an Edison Effect bulb which enabled him to control the flow of current in an unprecedented way, and soon patented a method of using it for wireless-induction tele-

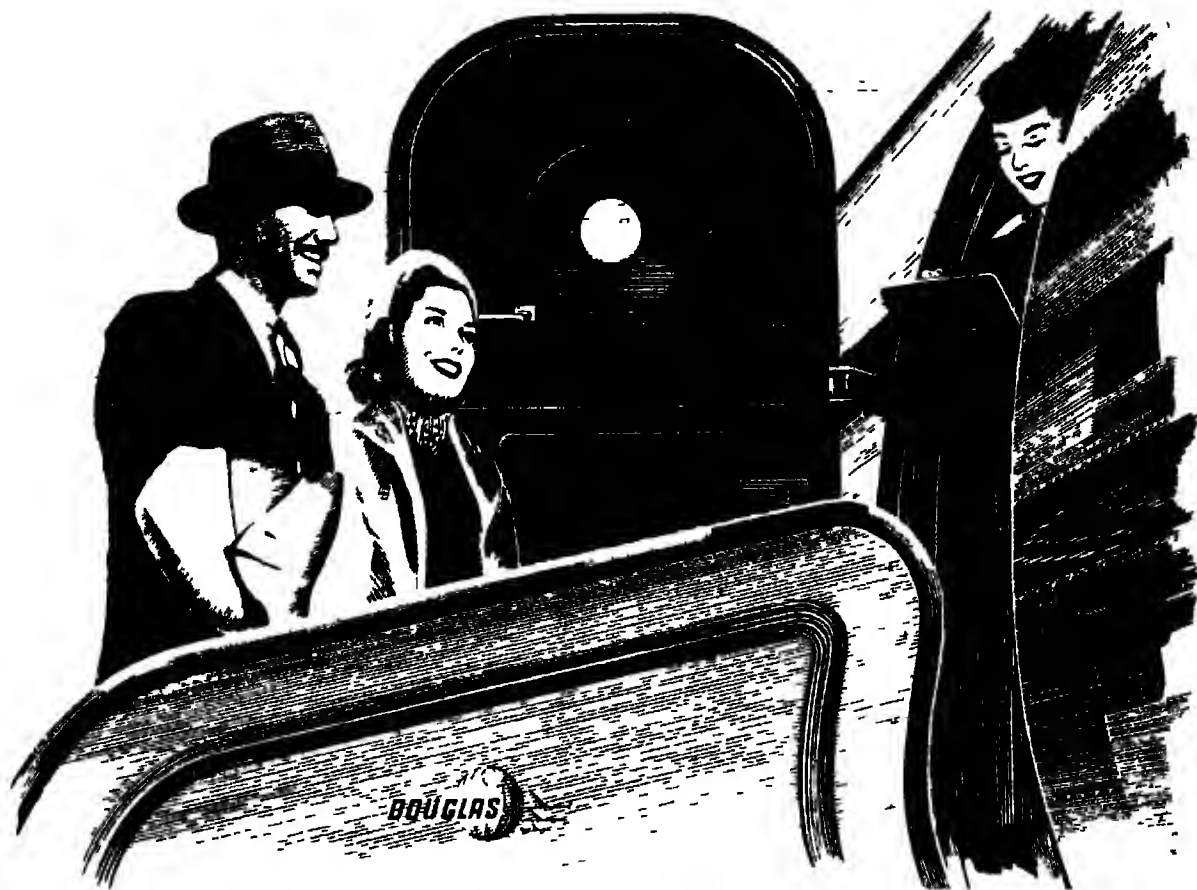
graphy. His wireless was effective only over short distances, but was actually used for a time in operating the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Nearly half a century later one of the Edison Effect bulbs was connected to a radio set. It worked as well as the present-day radio valve! Without realizing it, Edison had discovered the radio rectifier valve. He had invented the microphone as a by-product of his work on the telephone transmitter, and now he was on the very threshold of high-frequency radio transmission. Yet he turned away to other things, allowing other men to develop his discoveries.

AFTER he had worked himself out of the grief caused by his wife's death, Edison began to seek occasional social relaxation. He accepted a few dinner invitations and with his young daughter, Dot, attended operas and concerts, later picking out the tunes on the piano—on which he was a novice but a potentially great performer.

One evening in 1885, after a dinner at a friend's house, one of the guests, a handsome brunette of 20, sat down at the piano and began playing and singing.

"I was, of course, struck by her great beauty," Edison later told a friend, "but what impressed me most was her air of confidence. I thought it a considerable accomplishment that anyone could play so badly and carry it off so well!"



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DOUGLAS

as all other airplanes combined

But the meeting with Mina Miller that evening ended Edison's loneliness. He fell completely in love with her and the romance was to endure for the rest of their lives.

Edison and Miss Miller were married in 1886, when he was 39. His bride was the daughter of Lewis Miller, an inventor and manufacturer. Well educated and quiet, she was the perfect complement to the shy, boyish "Old Man." To get round his deafness, he taught her the Morse code—indeed, he proposed to her in Morse. At the theatre she would relay the dialogue to him with her finger-tips, on social occasions she would tap out intimate endearments despite the presence of guests. In the spacious home he purchased in Llewellyn Park, New Jersey, they were to know much happiness.

The difference in ages apparently meant nothing. To his young wife, Edison was the eternal boy and as careless as a boy about dress and appearance. He was as likely to come down to a formal dinner with his hair uncombed and minus a tie as he was to neglect his meals entirely. In an attempt to improve his slovenly appearance, she took to hiding his coat. Before leaving the house Edison had to find her in order to get it. This gave his wife a chance to make him shave, comb his hair or put on a clean shirt.

Although he had got into the habit of going for days without solid food, or even thinking about

it, Mina Edison insisted that he have at least one hot meal a day. If he was stubbornly embarked on a "campaign" she would lay a meal on a tray and take it down to the laboratory personally to see that it was eaten. Often she made him a snack, sending it to his office with the note "Would love to see you some time this week."

In near-by West Orange Edison now built a new laboratory and workshop, which he continued to expand over the years. Its research facilities were lavish, and he left a standing order with all the world's great chemical firms to forward to him a sample of each new product as soon as it was manufactured. Gradually he acquired one of the most extensive collections of scientific materials and literature in America. With his lovely Mina capably taking over management of the house and the three children, his working conditions were ideal.

ONE drowsy summer afternoon in 1887 a friend brought Edison a whimsical gift. It was "The Wheel of Life," a simple mechanical toy. One peeped through a slot, spun the wheel, and a series of pictures sprang into action, giving the illusion of motion. The device was familiar to millions.

Edison chuckled as he spun the wheel and watched the antics of a dancing bear. Presently his laughter faded and he regarded the gadget with a speculative eye. Why, he

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wondered, wouldn't it be possible to obtain action pictures in just this very way—a series of tiny photographs reproduced at great speed?

Slumping back in his chair, he drew out his ever present notebook and began sketching. These casual sketches were Edison's first work on the cinema camera that was to change the face of the entertainment world and create a vast industry.

Edison worked for four years on his camera. The mechanical problems involved minute fractions of a second, and gears as delicate as watch works. Simultaneously he worked with Eastman Kodak engineers, specifying the type of film he needed. Eastman had recently developed a tough, pliable roll film which proved ideal. Finally Edison had a camera capable of taking 20 to 40 exposures a second.

In 1889 Edison actually showed a talking picture in his laboratory, synchronizing the film with a gramophone. So all embracing were his basic patents that the film industry paid him royalties for many years. Edison was the first of the film magnates.

In the late '90s and early 1900s he also had a fling at producing. He built a large, oblong building, covered inside and outside with black tar-paper. Revolving on a turntable device, it moved with the sun, allowing every possible moment of daylight to shine through its slide-back roof.

In his new rôle, Edison was all over the place, writing comical sketches, directing the actors, grinding the cameras, repairing them when they broke down. He enjoyed it all hugely. His first productions were fairly crude—Jim Corbett, heavyweight champion, boxing a few rounds, an Italian organ grinder cavorting with a mischievous monkey, and the like—but they packed the Nickelodeons. Later he built a \$100,000 glass studio in New York, and made several full-length pictures.

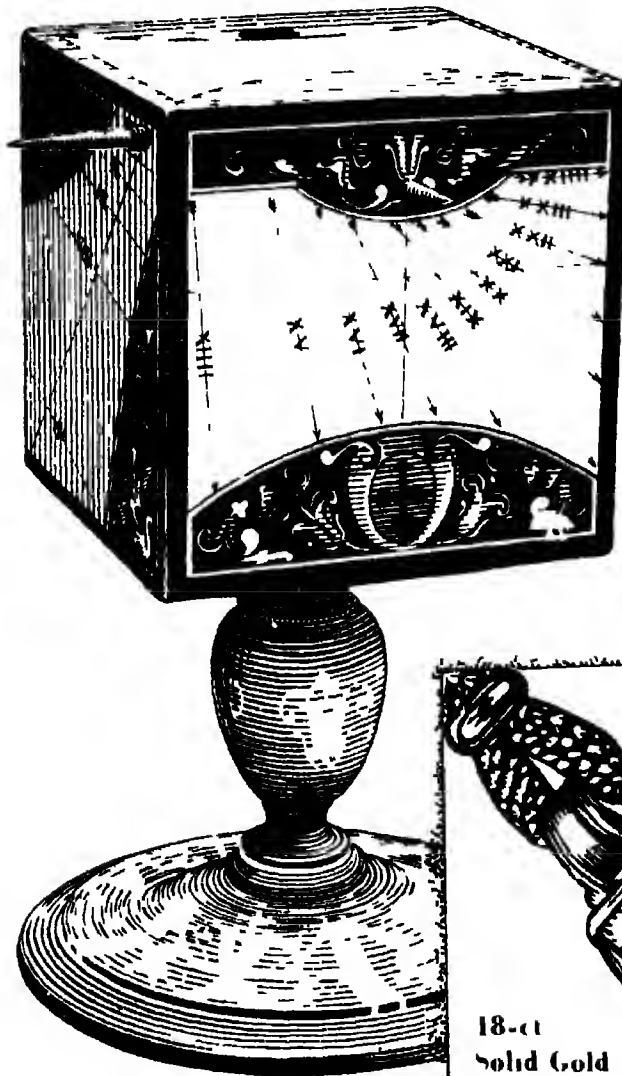
Once the film industry was well launched, however, Edison turned to other challenges. Experimenting with Roentgen's newly discovered X-ray, he developed the fluoroscope, which he gave, unpatented, to the medical profession. Concurrently he also developed the first fluorescent electric lamp.

The '90s were really gay for Edison. These were lusty, productive years, full of hard work and roaring horseplay. His marriage with Mina brought him three more offspring, and some of his most important research was done in the family sitting-room with children warming over him. He had intense powers of concentration. Frequently he sat reading scientific journals in any one of the half-dozen languages he had taught himself, while the household raced round him in a game of hide-and-seek.

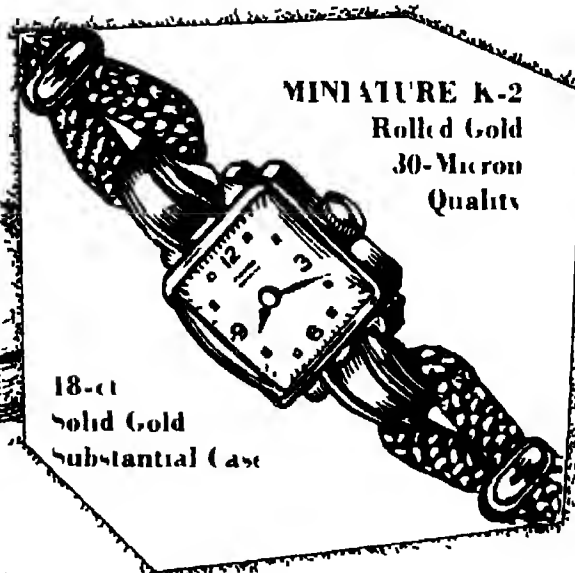
In his laboratory Edison fought with his men, swore at them and

THE SUNDIAL

certainly helped —



— to keep track of time in past centuries. It assumed many different shapes and sizes, from large fixed dials to portable models like this 10-inch high Florentine specimen dated 1560. They were often ingeniously constructed and richly decorated, seldom however were they marked with anything but hours. Smaller divisions of time mattered little in days gone by, but the speed of modern life demands an accurate record of the passing minutes.



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handsome well-made watches to suit all tastes and pockets — and every one represents excellent value-for-money. Be sure it's a West End Watch!

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was sworn back at, fired them on Saturday and re-hired them on Monday. Outrageous practical jokes often punctuated the exacting experiments and marathons of grinding work.

For years some of the old hands had been helping themselves to Edison's cigars. To stop this pilfering, he ordered his cigar salesman to send him a box of cigars made of horsehair, glue and other smelly rubbish. He was working on an extremely ticklish problem at the time and promptly forgot about the request until the cigar salesman called again some weeks later. Then Edison upbraided him for not sending the trick cigars.

"But I *did* send them," the salesman replied, "three weeks ago."

Edison, intent on his experiment, had smoked the entire box himself without realizing it.

Although none of Edison's later inventions were as spectacular to the public eye as were his gramophone, moving pictures and electric light, his prodigality in turning out solidly useful inventions was to continue all his life. So homely and apparently commonplace were many of his creations that people wondered why no one had thought of them before. Lord Kelvin supplied the reason: "The only answer I can think of is that no one else was Edison."

Around the turn of the century he brought out his Ediphone dictating machine, patented an electric safety lantern for miners which

greatly helped to cut down mine explosions, and began his search for a better storage battery. It took him ten years to find the satisfactory combination—nickel, iron, alkaline solution—but he finally evolved a product which still solves the power problem in scores of industries.

"If Edison's experiments, investigations and work on the storage battery were all he had ever done," an industrial engineer once said, "I should say he was not only a notable inventor but also a great man."

THE YEARS rolled on, but the Old Man refused to recognize their passage. In his 60s his working week remained as long as ever, and it irked him when reporters began interviewing him on his birthdays.

"It's a hell of a thing to congratulate a man on," he grumbled, "that he is getting old."

But the yearly interviews produced absorbing copy. What was the secret of his success? "The ability to stick to things." What was genius? "Two per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration."

Each night, he told reporters, he wrote on slips of paper the tasks for the day ahead, and then carried them to completion. "If everyone would try it," he said, "it would surprise them to see how much could be accomplished in a day."

Sometimes he spoke tongue-in-cheek, as when advocating moderation in the use of tobacco. "Person-

IS ADVERTISING SOCIALLY USEFUL?



Most of us are accustomed to thinking of advertising as a part of modern commerce. And so it is — a practical way of telling large numbers of people about the products that manufacturers have for sale.

But, more and more, governments and other organizations are realizing that the methods used in advertising to sell goods are also efficient means of spreading information.

To take just one example — in Britain, in the last century, diphtheria was a common, often fatal, disease of childhood. Science then found an effective anti-toxin for treating the disease. Doctors gladly used the new remedy, and drastically reduced the diphtheria death-rate.

Then it was discovered that children could be *immunized* against diphtheria, so as not to catch it at all! Evidently, if every child in the country could be immunized against it, the disease itself would soon disappear.

Here was a mammoth job! To let every mother of young children in the country know that immunization was available to save them from the risk

of diphtheria, and to *persuade* these mothers to have their children immunized.

The newspapers, of course, published the news — but they could not repeat it day after day.

Doctors and nurses could not go out and *tell* everybody. So the government turned to *advertising* — to tell mothers, clearly and simply, what to do, and to keep on repeating the message. The negligible number of diphtheria cases now reported each year in Britain proves that *advertising* did this job of informing and persuading supremely well.

Similar instances could be quoted from many parts of the world. Governments and other organizations are increasingly turning to advertising as a means of communication. By spreading information on health and welfare, and also on agricultural and industrial production methods, they are raising the standard of living, making healthier people who are able to produce more, and live fuller and happier lives.

And so it goes on, an endless chain of cause and effect — better living for everybody.

ally," he once told an interviewer, "I only smoke from ten to 20 cigars a day. The strongest I can get."

He believed intense brain work was the real secret of health and longevity. He had little use for physical exercise. "The only use for my body," he observed, "is to carry my brain around."

He found recreation in changing his work pattern. After weeks on one problem, he would turn to another, and then to another. He always had at least half a dozen projects going at once. He read continuously and voluminously with a photographic memory. His daughter Madeline can remember her father glancing briefly at a dictionary page, then repeating the contents verbatim.

When Edison was 67 a disastrous fire wiped out seven buildings of his great factory at West Orange. The loss, estimated at \$5,000,000, was not covered by insurance. But Edison was far from discouraged. Indeed, the challenge of rebuilding seemed to take years off his age. He had the demolition crews at work the next morning. And within two weeks the debris had been removed and rebuilding started.

Edison was nearly 70 when America entered the First World War. At the request of the U.S. Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, he became president of the Naval Consulting Board. He developed apparatus to detect torpedoes, underwater searchlights for submarines,

turbine-powered projectiles and submarine stabilizers. For these and other war inventions—more than 40 altogether—he won the American Distinguished Service Medal.

No matter how hard the driving pace of his working day, Edison never lost his relish for ribald humour. During the war when he was working under the greatest pressure, he always asked to see the "dispatch case" each morning. This was a telegraphed round-up of the day's best jokes then going the rounds in Washington and New York. Edison spread out the jokes and chortled over them before beginning the day's work.

For nearly half a century famous men from all over the world sent him their latest jokes. He methodically filed them all.






Edison had a knack of inspiring others, of rekindling their enthusiasm. One whom he thus encouraged was Henry Ford. The two met at an early Edison Co. convention, where Edison gave a talk on his new storage battery, which he thought would be highly adaptable to the electric automobile. The electric car, the automobile industry had decided, was the coming thing.

But young Ford had other ideas. He began to tell Edison about his sparking plug theories, about a cheap petrol engine mounted in an inexpensive chassis. If he was right, the electric car was doomed before it really started. But Ford himself

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was far from certain. Exhaustive experimentation had left him nearly broke, terribly discouraged.

Edison, then at the peak of his fame, listened sympathetically, hand cupped to one ear. Suddenly his clenched fist banged down on the table.

"Young man," he boomed, "you have it! Keep at it! Electric cars must keep near to power stations, in order to be able to recharge the batteries. And the storage battery is too heavy. Your car is self-contained. Carries its own power plant. Keep at it!"

That conversation revitalized Ford's faith and became literally the turning point of his career. He never forgot it.

Sixteen years younger than Edison, Ford worshipped the inventor. On the 50th anniversary of the electric lamp he reproduced in Dearborn, Michigan, a complete historical village commemorating Edison's early life and achievements. At fantastic expense he recreated the old laboratory at Menlo Park complete to the last detail. Everything was exactly as it had been 50 years before.

The Old Man was frankly puzzled. He could never understand Ford's interest in history or antiques—or, as he termed it, "old junk." He was always too busy experimenting with the new to be concerned with the old.

Edison resolutely refused to have anything to do with hearing aids.

Actually he considered his deafness something of a blessing. In the busiest factory, he could withdraw into his almost silent world and, undistracted, achieve the utmost concentration. And as for the public dinners, which in the latter years of his fame he could not escape.

One morning he shoved a newspaper in front of a startled colleague.

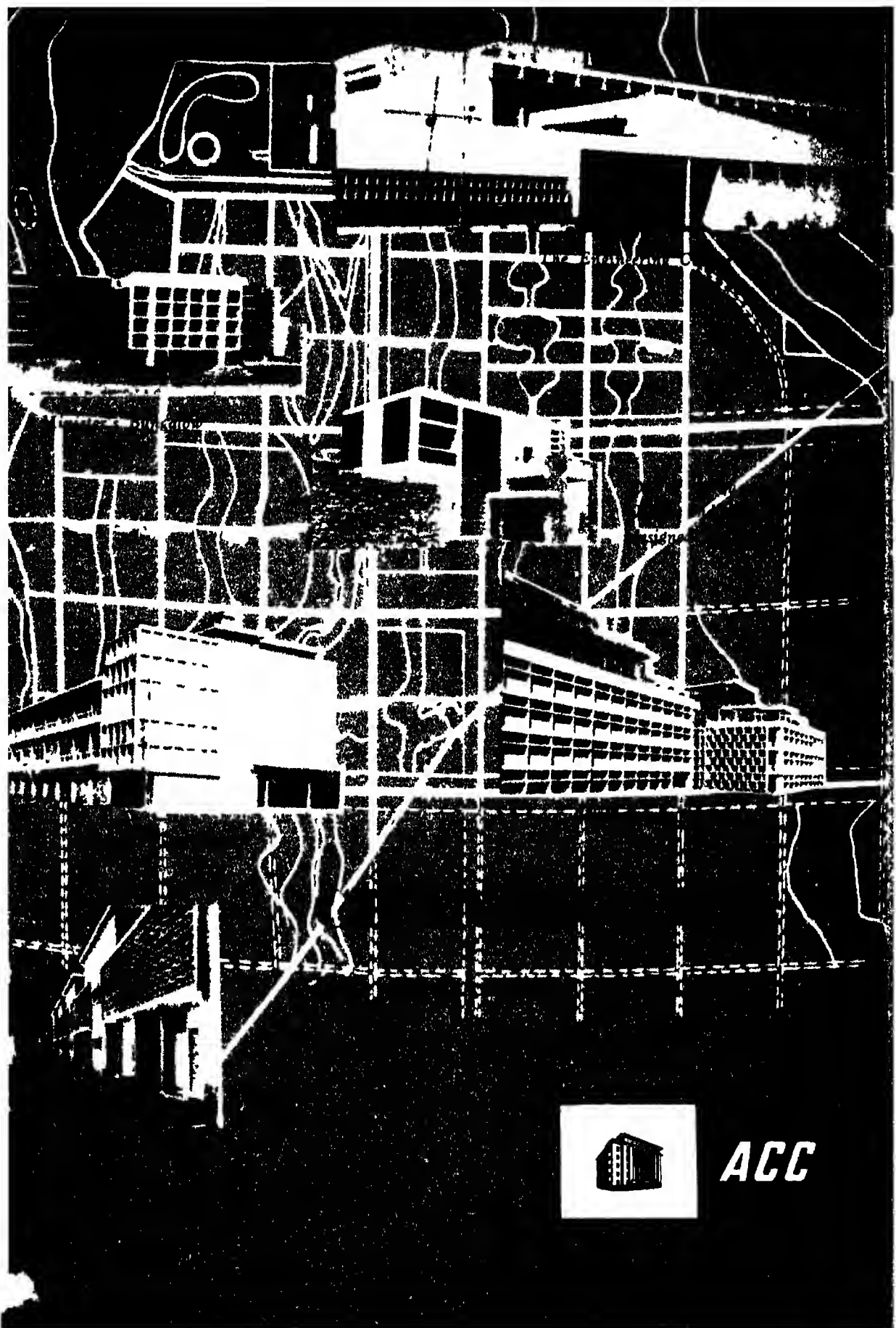
"Did you read this rubbish?" he demanded, pointing to column after column of speeches. "Well, I was at that banquet last night, sat right at the speakers' table and I didn't hear a damned word—thank God! And they try to tell me I should wear a hearing aid!"

Edison's obviously oversized brain cells were coupled with a remarkably sturdy physique which enabled him to withstand the terrific pressures to which he submitted himself for most of his 84 years. His grandfather had lived to 104, and Edison, considering this, regarded himself as a comparatively young man even after reaching 70.

At 75 Edison cut his working day to 16 hours. At 80 he brought out his first long-playing gramophone record. For 38 cents the buyer received 40 minutes of music.

"I have enough ideas," he told interviewers, "to keep the laboratories busy for years."

Indeed, his prodigality of ideas was unprecedented. During his lifetime Edison was granted the astonishing total of 1,097 patents by the U S Patent Office.



ACC

INCANDESCENT GENIUS

FEATURE WRITERS frequently sought Edison's views on God and religion.

"After years of watching the processes of nature," Edison told them, "I cannot doubt the existence of a Supreme Intelligence. The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

But even on a subject such as this, his sense of humour refused to lie dormant. When a clergyman asked whether his church should invest in lightning conductors, Edison drawled: "By all means, Providence is apt to be absent-minded."

Up to the very week of his death Edison continued the process of self-education which began on the day that his mother took him from school at seven. Even on his death-bed, he was an avid reader of

books on a wide variety of subjects.

His curiosity was the despair of his physicians. He inquired into the whys and wherefores of his own sickness, and kept his own chart of his condition. He argued with them over medicines and drugs. Blood tests intrigued him, and he insisted on examining the slides and microscopes. Death never had a more wide-eyed, observant victim.

Edison began his last Great Exploration on October 18, 1931, at the age of 84. On the night of his funeral, in response to President Hoover's proclamation, the lights of America were turned off for a minute in tribute to the man who had lighted them 52 years before. By a dramatic coincidence the date was the anniversary of the lighting of the first successful lamp in Menlo Park.

Ring the Bell

ROBERT COUSINS, book editor for Croft Publications in Connecticut, wanted to put through a trunk call to Dale Carnegie in New York. He hunted in his files and discovered the number on an old letterhead of Mr. Carnegie's.

The operator announced that Mr. C. was out of town, but that his wife was there and would Mr. Cousins speak to her. He would.

After the usual pleasantries, Mrs. Carnegie asked, "How on earth did you track me down here?"

Cousins told her about the old letterhead.

"Well," said Mrs. Carnegie, "Boulevard 8-1230 was our number all right, but we discontinued it exactly nine years ago. It was later taken over by a beauty shop—and that's where I am now, having my hair washed!"

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review*

WOMAN to friend at an evening party: "I'm miserable. I've got on my sitting-down shoes and my standing-up girdle." —*Dallas News*

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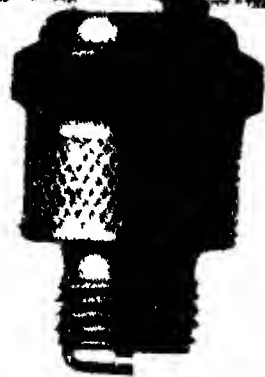
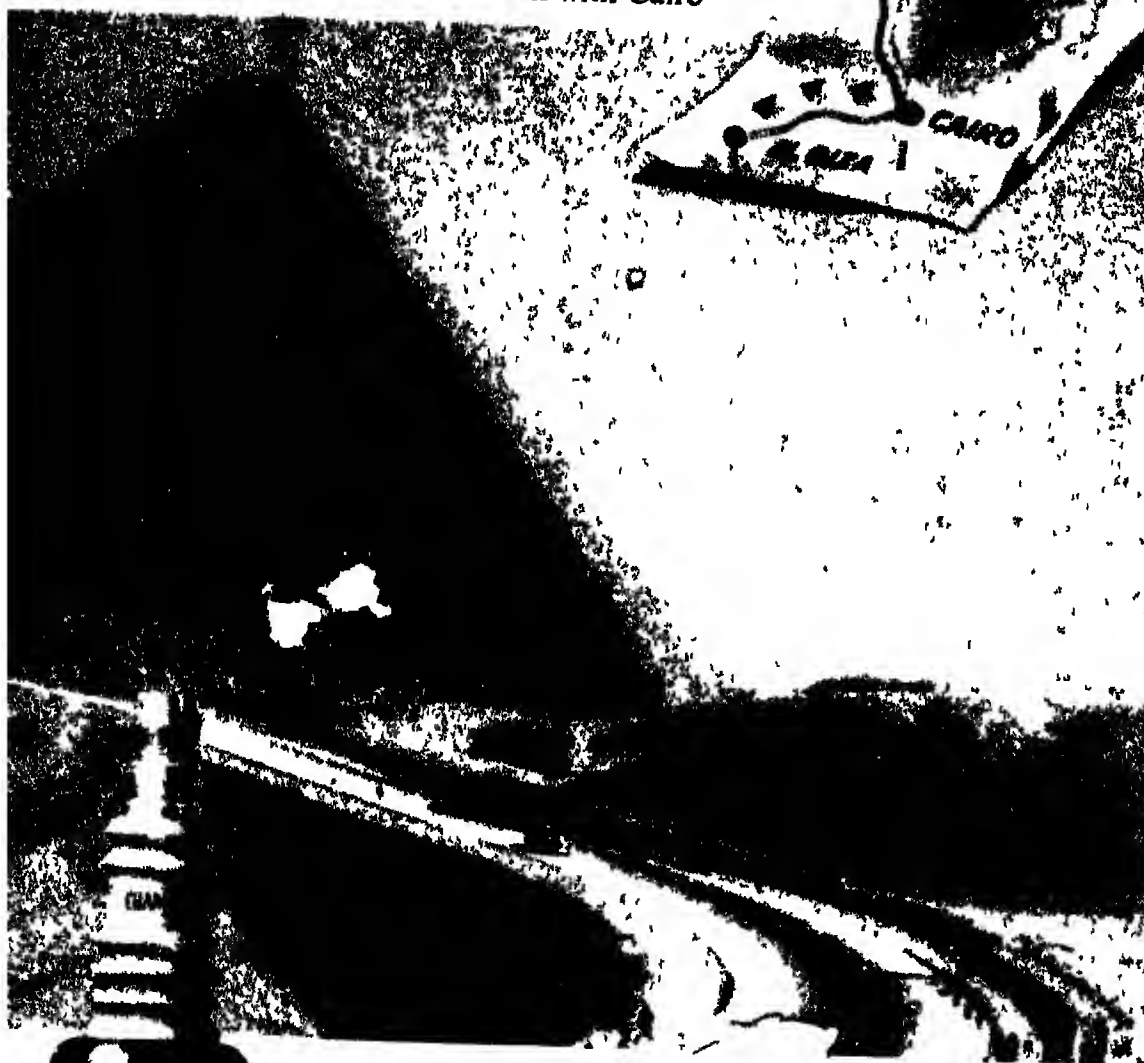
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(Continued from inside front cover)

the generosity of the British travelling public to leave each month's issue lying about in one of our railway carriages for me to read! I placed an order with my newsagent that morning, and you can be sure that my copies of the Digest pass along the line for others to enjoy.

Not long ago, the first copy I had ever seen came back to me. It was just before the next month's issue came out, and I had finished my last copy and had nothing else with me to read. I 'phoned up a friend along the line

"Anything to read, Joe?" I asked
"Whole pile of Digests here," he told me. I had him send them along on the next train. And there, on top of the pile, was the first copy I had ever read. I recognized it straightaway, and proved it when I turned to the page "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power," and found my handwriting on the answer spaces

I have written this not because I'm well-known, nor because I have a job that is in the public eye, but just because I wanted to say thank-you from all the boys along the line. We've learnt a lot and had a great deal of fun from all the Digests we have read.

OUR COVER is a colourful study of Calceolarias, the "Slipper-flower" or "Slipper-wort," which were originally native to South America. A popular favourite with all gardeners, they are used chiefly for herbaceous borders

EKTACHROME BY DAVE FORBERG

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THE READER'S DIGEST

VOL 64, No 385

MAY, 1954

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION LTD.
7 Old Bailey, London, E C 4

Managing Director

T G M Harman

Sales Director

W S Leuchars

Advertisement Director

John H Davenport

In India subscriptions may be entered by sending order with cash to National City Bank of New York, 293, Dr Dadabhai Naorojee Road, Bombay 1

Subscriptions, including postage
Rs 18/- per year, Rs 30/- per two years

The parent magazine, THE READER'S DIGEST, has its headquarters in Pleasantville, U S A, was first published in 1912 by DeWitt Wallace and Lila Acheson Wallace, its present editors and publishers

THE READER'S DIGEST INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Barclay Acheson, Director

Marvin Lowes, Asst Director

Eduardo Cárdenas, Adrian Berwick,
Editors

The Reader's Digest is published in other editions in the following languages: ENGLISH (Sydney) John Grant Cooper, Business Manager; ENGLISH (Montreal) Fred D Thompson, Jr, Managing Director; FRENCH (CANADIAN (Montreal) Pierre Ranger, Editor; FRENCH (Paris) Paul W Thompson, Managing Director; Pierre Denover, Editor; DANISH (Copenhagen) Onni Kyster, Editor; FINNISH (Helsinki) Seere Salminen, Editor; GERMAN (Stuttgart) M C Schreiber, Editor, (Zurich) Hans Schmid, Editor; ITALIAN (Milan) Mario Ghisalbetti, Editor; JAPANESE (Tokyo) Senchi Fukuoka, Editor; Sterling W Fisher, Business Manager; NORWEGIAN (Oslo) Astrid Sondov, Editor; SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE (Havana) Eduardo Cardenas, Editor, Roberto C. Sánchez, Business Manager; SWEDISH (Stockholm) Brita B Hebbe, Editor, Ture Agren, Business Manager

ARE YOU A RADIO?

FEW OF US WEAR television aerials in our hats, but all of us —one way or another—are receiving sets. Notions, impressions, new ideas—we get them all the time. The air is full of them, just as it is full of broadcast sounds and pictures. We cannot help receiving something through our eyes or ears—we cannot be completely disconnected. But have you ever thought just how and why we pick up so many ideas and facts from the world outside ourselves? Some of them come, of course, from our friends and colleagues, as part of the game of “Consequences” we call conversation. A great many more, though, are put in our way by agencies whose motives we know little about—public institutions, entertainments at home or outside, advertisements, and every kind of reading matter from a fat book in the public library to the children’s comics. Seeing that “how to make friends and influence people” is the prime concern of all who serve the public—from the clergyman to the shopkeeper, from the B B C to the advertiser of nylon stockings—it’s clearly very important to know (if possible) instead of guessing (however brilliantly) just what “means of communication” we are all open to and how we react to them in our various ways.

As a step towards this knowledge, The Reader’s Digest organized a large field survey—just completed—in the City of Derby. This survey was designed to study the interplay of all the different sources of ideas, and the work proved fascinating.

The results of our survey, which are based on long and detailed interviews with 3,000 people of all sorts, have made a book called *The Communication of Ideas*, which is to be published this month. The authors, Tom Cauter and John Downham, have taken the material of The Reader’s Digest survey and made of it a study which is not only interesting in itself but a real contribution to social science as well.

(Continued on inside back cover)



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MALARIA—The Hunt for the Parasite

ENGLISH men of letters seem to have developed the habit of encountering malaria during their wanderings in Italy. After Horace Walpole introduced the word into English in 1740, it was again another great literary figure, and none other than Shelley, who wrote in 1818, from Italy of "a malaria fever, caught in the Pontine marshes." What is remarkable about this fact is that Shelley used the word eleven years before it was employed in a causal sense in English medical literature by McCulloch, an American doctor.

When Shelley was in Italy malaria was indeed very much in the news. A great deal of research was going on there and elsewhere to pinpoint the cause of malaria. This search received a great fillip from the rapid advances made in the development of the microscope which revealed to man a whole new world of pullulating micro-organisms, hitherto invisible to the eye.

Scientists and doctors were still under the spell of the marsh-miasma, were still stubbornly sticking to the notion that the riddle of malaria lay hidden in its vapoury bosom. Volunteers in Italy drank gallon upon gallon of marsh water and allowed it to be injected as an enema or nasal spray. Spores of rotting marsh vegetation were magnified under the microscope and many bacteria were isolated. But the fugitive "pathogen", the causative organism of malaria, still eluded man's grasp.

A few years later the search took a sanguinary and corporal turn and there ensued a pre-occupation with the blood and tissues of malarial patients. The typical pigmentation of the spleen and the brain of a malarial patient was first noted by Lancisi, the Italian physician, in 1716 and then by Bright, an English doctor in 1831. In 1847, Meckel, a German chemist, while dissecting the body of a malarial patient, encountered in the brain a number of protoplasmic masses containing black granules. It is

quite likely that he was looking at malarial parasites without, of course, realising it. Next year, Virchow, a German pathologist, also seemed to have seen them. In 1876, Joseph Jones, an American professor of medicine, testified in a medico-legal case that the stains on the dress of the accused were not paint but marks of blood of "a human being who had suffered or was still suffering from malaria."

At this time the new science of Bacteriology was coming into its own and the theory of spontaneous generation received its knock-out blow at the hands of Robert Koch, 'the Czar of microbe hunters'. A host of 'little Kochs', avid for fame, stampeded into the scene and wrongly incriminated many fungi and bacteria as the criminal.

Finally, in the wake of these charlatans emerged the real hero—Charles Louis Alphonso Laveran, an obscure French army surgeon. On November 6, 1880, at Constantine, Algeria, after two years of continual effort, he saw in a smear of fresh blood the characteristic gyrations of malarial crescents—the parasites. He found each crescent-shaped parasite shoot out several whip-like projections which moved about rapidly. To this macabre squad of dancing parasites in a miniature pool of human blood Laveran gave the name of *Oscillaria Malaria*.

The scoffing and jeering that greeted Laveran were short-lived. His discovery was fully vindicated by Richard, an English doctor, in Algeria, in 1881 and in 1885 by the famous Italian pathologists, Marchifava and his colleague Celli, and by another Italian Golgi. It was demonstrated conclusively that the inoculation of healthy persons with blood containing malarial parasites gave them the disease. Marchifava and Celli also sketched, for the first time, part of the development cycle of parasites and gave the organism its generic name of *Plasmodium*.

This is the fourth of a series of articles by ICI (I) Ltd, depicting the story of Man's struggle against Malaria from the earliest times to the present day.

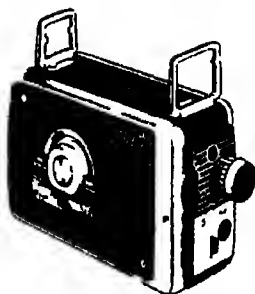


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Condensed from the 'Burmah-Shell News'

THE ANDAMANS are situated 750 miles from Calcutta and consist of 204 islands with an overall length of 210 miles. They are dotted with hills and valleys mostly covered with dense jungle, and the scenic effect is magnificent in the extreme. There are no rivers but there are several good harbours with deep water, the chief of which is Port Blair in the South Andamans.

The climate is temperate all the year round (there are very, very few cyclones). The islands are a paradise for fishermen, but shooting is confined to wild deer, pig and the Andaman teal (by all accounts, these ducks nowadays are found only in small numbers).

The aborigines, who used to consist of 12 tribes with their own separate language, are pygmies, and although nothing definite is known about their origin, the most common theory is that they are descended from the

Pygmy races which inhabited south-east Asia. They are not tillers of the soil, and for food they hunt game and fish, changing their habitat, once they have exhausted the food resources of the locality, and moving on to a new place. They live in jungles, in mud huts constructed rather like bee-hives.

The total population of the Andamans amounts to 31,000 and Urdu is the common language of the country. The Indian Government has in hand a five-year colonization scheme to settle 5,000 families on these islands. So far 400 families have been settled.

Timber is the important industry—exports were valued at Rs. 72 lakhs last year.

In recognition of their growing importance, Burmah-Shell have intensified their marketing activities in the Andamans and are responsible for supplying petroleum products to meet the growing demand.

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VOLUME 64

The Reader's Digest

JUNE 1954

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*A challenge to each of us as individuals
by one of the great individuals of our time*

BUT HOW ABOUT MAN?

Condensed from an address

Charles A. Lindbergh

author of the current best seller "The Spirit of St. Louis"

MAN HAS always had a tendency to complicate his life with technical knowledge and material devices. Populations have shifted from farm to factory in order to better tend machines, administer commerce and gain the conveniences of city life. This tendency, originally fostered by intellectual curiosity and economic reward, is now accelerated by military necessity and the instinct for survival. In a competitive world, life and freedom must be backed by strength.

But survival has a time dimension which says that power consists of more than strength of arms. Short-

term survival may depend on the knowledge of nuclear physicists and the performance of supersonic aircraft, but long-term survival depends alone on the character of man. Our scientific, economic and military accomplishments are rooted in the human quality which produces them. In the last analysis, all of our knowledge, all of our action, all of our progress succeeds or fails according to its effect on the human body, mind and spirit. While we concentrate our attention on the tools of economics and war, we must not neglect the basic means of surviving, the basic reason for survival—man himself.

What will this modern environ-

* See *The Reader's Digest* November 1953

THE READER'S DIGEST

ment of ours create in the future character of man? Here, rather than in the atom, is the power which will establish our wisdom and decide our fate. And, when we discuss the basic qualities of man, we pass beyond clear-cut scientific frontiers. We can mark down human efficiency in figures of mass production, but how are we to evaluate mass-production, say, in such spiritual elements as faith and joy, compassion and courage?

To date, the results of science have been primarily materialistic. We have measured success by our products rather than by ourselves. We must remember that it was not the outer grandeur of the Roman but the inner simplicity of the Christian that lived on through the ages.

The solution lies in each individual, through the standards he holds. It lies not in political parties or radical movements, but in human values and gradual trends, not in a greater complication, but in a greater simplicity of life. In other words, I believe that the solution lies within ourselves, and that we can find it nowhere else. Our parties, movements, laws and codes are important, but they are only outward manifestations of our inward values. The excessive materialism of the modern world is a reflection of ex-

cessive materialism in modern man.

The chaos of our modern world is staggering. We watch assemblies and conferences bog down until we realize that man has not the wisdom to solve his problems by any sweeping, detailed plan. But when we add the scope of time, and release in it the catalyst of faith, the future clarifies, and we see that, within the bounds of natural law, man's destiny is shaped by man's desire. We desired a mechanistic civilization, that set the trend, and we achieved one. To achieve a civilization based on human values requires the desire within ourselves. If we actually have that desire, our scientific, industrial and military forces will fall, automatically, into line behind it, supporting with material strength the human qualities essential to overall power and permanent survival.

But we must have more than an intellectual desire, filed away in the archives of idea. It must enter the roots of our being until it shapes our action instinctively as well as through the conscious mind, until we see the producer as more important than his product, and find it no sacrifice to renounce material standards of success—until we realize in our bones as well as in our brains that the character of man still forms the essential core of a lasting civilization.

There is no better exercise for strengthening the heart than reaching down and lifting people up —Woman's Home Companion

How do they do it?



The Mystery of Pathfinding

By Alan Devoe *Distinguished naturalist and author*

ONE SUNNY summer morning in 1911 a man crouched motionless in a field, peering at some contraptions like sunshades which he had set up on the ground near a tilted mirror. Dr F. Santschi, a zoologist, was testing a theory about how an ant finds its way home.

Ants in groups usually travel along a narrow trail that is chemically saturated in their passing, when one of them comes upon such a trail it is easily identified as the right roadway. Further, the insect can tell which way is "out" from the nest and which "in," perhaps because ants of a group leave a different chemical trace depending on whether they are going or coming.

But how about the solitary ants that forage alone and return home circuitously instead of by a trail? How can they keep their bearings in a jungle of plant stems?

Dr. Santschi had guessed that ants might be sensitive to the direction of light, and take readings from the sun. An ant was coming now, hurrying as it sure of its direction. Suddenly, as the ant approached the doctor's observation point, it slowed and wavered. It had been receiving sunlight from the east, abruptly the sun had "gone out," because of the sunshades. Instead, a western sun was now shining—in reflection from the mirror. The ant stood still, hesitating, then turned and set off briskly in the reverse direction.

Santschi then tried covering travelling ants with lightproof boxes for various lengths of time. Every time, when freed, the ant would take off on a course altered precisely to the degree to which sun slant had changed during its period in darkness. On moonlight nights the ants responded with the same precision—apparently taking their bearings from the moon. Q.E.D., said Dr. Santschi. Ants *do* take light readings to show them the way home.

The gifts by which living creatures orient themselves begin deep down in the chemistry of life. A housefly larva, which must have moisture for survival, has an inborn

tug towards water so powerful that the larva wiggles its way, blind, mindless, inch by inch, in the direction of any dampness. A male moth, to find his mate in darkness, responds to a female scent. So powerful is this sensory gift that a male has been found to fly to a scented "call" a mile and a half away.

When baby turtles hatch from their eggs they must do two things: dig upwards through the sand or mud in which the mother deposited the eggs, then head for water. To guide them for the first action they have an urge to go uphill. But then, as a rule, they must go downhill, to find water. What cancels Instruc-

The career of Dr. Felix Santschi, one of the great entomologists of our time, led him to work on three continents. Santschi was born in Bex, Switzerland, in 1872, the son of an upholsterer. The ambitious youth paid his way through medical school by working as a laboratory assistant at the Natural History Museum in Lausanne. Swiss scientists took notice of him and invited him to join an expedition to Colombia and Venezuela, where he had his first chance to do original work in entomology.

In 1901 Santschi eagerly accepted an opportunity to go to Tunisia as a medical doctor. There his life overflowed with activity. To his primitive little office in Kairouan came streams of Arabs, to whom he brought medication and training in sanitation and in health habits. In his back room was a menagerie of African reptiles, birds and animals which he studied during every spare moment. Whenever he could he made field trips across the desert, often continuing his observations of insects at night by torchlight. Most of all he was fascinated by the habits of ants, and studied and wrote about more than 2,000 different varieties. Museums all over the world came to him for information on this subject. With all this research, he nevertheless found time for his family, for music and poetry, and for painting North African landscapes.

In his later years Dr. Santschi returned to Switzerland, where he continued his studies and his writing in a little house at Monthey overlooking the Rhone—the little house significantly called "La Fourmi" (The Ant). There he died in 1940.



tion 1 and supplies Instruction 2?

Testing turtles in control tanks, Dr Kingsley Noble and others at the American Museum of Natural History established the answer light. The sky over gleaming water has a different brightness from the sky above land, and it flashes the baby turtle a signal that overrides his uphill orders.

But it is the wide-roaming creatures whose navigational feats are the most staggering. Consider the salmon, which lays its eggs inland, usually far up some fresh-water stream. During their second year the young salmon move downstream to the sea. There for two years or so they live in salt water, ranging great distances. When they reach sexual maturity, in their fifth year, they head back towards their birthplace to spawn. To reach it they may have to make choices at fork after fork of the waterways. But they get there. How?

It seems likely the fish use subtle sensory cues—perhaps chemical sensitiveness to their birth-water so keen that they detect even slight traces of it intermingled in other waters. Naturalists have taken eggs from one stream and hatched them in another. The hatched salmon, tagged, return to the “foster” stream for spawning.

For the performances of migrating and homing birds no explanation is really satisfying. Not long ago 12 terns were captured on Bird Key, one of the Tortuga islands off

Florida, and transported to a spot near Galveston, Texas, where they were banded and released. Five of them returned to Bird Key—a flight of 855 miles. Five other terns were taken to Cape Hatteras, more than 1,000 miles away. Three of these terns were back on Bird Key within five days.

What is at work in such feats? Some subtle response to the earth's magnetic field? Perception of the earth's rotational force? Navigation using a peculiar eye-structure, the pecten, which casts a shadow on a bird's retina and perhaps provides an instrument for way-finding by sun, moon and stars? Each theory has had champions, each flaws.

Awareness of the earth's rotational force depends on semi-circular canals of the inner ear—but birds revolved on turntables until orientation of this kind must be hopelessly deranged. ‘till find their way. Navigation by pecten fails to explain the behaviour of recent experimental pigeons which, released on a black night after a long journey in covered cages, flew for home within ten seconds of release. Birds equipped with magnets on their wings, thus surrounded by a “field” of their own which must completely confuse any awareness of terrestrial magnetism, continue to fly with serene sureness. What remains?

Naturalists have become convinced that there is an unknown force at work—a force that guides creatures by influences outside the sensory,

outside the mechanical, outside the entire sphere with which science ordinarily reckons. Is there really such an unknown?

Dr J B Rhine, famous American psychologist, whose experiments with "psi" (the symbol for extra-sensory powers outside the physical) in human beings have convinced fellow scientists that human psi must be acknowledged as proved,* recently came up with startling evidence. Psi may also be at work, he believes, in some animal way finding feats. After making a trip to study the facts at first hand, this scientist tells three case histories, for all of which he has convincing supporting documentation.

In 1939 young Hugh Perkins of West Virginia made a pet of a stray carrier-pigeon. In April 1940 Hugh had to be taken to the hospital 100 miles over the mountains for an operation. One snowy night soon after his arrival he saw a pigeon fluttering outside his window, and asked the nurse to open the window and let the bird in. "Look at its leg, quick!" he said excitedly. "I'll bet it's my bird—number 167!" The nurse read the band AU 39 C&W 167.

And there was Sugar, the cat. He belonged to the Woods family, in Anderson, California. When the Woodses moved to a farm in Oklahoma, 1,450 miles away, in June 1951, they left Sugar with friends.

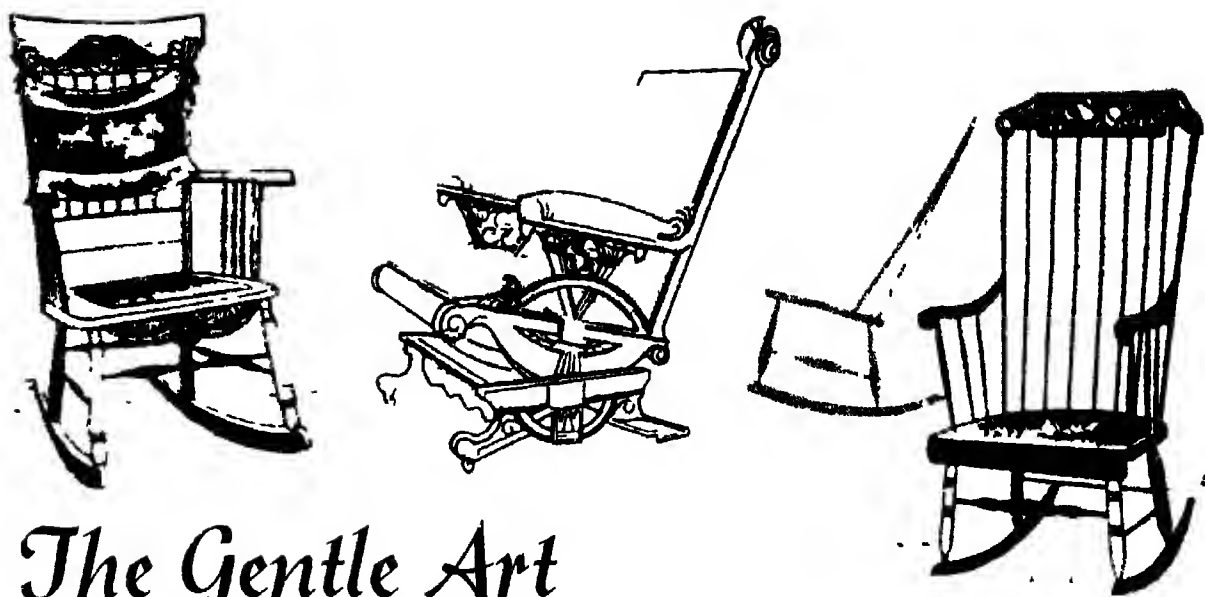
* See "A Case for Psi," The Reader's Digest, May, 1954.

In August 1952—14 months later—Mr and Mrs Woods were in their barn milking, when a cat leaped through the open window on to Mrs Woods' shoulder. It purred and rubbed against her neck ecstatically. It *couldn't* be Sugar! But the Woods family had to believe it, for their pet had a peculiarly deformed hip bone. To run a hand over Sugar's flank and feel that strange displacement, dating from kittenhood, is to be convinced there is only one of him in the world.

There was Tony, who started to be a black cocker spaniel but grew into a distinctive multibreed all his own. Tony was owned by the L F Doolens of Aurora, Illinois. When the Doolens and their two boys moved to Michigan, in June 1945, they gave Tony to friends in Aurora.

Some seven weeks later Mr Doolen, while walking near his new home, was suddenly pounced upon by a bedraggled black dog. A dog mostly cocker but with unique additions. He bent down, incredulous, and fumbled for the collar. There it was—an odd cut-down collar, with a home-made right angled slot in it. Mr Doolen would have known it among all the dog collars on earth, for long before, in Aurora, he had cut it down and made the queer-shaped slot himself.

How did Tony and Sugar manage to find their own people across so many miles? Dr Rhine's explanation is persuasive—but Nature still keeps her secrets.



The Gentle Art of Just Sittin' 'n' Rockin'

By Thomas E. Saxe, Jr

A FEW YEARS AGO, while rocking contentedly on the veranda of a quiet seaside hotel, I had the happiest inspiration of my life. Lulled in body and soul by the slow, salubrious rocking motion and pleasantly monotonous *squeak-squeak* of the chair, I thought drowsily of the frenetic pace of modern life. "Why can't some of my friends join me in rocking away their fretting and fussing?" I wondered.

From this casual rumination there developed a unique club whose influence today extends from my business headquarters in Stamford,

THOMAS E. SAXE, JR., founder and president of a chain of restaurants, is considered a leading authority on the rocking chair.

Don't goof your rocker - a simple relaxation recipe from America

Connecticut, to the jungles of Indonesia. Our membership includes a great jurist, a statesman, housewives, legislators, barbers, ambassadors, footballers, clergymen, judges, policemen, newspapermen.

The Sittin', Starin' 'n' Rockin' Club has no committees, no dues and no *don't's*. As president I have the honour of presiding over meetings which are never held. Cards are issued to all members "in good sitting," as well as a rocking-chair "operator's licence" and a six-month calendar reminding members to rock more, especially on holidays. Thus simply is our membership

dedicated to recapture in our daily living one of the lost graces

Think back a moment on America's forefathers—the serenity of soul, the simplicity of pleasure, the sound-mind-in-sound-body—which so surely followed their common-sensical ability to say "Whoa!" and just "set" a spell. Harry Emerson Fosdick deplores those who "must be always rustling about, doing something, chattering." They are "pools for ever blown upon by restless winds, that never grow calm enough to reflect anything beautiful."

Why have we lost the fine art of beneficial floating? In all nature, quietude is essential to growth.

The 1700s and 1800s were the great days of the rocking chair when every kitchen and nursery—rooms of living and love, you will note, rather than the "parlour"—held at least one of these graceful, animate pieces of furniture.

And they were lived in. I know people today who treasure the family rockers, many of which date back hundreds of years. They were used to soothe a child bothered by the bogymen, to abate Father's dyspepsia, to give Grandmother a warm haven by the fire.

In all our modern design, can you think of any other appurtenance so versatile? By merely adding two curved horizontal runners to four uprights, American genius thriftily fashioned an invention as simple and profound, almost, as the wheel.

Although Benjamin Franklin is said to have invented the rocking chair, says John Gloag in *A Short Dictionary of Furniture* (George Allen & Unwin, 42s.), a Lancashire origin has also been claimed for it. John Gloag reports: "Rocking chairs of bentwood were designed and produced in large quantities by Michael Thonet in the 1860s. These chairs, with their cane seats and backs and characteristic curved frames, became popular in Britain and America. By the 1880s they were an accepted and familiar item in the furnishing of the Victorian home, and allowed ladies to relax, perhaps a little inelegantly. This bentwood type did much to popularize the rocking chair in Britain, though in America it did not succeed in diminishing the national affection for the original models, which have retained their popularity for over 150 years."

something for all ages, all moods.

For years the rocker was an important wedding gift, and a good rocker was handed down generation after generation. Only in recent years has it, alas, been relegated to the attic.

About the middle of the last century the one detectable flaw in the rocking chair was corrected. On the old, wide-board floors it hadn't even been noticed, but as flooring got more polished and treacherous, rocking chairs began to slide. The patent rocker, mounted on a platform base, solved the difficulty.

I have heard—and firmly believe—that rocking improves circulation

and is therefore especially beneficial for the old. Our grandfathers went further, recommending the "to-and-fro" exercise as a palliative for rheumatic pains and a reliable cure for constipation.

Dr. Janet Travell of Cornell University recommends the rocker for any prolonged reading. "The constantly changing position will relax your muscles and rest you," she points out.

This art of resting the mind, dismissing even for a few moments all care and worry, is one of the secrets of the apparently exhaustless energy of men like Napoleon, Gladstone and Edison.

When I founded the Sittin', Starin' 'n' Rockin' Club I was thinking only of myself and a few friends. But before long others had heard of the club and asked to be made members. Travellers passing through Stamford visited our club-room with its collection of miniature and

heirloom rockers and its unconnected telephone. Sittin', Starin' 'n' Rockin' had touched the nostalgic heartstrings.

This feeling, happily, is more than national. Rocking enthusiasts are enrolled in England, Canada, Australia, Cuba, Venezuela, Spain and Indonesia. From Holland, where the rocking chair, curiously, is little known, a businessman sought the European import licence, and a girl of 14 asked how she could obtain such a chair for her mother.

Somewhat, I wish, instead of jet planes and atomic artillery, all the world would come to appreciate man's gentler invention. Surely the great capitals and that many-windowed palace dedicated to peace on the East River, New York, might fruitfully ponder the motto carved into the decorative headpiece of many an old rocker:

Sit Ye, Rock and Think

Quotable Quotes

Anonymous: Sometimes we think the world is growing worse, but it may just be that the news and radio coverage is better.

L. S. McCandless: The best thing about getting old is that all those things you couldn't have when you were young you no longer want.

—Quoted by Earl Wilson, Post-Hall Syndicate

Don Raihle: We've never had it so good nor taken away from us so fast.

—Quoted in *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*

Franklin P. Jones, columnist: Nothing modernizes a home so completely as an ad offering it for sale.

—Quoted in *The Saturday Evening Post*

TV and a Revolution

HERBERT COREY IN "THE FREEMAN"

I've been revisiting a little town where I once lived. It's a lovely place, clean, bright and well kept. But not everyone there is content.

"It used to be a good town," said Abe Bliss, who has been the town's political boss for 30 years. "No rough stuff. I wouldn't stand for it. Everybody satisfied, except maybe a few preachers. Now look at it. Dead."

"Reformers get you, Abe?"

"I could always handle them. Something just went wrong. Maybe it was television. The TV people got to showing a few black spots around town—every town has 'em—and the voters got stirred up. I never got wise until it was too late."

Everyone had always known what was going on and no one really seemed to care.

But after 30 years of indifference the voters stood Abe Bliss and his organization on their ears. Abe thinks that television did it. He may be right.

The American television networks are up against a very tough set of facts. Their local stations—there will soon be 2,000 of them—must have fresh material. If humour and fantasy and tragedy cannot be produced in sufficient quantity, they must rely on news.

But the owner of a TV set in a small town gets fed up with what goes on in Teheran or Washington or London. When, however, the TV station offers him the facts of daily life in his own home town, he sits up and takes notice.

What tripped Abe Bliss in my town was that the voters learned for the first time from the TV what had been going on. "There are black spots in every town," as Abe said. It is only when they become visible that the voters mark the ballots.

★

Worst Foot Forward

CIARE BOOTHIE LUCCI, U.S. Ambassador to Italy, tells about a big reception when the handshaking queue suddenly stopped, leaving a flustered American girl standing in front of the Ambassador. "Oh, Mrs. Lucci," she said, "it's so wonderful to be over here in Rome seeing all these old, romantic ruins—and you, too."

The American Weekly

AT ANOTHER PARTY, a tactless guest cornered her host and babbled, "Who is that old lady chattering over there in the corner?"

"That," said the host with frigid dignity, "is my eldest daughter."

"Oh dear," exclaimed the embarrassed guest, "she's a lot older than you are, isn't she?"

This Week



The Men Who Tamed the Moving Mountain

By Albert Q. Maisel

THIS is the story of 200 heroes—tunnel stiffs—who defied a moving mountain, rescued a fertile valley and saved the livelihood of 5,000 people. Seldom have men worked under such a high pitch of excitement.

The story starts nearly 40 years ago, when another band of tunnel moles challenged the Colorado River in a gorge above Grand Junction, Colorado. For five years they dug and blasted. They built a dam and canal, and when they couldn't tack their flume to the mountainside they burrowed through. When they had finished, the Grand Valley High Line carried river water 20 miles—through two and a half miles of tunnels—to reclaim 30,000 acres from the desert. A thousand families came to make Grand Valley blossom with peaches, sugar beet, lucerne and tomatoes.

For three decades the valley prospered. Then, last winter, nature rebelled. Deep in the heart of a mountain, miles from the thirsty fields, the earth stretched and groaned. A million tons of rock and earth wanted to move towards the river below, and the tunnel was right in their path. Tiny cracks and fissures appeared on the thick concrete lining of Tunnel Number 3, near Cameo.

Then on February 27, 1950, a heavy rain lubricated the slide. Giant chunks of concrete fell away from the tunnel wall. By March 8 the whole mountain slope was on the go, dropping a hundred feet to the river's edge. The twisted tunnel lay blocked and useless, and disaster had fallen upon the valley it served.

It wasn't just a year's crop the farmers would lose; unless water—

millions of gallons of it—could be run through the fields, tens of thousands of young peach trees would die. And with them would wither all hope for most Grand Valley farmers.

The day after the disaster U S Assistant Secretary of the Interior William Warne flew to Grand Junction to survey the damage. Soon telegrams were going out to 22 contractors—virtually every tunnel-building firm in the American West.

On March 10—48 hours after the break—plans and specifications for a by-pass tunnel had been completed by the U S Bureau of Reclamation engineers.

It was a simple plan if you could take half a year to put it through. But the Bureau men, with the farmers at their backs, put a 72-day limit on the job. On ordinary tunnel work, when the going is smooth and the rock is sound, 40 feet of progress a day is considered good. But the Grand Valley by-pass was scheduled for 90 feet a day. Moreover, the Bureau of Reclamation had set a terrific penalty—\$7,500 a day—if water didn't flow by June 2.

Under these conditions, only seven of the 22 contractors even bothered to bid. One outfit, however, actively sought the contract. On behalf of two partner companies B. A. Peters visited the site on March 13. The next day he settled in a Denver hotel room and, with nothing more to go on than a con-

tour profile of the mountain, he worked out an estimate.

No academic engineer, Peters nonetheless had a lot of tunnel work behind him. He had been excavation superintendent at Boulder Dam. At Red Hill in Hawaii he had planned the blasting of more than two million yards of deep rock to form the U S Navy's great bomb-proof fuel storage reservoirs. In Colorado he had just finished the Molybdenum Tunnel a full year ahead of schedule. And his crews were, at that very moment, moving into position to break ground for a seven-million-dollar irrigation tunnel that would take at least three years to build.

It ever a man had no need to borrow a headache, that was "Pete" Peters. But the very challenge that made others shy at the job fascinated him. The successful bidder would have to promise to complete a six months' job in barely ten weeks, and gamble up to a quarter of a million dollars on it. Peters still doesn't know why he took the risk or how he induced his associates to go along.

"I guess I'm superstitious," he says. "Mrs. Peters sat in on the estimating with me. And whenever she's been there we've always got the job and made out well on it."

On March 14 their bid went in. Two days later Peters got a phone call from the chief construction engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation. "You're it," he said grimly.

The next morning, March 17, Peters signed the contract and caught a plane for Grand Junction.

Even before the bid had been submitted, Peters had tipped off his crews in Utah, 300 miles from Cameo. For three days they had been loading generators, muckers, locomotives and drill mounts on to their trailer trucks. The convoy was on its way a day and a half before the contract was signed. As Peters' plane put down at Grand Junction the first trucks came rumbling through the town headed for Cameo.

By Sunday morning three full shifts were working round the clock.

Progress at the upper end of the tunnel was slow—ten, then 12, then 15 feet a day—the men lacked through broken rock and wet earth. They had to erect steel and timber bulkheads every foot of the way as they headed for solid rock 300 feet back in the mountain.

At the lower end the crews were in deep rock all the time. Each day new and longer footage marks were chalked in red on charts that hung in Peters' office and at the tunnel portals.

After two weeks, Peters knew that the danger of losing a quarter of a million dollars was growing slimmer every day. By punching on at a reasonable pace, burning out no expensive drills and paying no overtime, he could fulfil the contract and assure his organization of a very tidy profit as well.

But the situation in the valley remained desperate. Every year the water had been turned into the thirsty orchards between April 1 and 15 and heavy irrigation had begun by May 1. If the sluices weren't opened until June, the older trees might still bear a stunted crop, but the young trees, not yet deep rooted, would die by the thousand.

Day after day the farmers drove up from the valley to study the progress report. "How far to go?" they would ask. And you could read the disappointment on their faces as they muttered their thanks and turned, round-shouldered, to go back to their bone dry orchards.

Peters could have played it safe. Instead he called in his drillers and announced that they would work, from then on, on a bonus schedule. For every foot of progress above 18, on each eight hour shift, they would receive an extra half-hour's pay. This proved to be, in effect, a pay increase of from 25 to 50 per cent. The money would come out of the company's profits, for the contract, despite its penalty clause, had no counterbalancing provision for a bonus payment in the event of early completion of the job.

These men were old teams, long used to working together. And, being tunnel shifts, they had a fiercely competitive tradition. With the competition now official, it became a real fight—friendly, full of clowning, but nonetheless a battle. Shift bosses and their crews laid bets

on the footage, from a drink or a bottle to as high as \$50. The day-shift men, up at the tunnel face, would set their watches back to load another few cars of muck and gain another foot. The swing-shift men, waiting at the portal, set their watches ahead, called the time-keeper crazy and marched to work early.

Once at the working face, the men fused into a smooth functioning team. With a clanging of bells, a dumpy mine locomotive would come sailing down the long corridor bringing in the jumbo rig with its six heavy drills. Before it had stopped, men would lock the light, power, water and air hoses into place. In less than three minutes, as I timed them, the drills were positioned and a dozen men swarmed over the two-level rig to start the raucous pounding which leaves all tunnel stiff, half dead by 30.

With six drills biting into the stone, it seldom took more than half an hour to drive through 45 eight-foot-deep holes. Then powder charges would be set in, the crews would retreat, and the blast would rip the tube eight feet deeper into the mountain.

Bare from their plastic helmets to their waists, the sweating diggers worked seven days a week through half of March and all April. Some times they had machine trouble, but, miraculously, there were few of the accidents that usually plague

even a slow-tempo tunnel job. Not a single death occurred, not even a major injury.

Constantly biting away at the mountain—with even the bad days good, and the good days terrific—they holed through on April 27, five and a half weeks ahead of what had looked like an impossible schedule. With four more days for clean up and getting their equipment back on to the road, the water was all set to flow by the first of May—in time to save the peach trees and the prosperity of a thousand blossoming farms.

Early that next week the people of Grand Valley planned a celebration. But it never came off. For the tunnel men staged their own barbecue, a two-day shindig that an American contractor traditionally throws for his crews when a job is finished. Bets were paid off, toasts were drunk, songs were sung and everyone had a roaring time.

Then the trucks got rolling and the 200 heroes made for home and a week of well earned rest.

They got no formal thank you from the Grand Valley Water Users Association. But as they moved out through the dusk, the farmers and their wives and kids came down to the fences to see them off. And across the valley floor a million little rivulets were winding from the High Line Canal to feed each thirsty furrow. Nature, her rebellion ended, was back in harness.

Turkey: TOUGH ALLY,

EAGER FRIEND

By Gordon Gaskill

you don't know what hatred of the Russians is until you visit Turkey. Turkish history is full of the blood feud. One old man told me how all the 44 able-bodied men of his village went out to fight the Russians, long ago. He alone returned alive—minus a leg. Many remember a single winter battle of World War I in which 30,000 Turks and Russians killed each other. On a tombstone in an Ankara cemetery there is a rare, almost shameful inscription: "He Died Without Fighting the Russians."

Yet although the Turks have 400 miles of frontier with two blood enemies—Red Bulgaria and Red Russia—even the border people seem far less jittery than Londoners or New Yorkers. A Turkish captain, so near the Russian frontier that he can hear motor horns in the Soviet oil port of Batumi, gestured contemptuously. "Let them come!" he said. "One Turk can take care of ten Russians."

Like many foreigners, I thought Turkey would be a sleepy, Oriental land full of minarets and veiled

women. Modern Turks hear of such things with amused resignation. You'd probably have to go to a museum to find a turban or veil in Turkey today. Men wear clothes like other Westerners. Polygamy was abolished in 1926, and was almost unheard-of even then. Turkish women vote, become lawyers, doctors, members of parliament—and their clothes would look well anywhere in the West.

Turkey is Western and dynamic, bustling and businesslike—chiefly because of a single man, Mustapha Kemal, later given the honorary name of Ataturk, which means "father of the Turks." From taking power in 1920 to his death in 1938, Ataturk *was* Turkey. He vanked her out of the Middle Ages and brought her to modernity at a speed never known anywhere before, even in Japan.

Turkey is still following the road Ataturk pointed out. Apart from Israel, it is the only country in this part of the world that is really hard-working, eager to get ahead.

So far America has sent about

\$1,300,000,000 (more than £464 million) in aid to Turkey. Three-fourths has been for military purposes, the rest for economic help. I don't know any other country where aid of this sort has brought such dramatic results.

Take roads. Experts realized that, to help Turkey, you had to help her farmers—82 per cent of the entire population. And, to help the farmers, you had to have roads. When they tried to urge a Turkish peasant to use newer farming methods and tools, he'd shrug and ask, "Why? There's no way to get our produce to market."

Even in 1948, Turkish roads were so bad that in most countries they wouldn't even be dignified by that name. Not a single foot of roadway was maintained by any kind of machinery—just by pick and shovel.

So about \$28,000,000 (£10 million) was allotted for road-building machinery and the salaries of a handful of U.S. experts. Turkey provided all labour and materials. The experts worked out a high priority network of about 15,000 miles of roads. Then they worked

with the Turks in building or rebuilding some 5,000 miles of it. And today the whole 15,000 miles of vital road gets all-weather machine maintenance.

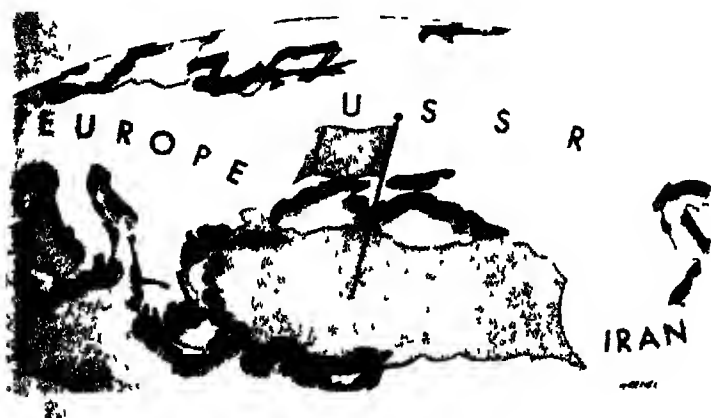
The roads worked like a mighty blood transfusion. For centuries peasants have grown only enough food to supply themselves or to trade locally. Now, able to send their things to distant markets for hard cash, they're eager to learn new methods of increasing production.

One day in an Ankara restaurant I talked with a representative of a big U.S. corporation. His mission was to investigate investment possibilities in other countries.

"Unless war comes," he said, "you won't be able to recognize Turkey in 20 years, maybe less. They've got just about everything here—and they're eager to work and eager to learn."

He counted off Turkey's natural advantages: precious tungsten, chromium, lead, zinc, copper, antimony, cobalt. Oil has been found, and there's promise that important new fields will be discovered.

"There aren't many places in the world where you'll find huge deposits of coal and iron lying side by side, just crying out to be made into steel," he said. "But Turkey's got them. And she's got plenty of good rivers to make all the electric power she'll ever need. I only wish I had a wad of my own



money to invest here. You can't lose."

A careful economic survey of Turkey confirms what he said, and more.

Many countries are land-hungry, but only about one-third of Turkey's arable land is being worked today. Two million acres could be tilled tomorrow, and many millions more when the rivers are dammed and irrigation is developed.

The country can easily support a population of 50 million instead of the slightly more than 20 million it has today.

The tourist business is bound to boom. At present it hardly exists, because of the ancient Turkish sus-

picion of foreigners. As this feeling fades, Turkey could become a tourist paradise—I hardly know another country with so much to offer the sight-seer. Along the Mediterranean, there's rich, dreamlike country, warm, and heavy with fruit. Inland are rushing streams full of fish, and fantastic mountains—including Mount Ararat, where Noah's Ark landed. There are Biblical shrines such as Ephesus and Tarsus, and splendid classical ruins. Some day, when the hotel situation improves, travellers will discover Turkey, and there's going to be a stampede.

If things keep going as they are, Turkey may become the No. 1 prodigy nation of the world.

Picturesque Speech

Her singing was mutiny on the high C's (Helen Boileau). Our dog is just a pup squeak (George James). A film actress whose talent is detectable only with a tape measure (Hamilton, Ontario *Spectator*).

Define points Gentleman farmer man with more hay in the bank than in the barn (quoted by Earl Wilson). Bachelor—man who has faults he doesn't know about (*The Saturday Evening Post*). Secret—something a woman can keep with a telling effect (Paul Gilbert).

Enjoying the signery Liquor-store fire sale, "We Are Carrying On With Unbroken Spirits". Busy Army highway in Korea, "Keep Right—Centre Lane for Crashing Only."

Aside lines If you don't think some drivers can turn on a small coin—try offering one as a tip to the taxi driver (*The Wall Street Journal*). Nothing can stop a woman in the middle of a sentence like the arrival of another woman with two men (O. A. Battista).

Wally Cox "I've got the kind of face that looks as though I've already been waited on" (NCB-TV).

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of 3 guineas will be made upon publication. *Contributions should be dated and the source must be given.*

Address Picturesque Speech Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, 27, Albemarle Street, London W1. Contributions cannot be acknowledged.



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By Ralph McGill

Editor, The Atlanta Constitution

"CARL," said Mrs. Sandburg, "will be down any minute now. Even when he works till dawn he is up by lunch time."

I waited on the porch, rocking in one of the big old-fashioned chairs and thinking of the man with the boyish heart who, at 76, still pours forth writing and song possessing the simple beauty and strength of the marching, blue mountain ranges of the Appalachians on which I looked.

Soon there was a booming voice and Carl Sandburg came out. We sat and talked. As always on a visit to Connemara, as his home is called, the first subject is the view. It looks across miles of tumbled, folded ranges all the way to towering Mt. Mitchell, clothed in the eternal haze of blue which the Indians said was the shadow of the Great Spirit.

Sandburg recalled a story another writer once told him of the

Until he was 35 Carl Sandburg was totally unknown to the literary world. Since then his prose and poetry have achieved wide recognition and renown. He has won two Pulitzer prizes—one in 1940 for his biography of Abraham Lincoln, the other in 1951 for his *Complete Poems*.

days when she was writing at her South Carolina plantation. An old Negro woman who had been her nurse came into the room.

"What you doin', honey?" the old woman asked.

"Writing."

The old woman pointed to the vista of oak and pine stretching away from the house. "Dere's writin' out dere, honey," she said.

Looking out across the ancient mountains which centuries before had seemed so endless to the ex-

plorer De Soto's weary, gold-hungry adventurers, Sandburg echoed admiringly, "Dere's writin'."

The house called Connemara, about a mile and a half up from Flat Rock, North Carolina, sits alone, surrounded by pine, hemlock and rhododendron. Often Sandburg leaves his desk, puts a couple of sandwiches in his pocket and disappears into the woods, not to return until dark.

"A man must get away now and then to experience loneliness," he said. "Only those who learn how to live with loneliness can come to know themselves and life. I go out there and walk and look at the trees and sky. I listen to the sounds of loneliness. I sit on a rock or a stump and say to myself, 'Who are you, Sandburg? Where have you been, and where are you going?'"

"Time," he continued, "is the coin of our lives. We must take care how we spend it. Once I met a man on a train who told me with considerable pride that he had heard more than 600 consecutive radio programmes by a well-known comedian. He had never missed one and was looking forward to establishing a record. Radio and television have many fine things to offer, but I wanted to ask him why he didn't learn how to spend the hours of his life himself, rather than allow others to spend them for him. A man must discover his own life, and how to spend time, the stuff of which existence is made."

The Sandburgs came to their mountains in 1945 from Michigan. The grievous cold and winds of winter had moved them to decision, and one summer they drove southwards, the heat heavy upon them all the way. In the dusk of a long, weaving day their car climbed the curving road to Asheville, North Carolina. There was a cool breeze and the air was good.

"This is the place," said Sandburg.

Days later they found the "old Memminger house," deserted and boarded up, but lovely with old trees, the slope of the range rising dark behind it. Perhaps it was just chance—though it is easy to believe it a sort of destiny—that brought this son of a Swedish immigrant, internationally famous as the biographer of Abraham Lincoln, to the pillared house built by one of the "rebel chieftains" of Lincoln's war years. Connemara was the home of Christopher Gustavus Memminger, secretary of the Southern Confederacy's treasury during the American Civil War.

Sandburg and his family took Connemara to their hearts. First there was much joinery and plastering to do. "There came a time," said Sandburg, "when I began to look in the crannies and under old stones to see if the secretary of the treasury had left any money around—even Confederate—to help pay the contractor."

But at last it was done.

"Then came the great move," Sandburg recalls, "mostly books and goats."

Goats? In Michigan there had been a shed. It was too small for a cow, which Carl wanted. "We'll get a goat then," he said. And they did.

From that one milk goat the herd grew to 160 purebreds. This has now been reduced by sale to a nearby dairy, leaving only enough to supply the Sandburgs' needs. There is a pitcher of cold goat's milk on the table at lunch and dinner, along with butter and cheese. Mrs. Sandburg is a genius in the kitchen, and her cheese, yogurt and breads are prized by appreciative visitors. Travellers frequently see the familiar figure of Sandburg, set off by the shock of white hair over the left eye, sitting in a train reading a book or manuscript, munching contentedly on one of Mrs. Sandburg's cheese sandwiches and drinking goat's milk from a thermos flask.

The fact that Sandburg practises the old virtues of temperate living and plain, wholesome eating has helped keep him young in body, spirit and mind. Once, before a walk, I waited while he changed to a warmer shirt. I noticed how firm and smooth the flesh was on his arms and shoulders. His legs are sound, too, and much younger men are soon walked down—as I discovered.

His working quarters consist of a neat, Spartan-like bedroom and a small workroom with a window

which looks out on the "writin' out dere." He begins work in the late afternoon, and often keeps at it into the dawn. He wears an old-fashioned green eyeshade, such as newspaper editors once wore, and most of the time there is the stub of a "seegar" in his mouth.

Sandburg still relaxes with his old guitar, used in hundreds of lectures in which he has sung folk ballads or some of his poems. He likes to sit on the front porch and make up songs as the mood comes to him, about the hills, the visitors, or a big news story of the day. His voice has almost the quality and timbre of a musical instrument.

He has the natural simplicity of a truly great person. It might be said that he inherited simplicity and faith. Among Sandburg's earliest recollections is that of his father, who toiled ten hours a day in railway workshops. The elder Sandburg couldn't write, but could read a little. The son remembers him bent over the Bible—a Swedish Bible from the old country—and he remembers, too, his mother's prayers and her whole way of life, which was, in a real sense, a living testament of faith.

A letter his mother wrote in 1926, a few days before her death, helps to explain Sandburg's gentleness and humility and deep feeling for humanity. In her groping words can be seen the foundations for some of her son's later poems.

"Life is short if early days are

lost. . . With thought and love in the home so much can be overcome. . . I find so much comfort in the thought of wise men; the Bible is full of it. The larger wisdom behind the veil is yet strong and able to uplift the crushed. Crushed I am many times, but not to death. The apron of silence is with me. Silence is a gift. Be silent."

During a visit with Sandburg last summer, our talk turned to his six Lincoln books. And then he was off.

"You take Lincoln when he floated a canoe down the Sangamon River in the summer of 1831—going to New Salem. It was a town of just about a dozen families at the time, yet for the young man from the prairie it was a cosmopolitan metropolis. Think what it meant to him, the raw boned young fellow out of the backwoods!"

"At New Salem there was a mill run by the Rutledges and Camerons. [Sandburg spoke as if they were actual acquaintances of his.] A man could hear all sorts of talk there as the farmers, from all parts of the new country and the old, came to grind their corn and wheat. And there was a school taught by Mentor Graham, a college graduate. Graham developed a special friendship for young Lincoln and soon had him devouring books. A debating society was organized, and Lincoln made his first real speech before it."

"There was talk and enterprise there to sharpen the mind. It was in New Salem that the young Lincoln

began to find himself, to take on polish and to react to the best in his environment. When he moved on to Springfield he was ready for life."

There was more of Lincoln. Sandburg seemingly has never forgotten a single scrap of information discovered in 20 years of research on Lincoln. He lives closely with his writing. He felt so near to Lincoln that when he wrote the last chapters of *The War Years* he had to stop work from time to time to control his tears.

Later the conversation turned to the recent success of *Always the Young Strangers*, the story of Sandburg's first 21 years. It is a warm and inspiring picture of the son of a Swedish immigrant growing up in a small Illinois town. It was published on Sandburg's 75th birthday, the 30th book by a man whose father had never learned to write.

It is a lot easier to be with Carl Sandburg, listening or just sitting

Here is a list of books by Carl Sandburg published in England

Snake & Steel (1922, Cape, 7s 6d)

Rootabaga Pigeons (1924, Harrap, 6s)

Rootabaga Stories (1924, Harrap, 6s)

Abraham Lincoln The Prairie Years 2 vols (1926, Cape, 42s)

Selected Poems (1926, Cape, 6s 6d)

Storm Over the Land (1943, Cape, 12s 6d)

Always the Young Strangers - autobiography (1953, Cape, 25s)

THE READER'S DIGEST

looking at the "writin'" of the blue ridges, than to write about him. He is a rugged man whose face and figure might fittingly be chiselled out of rock. He is, himself, so much the story of what America is supposed to mean in opportunity and life that one's inclination is to think of the great man, the man who has fulfilled the dream.

One forgets that this famous, gentle man was once a poor, lonely and bewildered boy, once polished shoes in a barber's, was once a tramp, a dish-washer, a day labourer. Now and then, as you sit and talk with the man, and feel his philosophy sink in, he seems almost like one of the old prophets who came out of the desert's loneliness with a vision.

The parents' hard-working, humble life shaped the philosophy of the son. The father never thought of being anything other than a plain, honest working man, living decently and paving his way. The faith in work and the knowledge of what those "to fortune and fame unknown" have added to the sum of progress and human existence are strengths Carl Sandburg had from his father and mother. He has little patience with cheapness of mind or

work. Nor with intolerance. He suspects the glib men who know all the answers.

People come to him and ask, somewhat plaintively, "What would Lincoln do now?"

"Well," he tells them, "all I can say for sure is that he would eat, sleep and think a lot—especially the latter."

People mean a lot to Sandburg; he thinks of them as human beings, not as problems or statistics. He is patient with all persons with dreams—especially young writers. (He has never forgotten the friends who encouraged him, and who listened to him read and sing.) He still goes, when he can, to the homes of young writers or newspapermen and talks with them, his viewpoints as fresh and vigorous as theirs.

Meanwhile, he has work in the blueprint stage which will keep him busy for years to come. He faces the future with a faith from the pages of his father's old Swedish Bible and from his mother's life.

"The Chinese," he says, "have a saying that after 70 a man is like a candle in the wind—but sometimes the winds are soft—and if, when a man comes to die, he has a boy's heart, is that a bad thing?"



Once, to an old Scottish carpenter, I boasted with scant tact of ten ancestors on the *Mayflower*, and that every drop of my blood had been on American soil for more than two centuries. He replied, "Tell me this—how many nights sat ye up decidin' ye'd no be born Chinese?"



Ladies and Gentlemen, the Queen!

By Robert C. Ruark

POSSIBLY the most ambitious and certainly the most successful piece of public relations ever attempted will just have been completed, when this report reaches print, by a young woman who left her kids at home to go off on a six months' salesmanship job. The kids were in good hands, back home with Granny

This young lady, who is pretty and slight and only 28, is Queen Elizabeth II of England, she has just completed a six months' circle of the globe, in order to assure her loyal but distant subjects that things are going well with her, and to give them a look at the first sovereign ever to visit some of their lands. She was assisted in this gruelling job by her husband, the Duke of Edin-

Queen Elizabeth's monumental trip, says this famous American journalist, proves that the world still dearly loves a Royal symbol

burgh, her Prince Consort and father of the future King of England

Never was a more staggering jaunt attempted. The pair covered 50,000 miles and visited 14 countries. They travelled by train, plane, ship, helicopter, jeep, car and horse-carriage. The complete programme for the Royal tour filled a closely written book an inch thick. A year went into the scheduling of the trip; even the Queen's walking time from ship to shore and from plane to car was worked out on a time sheet.

The tour involved a piece of logistics roughly comparable to a small war. The Royal luggage weighed 12 tons, and Army, Navy and Air Forces were deployed in supporting rôles. The Queen had her own personal retinue of ten household

servants, with admirals, colonels, majors, ladies-in-waiting dancing in perpetual attendance. But they were still living out of the suitcases, and they never settled down long enough to get the laundry done.

Elizabeth and Philip attended 185 state functions, balls, parties, luncheons and dinners. They planted trees, unveiled memorials, laid wreaths, held investitures, broadcast speeches, opened Parliaments. Between each function they appeared in a free carnival.

By way of diversion—diversion!—Her Majesty and Consort displayed a seemingly interest in sheep shearing, cricket, woodchopping, horse racing. They attended plays, ballets, a music festival and 27 displays by children. On the Royal agenda were a couple of Australian mines, a steel mill, a native dance in New Zealand, where she was symbolically attacked by a Maori warrior, and then given a ceremonial club with which to defend herself. In Tonga she sat cross-legged on the ground with the mountainous Queen Salote while eating roast pig with her fingers.

The Royal couple shook about 50,000 hands, changed costumes an average of four times a day, and reviewed countless troops and constabularies. Through it all—as this is written—they never missed a serious engagement or fell seriously ill, maintaining a pace that would have killed an Olympic marathoner. Despite crowds that gave you an

outdoor claustrophobia just to watch them crush each other, they conformed precisely to their schedules.

The top billing for this grand tour—a good portion of which I witnessed in Australia and New Zealand—is a double one, but it seemed to be agreed in the Antipodes that a large part of the success of the trip was due to Philip. The throne of England and its Commonwealth is not ruled by a Queen with a rubber-stamp consort. It is a hard-working operation shared by two people of equal responsibility and ability.

Elizabeth's sense of perfection is as good as that of any star actress. She spent hours on a special face make-up. In Sydney, the lighting system for a big ceremonial dinner clashed with her make up, her costume, and the seating arrangement. The Queen, looking over the plans, immediately ordered the system to be changed. Learning that winds are high in February and March in Australia, she had the hems of her shorter skirts weighted to thwart any flirtatious breeze.

Her wardrobe, which included scores of long frocks for state gatherings, more than 60 special costumes with shoes and hats, plus 200 pairs of white gloves, never presented her as anything but immaculate. Perhaps the make-up helped, but she never looked drawn or tired. She is a model of long training in studied public deportment. Her walk is superb, her carriage magnificent, and nowadays she is as slim as a

wand. Probably the word "radiant," used in every newspaper account, has never been more overworked. It is a natural radiance. But I do know that the Queen is never unconscious of her appearance

One day, her handsome Australian equerry, Commander Michael Parker, was helping her into a limousine with a perspex dome—which keeps off the rain and still allows the throngs to see Her Majesty. She turned to Parker to say

"Michael, how do I look?"

"You look like an orchid under cellophane, Your Majesty," Parker replied, and the Queen beamed like a maiden

That Elizabeth realizes the full import of being Queen was demonstrated in Auckland, New Zealand. At some festivity at the Town Hall, it began to rain. Prime Minister Holland seized a light plastic raincoat from the nearest man at hand and whipped it round the dainty shoulders of his Queen

Elizabeth smiled and made the faintest suggestion of a curtsy

"Thank you, Sir Walter Raleigh," she said

As a critical expert on crowds she never stopped working. On one occasion, in Rotorua, New Zealand, some Maori girls were performing a classic *poi* dance, in which the maidens manipulate little leather balls on the ends of thongs to imitate rowing the great canoes which brought the Maoris on the long voyage from Polynesia to New Zea-

land. The Duke became fascinated with the subtle juggling, and asked the Prime Minister, Sidney Holland, about it. The P.M. ordered some balls for the Duke's inspection.

As the Duke began to play with them, the crowd's attention veered from the dance to Philip, who was having great fun with his toys. Quickly the Queen turned and as calmly as a mother takes a breakable object from a child, she plucked the leather balls from his hands and directed his attention back to the dance

The Duke has a homely touch his wife lacks, since she has been trained from birth to do her queenly job, and to do it on schedule, with a marked distaste for departure from what has been arranged. Philip has a habit of lagging behind to talk when he is interested. He held up an entire press reception in Canberra to talk to a correspondent about matters in which he was interested. He likes to laugh and he likes a joke, and takes himself only as seriously as state occasions demand.

But the fact remains that the Queen is the real symbol. Millions thronged to see her. Never in my life have I observed such an emotional impact of an individual on masses of people, or such a solidification of mass loyalty for common weal. Crowds came in from the country and slept in the parks. They ate sandwich lunches and stood in baking heat, in the rain—not for hours, but for days.

They redecorated their homes and bought new outfits. They spent fortunes to dress their cities in bunting and arches and decorated lighting effects. Sydney alone spent nearly £1,500,000 (Australian) to decorate the streets, and shot off 15 tons of rockets on the evening of the Queen's arrival. Melbourne probably spent more, out of sheer civic jealousy. The humblest home in Australia had a Royal motif, and was hung with flags.

Through all this—through a tour that started in December, took in Bermuda, Jamaica, Fiji, Tonga, New Zealand, Australia, the Cocos Islands, Ceylon, Aden, Uganda and the Mediterranean, the pair proceeded, smiling, tactful, indulgent and regal, keeping a strict schedule and keeping this thought in mind: *Show the flag. And we are the flag.*

By her stunning performance Elizabeth refuted the critics who attacked her tour, said royalty was getting too expensive, and wasn't worth the £500,000 it cost annually.

The tour has proved, if it needed proof again, that the people of the world dearly worship a symbol, and if the symbol is for good, then the symbol for bad has no chance against it. You cannot be a Communist or a Fascist and stand, with tears streaming down your face, for two days in the sun or rain to catch a fleeting glance of a young girl who wears a crown. Even as an American spectator, with a certain irreverence for royalty, I was deeply moved by what I saw and heard. No Hitler, no Stalin, ever reaped *this* kind of honest and spontaneous adulation.

Maybe it was coolly and skilfully designed public relations, but Britain's No. 1 Public Relations Expert also wept when Prime Minister Menzies said to her in Melbourne: "You are in your own country, among your own people. We are yours—all parties, all creeds."

As an American I should like to say

"God save their gracious Queen!
She is needed by this world."

Sold!

WHEN a large firm advertised in the newspapers to fill a vacancy on its sales staff, one applicant replied: "I am at present selling furniture at the address below. You may judge my ability as a salesman if you will call in to see me at any time, pretending that you are interested in buying furniture."

"When you come in, you can identify me by my red hair. And I will have no way of identifying you. Such salesmanship as I exhibit during your visit, therefore, will be no more than my usual workaday approach and not a special effort to impress a prospective employer."

From among more than 1,500 applicants, the redhead got the job.

—Irving Hoffman in *Go*

We all have constant opportunities to apply this principle in reaching sound conclusions Don't Get Personal

A Tip on Straight Thinking

By
Stuart Chase

IN a court of law the counsel for the defence was handed a note by his partner "No case. Abuse the plaintiff's counsel." The defendant was guilty on the evidence, so the best his counsel could do was to try to confuse the jury by making a reprehensible character out of the lawyer on the other side.

This type of argument has been in use a long time—so long indeed that it has a Latin name, *argumentum ad hominem*. This means to switch the argument from the issue to the man, and might be freely translated, "Get personal." If a case is hard to attack on its merits, attack the character of the man in charge.

The power to reason accurately has been called the chief glory of man. Every day, almost every hour, by an astonishing process inside the brain, we form opinions and make

decisions. Our conclusions can be good, bad or indifferent, depending upon how we have learned to think.

Wise men over the centuries have identified about 20 varieties of false reasoning. *Argumentum ad hominem* easily heads the list.

About a century ago Darwin and Huxley evolved the principles of evolution. Many religious people were shocked and tremendous opposition developed. Bishop Wilberforce was especially shocked, and in a public debate asked Huxley "Are you descended from a monkey on your grandmother's or your grandfather's side?" This classic example of *ad hominem* brought gales of laughter. Rather than debate the scientific evidence, the Bishop evaded the issue by resorting to a quip about Huxley's ancestors.

Some years ago I was asked to testify in a legal action in Bridgeport, Connecticut. I had been working on population trends in the United States, and a committee wanted me to apply the formulas to forecast the growth of Bridgeport. The case had to do with a new city reservoir. The lawyer for the other side began by questioning my figures. This was right and proper. Finding no serious discrepancies, he shuffled his notes, took a step in my direction and demanded, "Mr. Chase, were you ever a Technocrat?"

What this had to do with the

population prospects of Bridgeport was a trifle obscure; but it was intended to discredit me as a witness. Technocrats were supposed to be crackpots. I said I'd never been a Technocrat. At the peak of the Technocracy craze, I went on, I had written an article about it. Thus I managed to meet this *ad hominem* tactic, but plenty of other witnesses do not.

There are all sorts of *ad hominem* cases. We have all heard the complaint that Smith's plan for traffic control in our town can't be any good because Smith never went beyond primary school. This conclusion saves us the trouble of studying the plan. We all know the father who laughs off his son's idea as to why the family car coughs like a wounded gorilla. The notion must be worthless, Father thinks, because the boy is so young. But he may have a passion for internal-combustion engines.

There is another Latin term which links up here: *non sequitur*, "it does not follow." Because a

man has his faults it does not follow that what he has produced, sponsored or is associated with is worthless. By the same token, because the man is beyond praise, it does not follow that his every idea is so good it need not be looked into.

Ad hominem, once grasped, alerts us to many pitfalls in thinking. These days we can spot it snarling up television and radio discussion programmes, news stories, editorials, political speeches—especially political speeches. We find it reappearing in the arguments of our families and our friends. But let me warn you not to be over-zealous in correcting family and friends. Start slowly, as in a golf swing. Nobody likes to be told he doesn't know how to think. Which one of us, however, isn't glad to be able to think a little straighter?

To avoid unfair and sometimes disastrous decisions, squeeze the personality out of an issue. Ask: "Is the idea sound, regardless of its origin? Am I judging the matter on its merits, or am I getting personal?"



Beginner's English

A FRIEND of mine had eight children in 11 years, and I believe the first moment she had to centre her full attention on one of them came the night 12-year-old Sally tried on her Confirmation dress. "Sally, darling," her mother said, after a long, loving look, "I think you're beautiful!" The youngster's face lit up. Then her mother added teasingly, "Of course, I'm prejudiced."

Sally's face fell. "Oh, Mother," she wailed, "not *again!*"

—Contributed by Katharine Lawrence

*A new theory, on the cause of big
rain and snow storms*



WHAT MAKES IT RAIN?

By Saville Davis

MORE NONSENSE is talked about the weather than about any other topic. This story, then, must be nonsense? Or is it?

The man in the witness-box is Dr. E. G. Bowen. He is not a meteorologist, but a physicist with an international reputation in quite another field—micro-waves. He became interested in what is hopefully called “rain-making,” and he found out some things.

Dr. Bowen is prepared to tell you *precisely when* to look for the next really heavy rain or snow storms. He won't tell you *where* they will hit—they will fall wherever there are clouds ready to yield them at that time.

Last August Dr. Bowen was

working in Sydney at the Australian Government's radiophysics laboratory, of which he is Director. While investigating rainfall he noticed that the figures for Sydney from 1902 to 1944 showed exceptionally heavy downpours on identical dates every six to eight years or so. For example, in January there was a really heavy fall every six to eight years on the 12th or 13th. Also on the 22nd or 23rd. Also around the 31st. And on some 18 or 20 other fixed dates throughout the year.

Did this mean anything?

Dr. Bowen checked back another 50 years. Same peaks of rain, same dates.

How about other continents? Figures came in from South Africa, Chile, Britain, the U. S. A.—50-year records. On Dr. Bowen's charts appeared, one by one, the same dates, the same peaks, for all these countries.

This was odd. The weather pattern travels round the earth at several hundred miles a day. You'd expect any disturbance to follow a slow time path from one continent to another.

It wasn't so. Though they hit different parts of the earth's surface in different years, these big downfalls were pouring out of the clouds on the same special *days* of the year, all round the globe.

It was time to draw some conclusions. These effects, Dr. Bowen

reasoned, could not be due to any terrestrial cause. They must, then, be due to some outside factor which recurs on the same days of the year and so is linked to the earth's orbit round the sun. This eliminated such things as sunspots, perturbations of the moon's orbit and conjunctions, whose occurrence is *not* related to the earth's orbit.

There was only one other possibility Dr. Bowen could turn up—meteor showers. He assembled the dates when the earth regularly traverses paths of meteor dust, and compared them with his charts. *The dates fell just 30 days before the peaks in rainfall.* The correlation was too clear and too extensive for coincidence.

Meteor showers are inert dust, the remains of the trails of expired comets. The particles range from the size of marbles down to the finest dust. They are made up mostly of silicon dioxide (sand) and iron oxide (speaking loosely, rust).

The dust trails are always found in the same places because of the laws which hold this universe together. The earth passes through them on the same days each year.

At this point, evidence goes to work on a theory.

When the dust meets the earth's atmosphere, some 50 or 60 miles high, the bigger particles have enough energy to burn themselves up by friction. We see them as streaks in the sky, as "shooting stars." The finer particles, however, don't have enough energy to burn, and they sift down through the thickening air.

At many places over the surface of the earth they find no clouds, or clouds which hold little moisture, and they pass with no effect. But there will be places where the cloud systems have piled up 40,000 to 50,000 feet, gorged with water vapour and ripe for "seeding." The meteor dust would appear to act in much the same manner as the silver-iodide crystals sown from aircraft by artificial rain-makers: the crystals start the process of converting water vapour in the clouds to snow or rain, and the process then continues by itself.

Obviously all this doesn't mean that you can look at your dates for meteor showers and predict rain. All you can say is that, if further study bears out Dr. Bowen's conclusions, your area can expect heavy rain or snow on certain dates—when cloud conditions are favourable.

Overheard

MAN to blonde, at a bar: "Pardon me, but I am writing a telephone book and I'd like to include your number."

—*The Hollywood Reporter*

ONE GIRL to another: "Both he and his car are equipped with automatic clutches."

—*Ohio State Journal*

THE CASE AGAINST MARITAL INFIDELITY

By Abraham Stone, M D

I SUPPOSE it was like one of those secretary-boss affairs. She was working in my laboratory. Often we worked side by side late into the evening, and even at week-ends. I had no special feeling for her, nor she for me, I am sure, but gradually we drifted into a physical relationship. Last week my wife surprised us in the laboratory—and now I just don't know what to do."

The man was a scientist who had made notable contributions to his special field of research. He was highly respected in his community, and was the father of three children. Now he was bewildered, and felt that his home and family life—everything he had built and valued—were in danger. "How did I ever get into this situation?" he asked. "Does it happen often?"

Infidelity in marriage is more

A PIONEER in the field of marriage education, Dr. Abraham Stone, with his late wife, Dr. Hannah Stone, wrote *A Marriage Manual*, a standard text on sex and marriage.

common than most people wish to believe. The most disturbing fact in the Kinsey reports was its high incidence—among some 10,000 people interviewed, one out of every two married men and one out of every four married women up to the age of 40 admitted extramarital relations.

There are societies in which men are permitted by law and custom to have more than one wife, or to have concubines if they can afford them. Our culture, however, maintains that marriage shall be monogamous. When a man and woman marry, they are required by law, religion and social custom to remain faithful to each other. Moreover, in a study of 148 different societies, Dr. George Murdock, the anthropologist, has found that in only five are adulterous relationships condoned. "Marital fidelity," he states, "is one of the main buttresses of any social structure."

Why, then, is infidelity so widespread?

Some of those who have studied the problem hold that man, like other animals, is promiscuous by nature. "Most of the male's extramarital activity," says Dr. Kinsey, "is undoubtedly a product of his interest in a variety of experience." Most males, he states, would agree that variety is attractive per se, whether it be in music, recreation, literature, food or sexual partners. If there were no social restrictions, he concludes, man would be promiscuous throughout his life.

Women are less interested in sexual experience with more than one man. But how much of this difference in attitude is due to basic differences in biological and psychological needs, and how much to training from childhood? Some say that under certain cultural conditions women, too, would be interested in varied experience. C. S. Ford and F. A. Beach, in their book *Patterns of Sexual Behaviour*, state "In societies in which a variety of sexual liaisons is permitted, women avail themselves of their opportunity as eagerly as do men."

But does the desire for variety justify the extramarital affair? There is an important difference between seeking variety in food, music or recreation and seeking it in sexual partners. A husband's extramarital sexual relations cause involvement of others—the wife, the other woman, the children.

Many psychiatrists regard infidelity as an emotional disturbance or

a neurotic tendency. "Psychiatrists feel that immaturity and frigidity are the basic causes of infidelity," says Dr. Edward Strecker. And Dr. Frank Caprio, in his book *Marital Infidelity*, writes "Infidelity, like alcoholism or drug addiction, is an expression of a deep basic disorder of character which has its roots in childhood experiences."

This theory can explain only certain forms of infidelity. It may apply to the compulsive philanderer, the person who has an irresistible urge for new romantic conquests. But not all men or all women who stray from the marital bed are immature, neurotic or have a character disorder.

A major cause of infidelity is marriage without mutual understanding, without an awareness of the partner's physical and emotional needs, without love. "Where there is marriage without love," wrote Benjamin Franklin, "there will be love without marriage."

A wayward husband entangled in an extramarital affair recently said to me "I could have been perfectly happy with my wife, but I never got from her what I wanted most in our marriage—affection, approval, occasional praise. I wanted her to want me, to need me, but she constantly rejected me. Eventually I sought those satisfactions elsewhere. When I met the other woman I thought I had found the warmth I needed."

This was not mere rationalization on his part. When I talked with the

wife later, she too was able to recognize the degree to which her coolness towards her husband's needs had been a cause of his affair. "As I see it now," she said sadly, "I think I drove him into her arms."

Under the same conditions a wife may become susceptible to an outside affair. Not long ago a woman told me that her marriage was, in the main, successful. She had two children, she was interested in her home, in her husband's work and in the activities of her neighbourhood. But her husband was phlegmatic and undemonstrative.

"In the evening," she complained, "he wants only his dinner and his newspaper. If I make any affectionate gesture he just pats me on the head, as if I were a child or a pet. If he would only make his touch mean something! I know he loves me, but I need to be loved with some passion."

Here the soil was ready for outside romance, and romance sprouted rapidly when she met another man during a seaside holiday with the children. The marriage would probably have broken up if she had not realized in time the dangers involved. She, and later her husband, sought professional aid. In time she came to realize how much deeper and more meaningful her husband's love and loyalty were than a casual physical attraction, and he how necessary it was for him to be more attentive and expressive if he was to hold his wife's interest.

Some psychiatrists claim that a casual extramarital affair may serve as a safety valve and preserve a marriage which might otherwise break up. Yet from my quarter century of counselling on marital problems I cannot recall a single case where infidelity has strengthened the marital bond. Seldom does either husband or wife find lasting emotional satisfaction in an extramarital relationship. In fact, it usually leads to deep personal conflicts and family disruption.

Even if it is unknown to the other mate, an act of infidelity is still a disintegrating force. There is always a feeling of guilt and the fear of detection on the part of the offender, a need for inventing excuses and complex explanations. With the effort to deceive, a wedge is driven between husband and wife which may in time become an impenetrable wall.

When the affair is known, there is emotional injury that often leads to a broken home. It is rare for a wife to accept her husband's unfaithfulness openly, and even rarer for a husband to be tolerant of his wife's infidelity. Few men or women can fail to feel deep resentment and deeper hurt when faced with the fact that the mate has preferred, even transiently, another partner.

And what of the effect upon the children within a family? The bewilderment, the sense of insecurity, of shame, of grief which children

feel when they learn of their father's or mother's extramarital affair frequently lead to emotional injury which may leave lasting scars. A 27-year-old patient told me that at the age of 11 she had found her mother in the embrace of another man. It was because the episode had so haunted her for 16 years, had so profoundly shaken her attitude towards marriage and family life, that she came to seek aid.

The primary purposes of marriage are to satisfy three basic human needs: the need for the security of affection, companionship, "belonging", the need for the gratification of the sexual urge, the need for reproduction. The family provides a socially and morally sanctioned unit for the fulfilment of these needs. Families cannot, however, be held

together merely by the pressures of law, religion and society. Marital stability depends on the cohesive power of an inner harmony between husband and wife built on mutual love and comradeship. Such unity cannot be achieved without fidelity.

The solution, then, to the extramarital problem is to make marriage and family life so satisfying, so fulfilling that neither partner will want to stray. By cultivating sound attitudes towards sex and marriage and by realizing the values of a happy family, marital fidelity can be maintained.

Successful marriage requires character and effort, an adherence to basic social values and to the precepts of the Golden Rule. Often requires self-discipline. Is a good marriage worth it? I believe it is.

Answers to "Test Yourself"

(See page 62)

1. About 15 minutes past ten. 2. Six inches. 3. Twelve weeks.
4. Electricity. 5. Relativity. 6. 35 (34 should follow 39). 7. Thirteen pounds. 8. East. 9. Bad situations often grow worse if not repaired promptly. 10. From the seven-quart can fill the four quart can. Throw away the water in the four quart can. Transfer the remaining three quarts from the seven quart can to the four quart can. Fill the seven-quart can and pour one quart into the four quart can, filling it. Six quarts will remain in the seven quart can.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, asked which he considered the most important factor in industry, labour, capital or brains, replied, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

An American Prelate's Answer to His Country's Critics

By

His Eminence Francis, Cardinal Spellman

Archbishop of New York

This appeal for European understanding is from an address made by Cardinal Spellman in Brussels

A MATTER which has subjected America to widespread criticism in Europe has been its Congressional inquiries into the infiltration of Government by Communists.

Judging from the hysterical tone of the criticism, one would imagine that it is no longer possible in America to keep one's good name. Nothing could be further from the truth. We are still a free people who cherish freedom. No American uncontaminated by Communism has lost his good name because of Congressional hearings on un-American activities.

However, there are many individuals who have seriously compromised themselves by a flat refusal to state whether they are now or have been Communists. It is impossible for me to understand why any

American should refuse to declare himself free of Communist affiliation, *unless he has something to hide*. In that event he deserves to be held in suspicion because he constitutes a threat to our country's freedom, which has been won at too great a cost to be lightly lost. There is no reason to doubt the aims of the Communists. The history of Communist treachery all over the world is tragic and the subjugation by them of one country after another makes grim reading.

Our American Government would be utterly naive if it did not take all the necessary steps to preserve its own existence. It has the right to know the kind of men it employs. It has a right to expect that its citizens will not have a divided loyalty. The Communist has such a divided loyalty and he has given abundant proof of the treachery such a divided loyalty spawns. We have seen how he bides his time, using all the words and forms of free men only to mask his evil intent until occa-

sion is given him for betrayal *We do not intend to give him that occasion if we can prevent it*

Congressional inquiries into Communist activities in the United States are not the result of any mad legislative whim. There are strong reasons for these inquiries and we Americans thank God that they have begun while there is still time to do something about it. In too many instances the awareness of Communist intrigue has come when it is too late. The anguished pro-

tests against "McCarthyism" are not going to dissuade Americans from their desire to see Communists exposed and removed from positions where they can carry out their nefarious plans.

If American prestige is going to suffer in Europe because of our understandable desire to keep our free society immune from Communist subversion, then it seems it is more of a reflection upon European standards of honour and patriotism than upon the American



Finish Line

THE WOMAN with the bulging shopping bag panted to her seat in the cinema just as the feature was reaching its most exciting point. Once settled, she ignored the screen in order to dig through her bag, obviously in search of some special parcel.

One by one she removed the packages, unwrapped them and explored their contents, while her neighbours strained to hear the dialogue above the crackling of paper. This persistent, rustling search continued until the man directly before her turned and fixed the woman with an infuriated stare.

"Lady," he asked, "what are you doing back there--building a nest?"

- *The Saturday Evening Post*

Worst Fear Confirmed

AT THE Wright brothers anniversary celebration at Kitty Hawk—just about the fanciest air-show ever staged in the United States—a grizzled old-timer, who was unaccustomed to such modern air shenanigans, watched with open mouth as four Sabrejets thundered towards the Wright Memorial Monument in a diamond formation at several hundred miles per hour. They flew in such a steady pattern that they seemed to be attached to one another. Just as they got over the monument the jets zoomed straight upwards, then suddenly went off in four different directions.

At this, the old timer paled and exclaimed: "Dern, I knowed that thing was gonna come apart!"

- *Charlotte, North Carolina, News*

*Are children snow-white angels—or little barbarians?
Look back on your own childhood .*

I Remember Me

By Dorothy Thompson

PROBABLY the greatest injustice we do to children is our idealization of them. In the modern book, there is never the necessity to reform the child, it comes into the world pure as snow and the characteristics it subsequently develops merely reflect its environment. What is asked is the reform of its parents, preferably with the aid of a psychiatrist.

Recently I heard a forum panel debate the question "What creates hostility in children?" The answers included, as one might expect, emotional disturbances in the home, over-demands on the young, favoritism shown one child over another . . . What I missed was the simple statement that what creates hostility in children is—childhood. Children are *naturally* hostile.

They are hostile to other children



and hostile to adults, including their parents. Little boys fight each other at the drop of a hat. Little girls quarrel violently, taking their dolls and going home in tears. All normal children regard adults in general as natural enemies. The fact is that children are, after all, little animals, who only slowly evolve (if they ever

do) into civilized human beings.

The parental and educational function is so to influence and govern these little barbarians that a civilized adult can endure living with them, and that they may also, in time, become civilized adults. Civilization, as Freud pointed out, is *not* natural. It involves cultivation and taming. And taming, however gently accomplished, requires authority.

Lest someone at this point express shocked horror at my attitude to-

wards the little ones, let me confess that what I know about children is mostly derived from what I remember from having once been a child. From vivid memory I can assert that if my parents and teachers had not succeeded in blocking many of my natural tendencies—by a combination of force, reward and the invocation of authority, human and divine—I would have been a private and public scourge.

Yet I was certainly “normal”—formidably healthy, bursting with energy and reasonably bright. And despite the fact that my mother died when I was seven, I had a happy and affectionate childhood home. Mother was succeeded by my father's sister, Aunt Elizabeth, 20 years his senior. She was a genius with children, having learned much from bringing up her own. Her genius consisted in really liking my brother, my sister and myself, while “taking no nonsense” from us whatsoever.

In Aunt Lizzie's cosmos, home and school were benevolent despotisms where children behaved themselves. A stickler for order and cleanliness, she had not the slightest intention of “wearing herself to the bone” picking up and cleaning up after disorderly children. When we were big enough to reach them, we made our own beds. If we rushed with muddy feet upon an immaculate floor, Aunt Lizzie would direct our attention to the mop and make us use it. When we played with our toys, we were required to put them

away afterwards, in the cupboard where they belonged.

Aunt Lizzie held the opinion, highly heretical today, that the comfort and convenience of adults should be considered. Her response to any child who said “I won't” was grim and automatic—a stinging hand applied to the spot designed for that purpose. Aunt Lizzie never nagged—she acted. She never argued—she judged.

Why did we so love her (though we sometimes shook impotent fists behind her back) that when we get together today, parents and grandparents ourselves, we always speak of her, and the thought of her always makes us grin?

For one thing, she saw right through us. It was futile to lie to Aunt Lizzie. “Now that you've finished that cock and bull story,” she would say, “what *really* happened?” It wasn't that she thought the cock and bull story a terrible crime. She expected it. She knew we were natural liars. She *understood* us. That was a comfort.

She was as prompt with rewards as with punishment. When I got a report card with four A's, we had ice cream and angel cake for supper, in my honour, and she didn't chide me for being rather smug about the achievement.

Where, in this ordered and benevolently controlled life, did we “work off our tensions” and “unblock our aggression”?

We worked them off in the

woods, back yards, barns and streets. "Supervised play" was confined to a neighbour's occasional glance from a sitting-room window. We expressed part of our rebellion against law by defying the laws of nature jumping out of hay-lofts, with an umbrella for a parachute, trying to walk the tightrope of a knife-edged roof-tree, skating on thin ice. Casualties were numerous—I can hardly remember myself between the ages of nine and 12 without a bandage or a scab.

In the wild, barbarian holiday hours we did many things of which our parents would not have approved. It was a curiously dual life—the kind but firm severity of home and school, the unbridled

private and herd life—a combination of healthful care and healthy neglect. But they complemented each other.

When we came home exhausted to have our wounds bound up (matter-of-factly "If you *will* do such things, you must take the consequences," and ouch, the iodine!) home was shelter and haven. Then we were grateful, grateful for Aunt Lizzie's hot gingerbread, for stories Father read us, for peace and security. Grateful, in short, for order and civilization, which tangibly paid off.

And so, before we rush to psychiatrists about our children's or our own "complexes," let us remember what we once were ourselves.

Cartoon Quips

SMALL BOY, breathlessly, to father "You know that big plate-glass window the Wilsons used to have?"
—Post-Hall Syndicate

BLONDE BEAUTY in restaurant, as escort studies bill "You look ill. Is it something I ate?"
—Collier's

SIGN at end of winding, precipitous cliffside road RESUME
BREATHING
—The Saturday Evening Post

FATHER OF BRIDE to wedding guest "What do you mean 'losing a daughter'? Where do you think they're going to live?"
—The American Legion Magazine

GARAGE ATTENDANT to woman driver of badly battered car "Sorry, lady, we just wash cars—we don't iron them."
—True

RECEPTIONIST to visitor "Oh yes, he's been expecting you—in fact, he just left."
—Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate

ANGUISHED HUSBAND, at information booth of crowded department store "Have you seen anything of a small, plump, blonde woman spending money like a drunken sailor?"
—King Features

*A noted doctor-writer gives his prescription for avoiding
"Private Enemy Number One"*

How to Stop WORRYING

By A. J. Cronin Author of "The Citadel" "Keys of the Kingdom"

MILLIONS of people are beset by a secret enemy responsible for more casualties and greater suffering than almost any other scourge. Its name is Worry. As medical men know, worry can actually induce organic disease. And even when it does not, it can, by devoting our energy in unproductive ways, undermine health, render life intolerably miserable and shorten it by years.

Yet worry, against which the wonder drugs are useless, is quite curable *by the individual himself*. Worry lies in our minds, more often than not the result of simple misdirection of our imagination. By learning to control our processes of thought we can put worry in its proper place and make the world we live in cheerful instead of gloomy.

In setting out to achieve this control, the first popular fallacy of which we must rid ourselves is that

worry is a peculiarity of the weak, the failures. On the contrary, worry may be a sign of potential strength, proof that a man cares about life and wants to make something worthwhile of his career. Men who have achieved the greatest heights, whose names are immortal, have been instinctive worriers. Yet they have nearly always had to contend, at some stage of their lives, with mental strain, and have taught themselves to overcome it.

Charles Spurgeon, the celebrated 19th-century English preacher, confessed that when he was first obliged to speak in public he worried for weeks beforehand, even to the extent of hoping he would break a leg before the fateful occasion. The result was that when he entered the pulpit he was so exhausted by worry and tension that he made a poor showing.

Then one day Spurgeon faced up

HOW TO STOP WORRYING

to the situation. "What is the worst thing that can happen to me during my sermon?" he asked himself. Whatever it might be, he decided, the heavens would not fall. He had been magnifying a personal problem into a world-shaking disaster. When he saw his worry in proper perspective, he found that he spoke much better, simply because he had not distracted his mind with empty fears. He eventually became the outstanding preacher of his time.

We should look on worry as a manifestation of nervous intensity, and therefore a potential source of good. Only when this latent force exhausts itself fruitlessly on unreal problems does it harm us. The remedy is to accept worries as part of our life and learn to handle them by redirecting the energy we are misusing into productive channels.

This is easier if we make a list of the tangible things that worry us. When they are down on paper we realize how many of them are vague, indefinite and futile. An estimate of what most people worry about runs as follows: Things that never happen—40 per cent. Things over and past that can't be changed by all the worry in the world—30 per cent. Needless health worries—12 per cent. Petty miscellaneous worries—ten per cent. Real, legitimate worries—eight per cent.

If we study our worries, keeping our sense of proportion, at least some of them should be eliminated. What we imagine most easily, for

example, what we dread, in reality rarely comes to pass.

One evening at an airport I found myself next to a young man who was meeting his fiancée. Presently it was announced that the plane we were awaiting had been held up by bad weather. It was half an hour, then an hour overdue. The young man's agitation increased. It was not difficult to see that he was picturing some horrible disaster.

Finally I felt compelled to speak to him. I knew it was useless simply to tell him to stop worrying. Instead, I set up other pictures, asking whom he was expecting, what the girl was like, what she would be wearing. Soon he was telling me all about his fiancée, how they had met, and so on. In a few minutes his mind was so full of other things that he had crowded worry out—indeed, the plane came in before he realized it.

Financial worries, on the other hand, are real enough and constitute a considerable part of all human anxieties. I believe there is only one way to solve them—provided we are already using our resources to the best advantage. That is to apply Thoreau's famous exhortation: "Simplify, simplify." Thoreau found that by cutting down his needs to the minimum he was able to savour life to the full, undistracted by cares consequent upon trying to satisfy superfluous desires. With Socrates, who had applied the same remedy 2,000 years earlier,

Thoreau could exult "How many things I can do without!" Yet few men have led fuller, richer lives

One of the most contented men I know is an old fisherman whose sole possessions are a battered boat and his little shack on the mud flats. Completely at the mercy of wind and weather, indifferent to money, cherishing only his independence and his freedom, he manifests always a serene, sublime tranquillity—a perfect example for those of us who worry ourselves to death seeking material possessions, striving desperately to insulate ourselves against the hardships and misfortunes that may lie ahead. For worry never robs tomorrow of its sorrow, it only saps today of its strength.

Self-pity is the root of many of our worries. When I was practising medicine in London one of my patients, a young married woman, was stricken with infantile paralysis. She was sent to a good hospital, where it soon became apparent that she was responding to treatment and would eventually recover. Some weeks later I received a visit from her husband. In a state of intense nervous upset, he complained of sleeplessness and inability to concentrate. After a check-up I found nothing whatever the matter with him. But when I suggested that he get back to his job he turned on me furiously. "My wife is seriously ill. And you expect me to go on as though nothing had happened. Haven't you any feeling for me?" The basic cause of

his worry was self-pity, masquerading as concern for his wife.

For self-commiseration there is only one answer. We must effect a revolution in our lives by which, instead of seeing ourselves as the centre of existence, we turn our thoughts towards others and come thus to realize our true place, as members of a family, community and nation. There are many ways by which we can come to see our difficulties in true perspective. André Gide played the piano—he found that his worries became insignificant in the harmony of great music. Tolstoy, contemplating the sunsets on the steppes, felt ashamed to concentrate on his own obsessions when there was so much beauty in the world. Sir Winston Churchill, burdened with the cares of the free world, took time off from war to paint a landscape!

But the finest antidote to worry is work. Lawrence of Arabia was one of the most brilliant men of action this century has produced. His mother has described how, after his failure at the Peace Conference to fulfil his promises to the Arabs, he would sit entire mornings in the same position, without moving and with the same blank expression on his face. Worry over his defeat transformed him from a man of action into a brooding, lifeless shadow. His eventual self-cure was achieved by translating this wasting energy into creative effort. He set out to write *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

"It is not work that kills men," wrote Henry Ward Beecher "It is worry. Work is healthy, you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade."

Lionel Barrymore, the distinguished actor, now over 70, gives as his prescription for a long and happy life. Keep busy. He says "I go along getting the most out of life on a day-to-day basis. I don't worry about tomorrow, and I don't care what happened yesterday. Once you start thinking about life and its problems, and begin worrying over the future or regretting the past, you're likely to become confused. I figure if a person does his work well and extracts all he can from the present he'll have as happy a life as he's supposed to have." By idling away the hours or wasting them on unproductive time fillers which do not fully occupy our attention or energies we leave the door open for worry.

When troubles presented themselves, my old Scottish grandmother would remark with a shake of her head "What cannot be cured must be endured." Then she would smile and add "It's the Lord's will."

Worry, in the final analysis, is a form of atheism, a denial of the human need of God. It is like saying "I shall never get the better of this, for there is no God to help me." The good Lord in His daily conversations was always warning His listeners against this particular lack of faith. After an enumeration of the various worries about the future with which men and women harass their minds, He said "Take therefore no thought for the morrow."

No wiser philosophy could be evolved for a self-tormented humanity. If we follow it trustfully in all its playful implications, we shall raise ourselves beyond the reach of Private Enemy Number One and know true peace of mind.



Getting into the Act

DANNY KAYE's admirers have a special feeling for him, and at a matinée at New York's Palace Theatre two elderly women showed their friendliness in an untraditional manner. Midway through his one-man performance, at the point when Kaye came down to the footlights, sat on the apron of the stage and chatted with his audience, he noticed that these women were putting on their hats and coats. He was about to kid them for going when, to his amazement, he saw them coming down towards him. "Forgive us," one of them said, halting the programme and speaking right up in the most neighbourly way. "Please forgive us, Mr. Kaye. We hate to go, but we just have to catch a train. We hope you'll understand. And we're coming again."

—*The Saturday Review*

*Bill Sudduth's rewarding
hobby is to help displaced
persons get a new start*

ONE-MAN RESCUE SQUAD

By Deena Clark

THE YOUNG woman grasped the worn handle of her suitcase and made her way down the gangplank of the cargo ship. Timidly she approached the New York dock-side policeman and asked, "Please, sir, could you tell me—how do I get to Mr. Sudduth's flat?"

It did not take her long to find out. New Yorkers who have anything to do with DPs know the way to the Sudduth haven.

Tall, dark-eyed, 39-year-old William Sudduth is a one-man rescue squad whose hobby is helping young DPs to get to America. In less than six years he has brought in 450, arranging scholarships and jobs for them.

It all started in 1945. In Europe as a member of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Adminis-

tration, Mississippi-born Bill Sudduth had been appointed Director of Foreign Students at the University of Heidelberg. He was in charge of 400 young men and women of 17 different nationalities.

Bill came to know each student personally, he listened to their troubles, advised them on their problems. He brought in visiting lecturers and film travelogues that helped answer their eternal query, "What is the United States really like?" Then, after two very successful years, UNRRA funds supporting the foreign students were cut off. There was little chance that these promising young DPs would be able to get further education.

Bill had to return home. On the day he was to leave, distressed students waited outside his office to say

good-bye to the best friend they had ever had "I was so choked up I couldn't say much," Bill recalls, "but I promised I'd help them get a new start somehow."

Back in New York, he went to work as cruise manager for a large travel agency—and rearranged his life to keep his promise. He rented and furnished a flat to serve as a 'student hostel' for the DPs he was determined to rescue. Then he began his campaign by visiting a college in New Jersey. There he told the assembled student body about the plight of his Heidelberg friends. Five minutes after he stepped down from the platform two students came to him and said, "We represent the student body. We want to 'adopt' a DP."

From photographs and records which Sudduth produced they selected blonde, blue-eyed Asta Tamm from Estonia. Bill sent Asta money of his own for her fare. When she stepped off the boat he and three students met her with a trunkful of clothes and a cheque for "pocket money." The Sudduth rescue mission was under way.

Meanwhile, Bill had begun to dig up more sponsors for more students. He is a personable fellow with a slow, warm smile and an easy, natural charm, and his sincerity kindles instant enthusiasm for his cause. At another college he convinced the students and trustees so well that the college pledged eight £275 scholarships. Students at Mis-

issippi State College, his alma mater, offered to sponsor 13. At the University of Texas the various societies and clubs assumed responsibility for eight.

Sudduth's assistant at Heidelberg, Ruth Prager, had stayed on in Germany without salary. By sending photostat copies of birth certificates, personality recommendations, transcripts of school credentials, and so on, she helped Bill struggle through the maze of red tape required to get each DP to America. Church agencies helped by certifying that the young men and women would not become public charges.

By the end of the first year the Sudduth protégés were making good in some 30 U.S. universities. They found part-time jobs, and proved to be such assets that every university has asked for more.

Natasha Koval is a remarkable girl. When Bill first saw delicate, auburn-haired Natasha, she was a 13-year-old wait who had just survived a Nazi concentration camp. With chunks of plaster and bits of charcoal she had fashioned a piano keyboard on a dilapidated packing case, and on it she practised scales for hours daily. In spite of her youth, Bill enrolled her at Heidelberg University as a special music student. At 15 she performed as a guest soloist with a symphony orchestra in Heidelberg.

When Bill brought Natasha to America, he arranged an audition for her with a music school in

Rochester, New York. She was granted a scholarship immediately. Now completing her musical education in New York, Natasha helps earn her way by giving concerts.

Bill is proud of Gleb Mamantov, who worked his way through Louisiana State University and graduated with the highest honours. And of Lithuanian Aldona Cekas, who captured a language teaching fellowship at Duke University at 19. And there are the 25 girls who have graduated as registered nurses.

"I have not had a single failure or disappointment," Bill says.

In addition to the university sponsorships, Bill has obtained help from old friends. One night when two 19-year-old arrivals knocked on his door Bill thought of his home-town drugstore owner, James Hartness, and his wife. The Hartnesses had lost their only son in World War II. Bill picked up the telephone and called them home. "Do you need these boys?" he asked Mrs. Hartness. "They need you."

The Hartnesses took the young men into their home, educated them and are as proud of them as if they were their own. Their Yugoslav "son" teaches agronomy at the University of Hawaii. His Russian "brother" served in Korea for three

years and is now a chemist in New York.

The esteem of his protégés is Bill's highest reward. Almost daily he receives letters full of warmth and gratitude. One student wrote, "Before I received this scholarship my life was all yesterday. Now it is all tomorrow."

Again and again Bill has been asked to give a bride away—and he has lost track of the times he has been a godfather. Mike Jurkowitz, who volunteered for Army service after finishing his schooling and then lost his life in tank maneuvers, had written on his papers, in the space for "Name of Father," "William Sudduth." Mike's Army insurance went to Bill, who used it to help others start a new life.

A visit to Sudduth's flat reveals how his hobby is the guiding force in his life. There are always students there, taking temporary refuge in the sparsely furnished rooms. The flat is "home" to them at Christmas and spring holidays. The doors are never locked. The students keep house and contribute as they find work. Bill is far from wealthy, but almost half of his salary goes into his hobby. "What better investment can you make than in the life of a human being?" he asks.

Parting Shot

OUR MAID asked for an advance on her week's salary. "Our preacher is leaving the church this Sunday," she told us, "and the congregation wants to give him a little momentum."

Lied McKnight in *Coronet*



The Mau Mau's Unexpected Enemy

By Stanley High

IF THE Kenya Africans who picked the village church that afternoon at Kabare and overflowed into the clearing outside, most had come, the Anglican Bishop told me, at the risk of their lives. For Kabare is Mau Mau country. The Mau Mau is a terrorist organization, among the Kikuyu tribe, which in 1952 launched a guerrilla war of murder and arson to drive the white man from Kenya. Today it is not the white man whom the Mau Mau hates most, it is the African Christian.

"Christianity was first preached in Kenya," the bishop said, "only about 50 years ago. Yet this faith has laid such hold on the lives of these people that they are already adding a Kenya chapter

*The little known story of the chief
resister to terrorism in Kenya*

to the Book of Christian Martyrs."

It was the African Christian who first rejected the Mau Mau barbarism and then unmasked it. In scores of terror-stricken villages it is his resistance which is turning the Mau Mau tide. His example offers the best hope that Africans and Europeans, together, can work their way out of today's bitterness towards a genuine partnership in the future of their still pioneer country.

By early 1954, the number of whites murdered by the Mau Mau was 22. The number of Africans murdered runs into hundreds. Many more have been tortured,

their homes burned, their herds destroyed or stolen. Christians, who number less than one-third of the Kikuyu tribe, bore the brunt of these attacks

Three nights before the Bishop's visit to Kabare, at a spot many of his congregation passed on their way to church, a Christian Kikuyu chief, for persistently affirming his faith against repeated Mau Mau threats, had been ambushed and murdered. Yet at Kabare the Bishop confirmed 132 Africans into church membership.

Twelve had come from another village. Within the week their own church had been burned, some of its leaders killed. Unwilling to delay their Confirmation, they had walked 18 dangerous miles to Kabare in order, publicly, to assume the perilous status of Christian.

At Gitumbi, the church where the Bishop preached was surrounded by a defence cordon of the Kikuyu Home Guard, most of them Christians, most armed with bows and arrows. Nine Africans had just been murdered nearby. In that village 42 were confirmed. Another congregation numbered more than 1,000, yet, two miles away, two churches and three Christian schools fired by the Mau Mau were still burning.

Mau Mau terrorism is part gangsterism. Some of it, since the Mau Mau leader, Jomo Kenyatta (now in prison), once sat at the feet of Moscow's teachers, may be Communist-inspired. In larger part, it is

a product of grievances—some far from imagined—against the whites. Stirred by land-hunger among the land-loving but land-lacking Kikuyu tribesmen, it is fed by the desire for the white man's fields, herds and houses, once he is destroyed. It offers, in his wake, a Black Paradise ruled by the Kikuyu.

It is not because they are free of grievances, or because they lack conviction that Africans should have a larger, fairer share in Kenya's future that so many native Christians have stood fast against the Mau Mau. "These are a literal-minded people," said a white Kenyan, "and they take their religion literally. To them the issue was plain. The Mau Maus preach hate and practise violence, Christ preached and practised love. Long before we knew the nature of this thing, they knew and had made their choice."

Ambrose Ofafa, a devout Roman Catholic, was at 35 senior African representative on the Nairobi City Council, a foremost advocate of native causes. Last November in Nairobi I read an appeal he had made the previous day calling on Kenya's Africans to defy the Mau Mau. That night, driving to his home in the city's outskirts, his taxi stopped. When he got out to help the driver he was shot down from a nearby patch of jungle. From his hospital bed, on each of the five days that he lived, Ofafa made a new appeal to his fellow Africans to work together to achieve their

rightful ends by better means than terrorism.

Kenya's African Christians resist the Mau Mau doctrine not only because it is so plainly un-Christian, but because it is fanatically anti-Christian. Christ, in the Mau Mau preaching, is the exclusive Saviour of Europeans. He is an instrument of European aggression. A Mau Mau song translates like this: "The White Men came. They brought their Christ. They taught us, when we pray, to look up to Him. And when we looked, they stole our land."

In a sense, Mau Mau is religious—a violent effort to revive the pagan faith of the Kikuyu and restore the tribal barbarisms, which the Christians repudiate. The Kikuyu are a proud and fanatical people. This call to return to the ways of their fathers has had a powerful appeal.

Of the gods the Mau Mau worship, none is so potent as their leader, Kenyatta. In Mau Mau hymns, many of them parodies of Christian hymns sung to Christian tunes, Kenyatta displaces Christ as saviour. He is hailed as deity in the Mau Mau version of the Apostles' Creed. In the Mau Mau "trinity" he is the central figure.

It is this anti-Christianity that calls forth the staunchest African resistance. Listen to the story, well known in Kenya, of John Waruhiu and his son David.

John Waruhiu was a paramount chief. The Kikuyu in his location

numbered more than 30,000. Old and beloved by his people, he had been a Christian for nearly 50 years. His family had Bible reading and prayers in their home at the beginning and end of every day.

When, in 1952, the Mau Mau oath began to spread through his territory, Chief Waruhiu called on the elders of his tribe to resist it. To oppose the Mau Mau oath, he announced a Christian oath to his people. He chose the first of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. . . ." Then, despite daily threats of vengeance against himself and his family, he called a meeting of all the Kikuyu of the Kiambu District. Thirty thousand appeared. Chief Waruhiu denounced the Mau Mau and its oath as wholly evil and called his people to resist it.

Not long afterwards he was murdered.

Today David Waruhiu threatened as his father was, works among the 1,200 Mau Mau, all listed as "worst offenders," at the Athi River Detention Camp. Behind the barbed wire of this extraordinary prison the Government is permitting Kenya's Christian organizations, Protestant and Catholic, to conduct a programme of rehabilitation through religion.

I asked David Waruhiu how



many Mau Mau had been won over in the first nine months of the voluntary programme of Christian preaching, teaching and counselling. Two hundred and seventy, he said.

"How do you know they are won over?"

"When they are willing to go back, unprotected, and risk death to denounce the Mau Mau before their own people, that is proof."

Although Christians have provided the chief African resistance to the Mau Mau, a considerable body of resisting non-Christians have joined in the Kikuyu Home Guard. This voluntary defence force, first organized by Christian chiefs for the protection of their kraals and churches, now numbers more than 20,000. Its members serve without pay.

In the most dangerous areas, the Home Guard mans scores of strong points which serve as refuges for threatened Africans and as bases of operation against Mau Mau gangs. The loyalty and heroism of the Home Guard and the native police give strength to the belief of the Kenya authorities that final wiping out of the Mau Mau will be largely accomplished by the Africans themselves.

Because of Kikuyu loyalty and resistance there is evidence of a new spirit among many of Kenya's whites towards the native population. White arrogance has not been eliminated, and the doors of opportunity for the natives have not yet

been opened very far. But a change seems in the making.

Appropriations by the Kenya Government for native education have more than tripled during the last five years. There has been a large increase in low-cost housing projects for urban natives. Plans are under way to remove the bar against natives in certain jobs and to train them for such employment. A Native Land Settlement Board is tackling the problem of opening new farming areas.

"This," said a planter, "was once a black man's country. We have tried to make it a white man's country. The job, from now on, is to see that it becomes *our* country—for both black and white."

Meanwhile, there is a prayer heard among Kenya's African Christians: "Not that we may be kept safe, but that we may be kept faithful." Churches are crowded as never before. When, now, an African Christian is murdered his fellow Christians often march to the cemetery singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

At a recent Sunday-evening service in a Mau Mau-infested district, the visiting missionary sat in the congregation next to an African church elder. The elder's Kikuyu Bible, placed on his knees, was open at the 91st Psalm. The fifth verse was heavily underlined.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

WE FREQUENTLY skip over words that are new to us. Or we may assign wrong meanings to them. These "Word Power" tests will tend to make each strange word you meet a challenge to you. First write down definitions of the words you think you know. Then check below the word or phrase that you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **vigil** (vij' il)—A *strutness* B *self-discipline* C *a watching* D *strength and vitality*
- (2) **forthwith** (torth' with)—A *in advance* B *together* C *frankly* D *immediately*
- (3) **circumscribed** (sur' kum' skribd)—A *limited* B *explained in full* C *round-about* D *cautious*
- (4) **pursuant** (pur' sū' ant)—A *swift* B *future* C *persistent* D *in accordance with*
- (5) **purportedly** (put' port' id' li)—A *false* B *helpfully* C *professedly* D *unsuccessfully*
- (6) **conscientious** (kon' shī' en' shus)—A *aware of* B *scrupulous* C *shy* D *thinking*
- (7) **minimal** (min' i' māl)—A *foolish* B *the least possible* C *average* D *comparatively small*
- (8) **amulet** (am' yu' let)—A *a charm* B *a bracelet* C *a tiny vase* D *a small decorative statue*
- (9) **reprehensible** (rep' ri' hen' si' b'l)—A *greedy* B *anxious about the future* C *all-inclusive* D *blameworthy*
- (10) **obtain** (ob' tane')—A *to insist upon* B *to be prevalent or in use* C *to keep* D *to overcome*
- (11) **trumpety** (trump' ur' ī)—A *worthless funery* B *tasteful decorations* C *cheap boasting* D *bragueness*
- (12) **perpetrator** (pur' pe' trav' tur)—A *a thing that punctures* B *wrong-doer* C *distracted* D *traitorous act*
- (13) **casual** (kash' yu' al)—A *unconcerned and careless* B *lazy* C *inconsiderate* D *timidly*
- (14) **refection** (rē' tek' shun)—A *meal* B *attitude or posture* C *slur or character* D *habitual fault*
- (15) **dappling** (dap' ling)—A *a rippling sound* B *mimicry* C *variegating with spots* D *like little waves*
- (16) **meagre** (mē' gur)—A *humble* B: *plentiful* C *selfishly stingy* D *scanty*
- (17) **reputed** (rē' pūt' id)—A *denied* B: *disgraced* C *supposed to be such* D *said again and again*
- (18) **infestation** (in' fes' tay' shun)—A: *rage* B *decay* C *the state of being present in annoying numbers* D *causing disease by the introduction of germs*
- (19) **countervail** (koun' tur' vale')—A: *persuade* B *offset* C *strengthen* D: *conceal*
- (20) **bravado** (brā' vah' dō)—A *wit* B: *pretended bravery* C *romance* D: *true courage*

Answers to "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **vigil**—C A watching, staying awake for a purpose, as, "The doctor kept an all-night *vigil* over his patient" The Latin *vigil*, "watchful"
- (2) **forthwith**—D Immediately, directly, without delay, as, "He strode on to the platform and started to speak *forthwith*"
- (3) **circumscribed**—A Limited, restricted, as, "The people's freedoms were *circumscribed* by dictatorial laws" From the Latin *circumscribere*, "to draw a circular line round" Hence, to bring within narrow bounds
- (4) **pursuant**—D In accordance with, conformable, carrying out or following, as, "I will act *pursuant* to your wishes" From Old French *poursuivant*
- (5) **purportedly**—C Professedly and designedly, as, "The meeting was called *purportedly* for voting on the constitution"
- (6) **conscientious**—B Scrupulous, governed or dictated by one's conception of right and wrong, as, "Nothing short of complete accuracy could satisfy his *conscientious* regard for truth" From the Latin *conscientia*, "a consciousness or awareness of right and wrong"
- (7) **minimal**—B From the Latin *minimus*, "least" Hence, as little as possible, least, as, "The doctor advised the *minimal* dose for his patient"
- (8) **amulet**—A From the Latin *amuletum*, "a charm" Hence, a small object worn as protection against harm or ill luck
- (9) **reprehensible**—D Blameworthy, culpable, deserving of censure, as, "The attack is obviously *reprehensible* and disgraceful" The Latin *reprehendere*, "to blame"
- (10) **obtain**—B To be prevalent or in use, to be established, to prevail, as, "The men are paid lower wages than *obtain* elsewhere." Also, to acquire, from the Latin term *obtinere*
- (11) **trumpety**—A: Worthless finery, showy stuff of no real value, as, "Her trunks were filled with silly *trumpety*" French *tromperie*, "deceit"
- (12) **perpetrators**—B From the Latin *perpetrare*, "to perform" hence, a performer, especially of a crime, wrongdoer, as, "The *perpetrators* of the vandalism were soon found out"
- (13) **casual**—A Unconcerned and careless, haphazard, happening by chance, as, "He can laugh at himself in a *casual*, easy way" The Latin *casualis*, from *casus*, "accident"
- (14) **refection**—A Meal, nourishment, especially after hunger or fatigue, as, "It was not a common, ordinary *refection*" From the Latin *refectio*, "refreshment"
- (15) **dappling**—C Variegating with spots, as, "The sun came *dappling* through the trees" I thought to be related to the Icelandic *depill*, "spot"
- (16) **meagre**—D Scanty, inadequate, deficient in strength, poor, as, "The help he gave us was *meagre*" Through Old French *maigre* from the Latin *macrum*, "lean"
- (17) **reputed**—C Supposed to be such, generally accepted, as, "He is the *reputed* owner of the business" From the Latin *reputo*, *re-*, "over," and *putare*, "to think"
- (18) **infestation**—C Present in such numbers as to be a source of annoyance, trouble and danger, as, an *infestation* of locusts From the Latin *infestare*, "to harass"
- (19) **countervail**—B To offset, to oppose with equal power, as, "No human forces can *countervail* their strength" From the Latin *contra-*, "against," and *valere*, "to be strong"
- (20) **bravado**—B Pretended bravery, as, "Youngsters often show *bravado* in attempting to impress their colleagues" From the Spanish *bravada*, "affected bravery"

Vocabulary Ratings

20 correct	.. excellent
19-15 correct	good
14-12 correct	fair



HUNDRED DOLLAR HONEYMOON

By Doddy Borge As told to Margaret Cooper Gay

A THREE-MONTH HONEYMOON IN the United States for \$120? The Dutch Government would allow us to take only that amount—about £42—out of Holland and our friends said it wouldn't last us three days. A dinner for two with a little wine, they said, would cost at least five dollars, a hotel room even more.

Pitying smiles greeted our explanation that we were going to cook by the side of the road. What would we cook? How much ham and eggs and beefsteak would \$120 buy? And where would we sleep? In the car? Our friends hooted. We were much too big to sleep in Gunnar's little Volvo, our Swedish-built car. Gunnar is six feet four inches tall and I am nearly six feet.

But Gunnar is a Swede and stub-

Sleeping in their car, eating cheaply, a European couple spent three happy months in the United States

born. I am Dutch and stubborn too. He hinged the front seat so that it would fold back and make a bed; we stocked the car with camping equipment and bedding. And with many wishes for "a pleasant weekend in New York," we loaded the Volvo into the ship's hold and sailed, feeling only a little less venturesome than Leif Ericson.

"We must eat all we can on the ship, my angel," Gunnar said. So we ate diligently until the sky line of New York climbed out of the murk of a January afternoon.

The customs inspector scanned

our declaration. "Cheese, chocolate, margarine," he read aloud and smiled. "What's this, reverse lend-lease?"

New York glittered with light, an enchanted city. We bought a loaf of bread in a shop where everybody spoke Italian, and then we drove aimlessly, staring at shop signs in Italian, Chinese, Greek, Yiddish, Spanish, German. No one had told us that New York was a hundred cities, each with its own language, its own ways.

When we came to Broadway, we drove up and down it until the lights went out and only an occasional taxi moved in the silent streets. We were very tired.

At last, in a quiet, tree-lined street bordered by parked cars, we slipped into a vacant place. We wanted a cup of tea, but it was raining too hard to permit us to light the primus stove by the roadside, so we had a cheese sandwich and a drink of water. It was exciting to fold back the front seat and spread sheets and blankets. By the time we had our curtains into the windows and windscreen, we were soaked.

The next thing I knew Gunnar was saying, "Anxel, I think we have made a mistake." It was 8:30 in the morning and we were snug abed in the midst of a pandemonium of honking horns and racing motors on Riverside Drive.

By the time the bed was put away, with the help and advice of little boys who came from nowhere,

we had already seen more cars than there are in all Holland. Most of them were going in one direction, and we began to think some great event had taken place. I asked the boys, enunciating my words carefully as I had been taught to do in pre-war England.

Nothing had happened, they said. Finally a cherubic lad jerked a thumb at the traffic. "You mean them? That's just the morning rat race."

Later on we learned that *rat race* is slang for stampede, but for weeks we believed that people thronged into New York in the morning to watch rats run races.

We started for Niagara Falls, which, we had read, all honeymooners must visit. The distance was much greater than we expected because we were still reading miles and thinking kilometres.

We saw Niagara by moonlight shimmering silver, it was awesome and humbling and very cold. I remember wondering why such impersonal magnificence was the choice of lovers.

We started south, camping by the side of the road. After the evening traffic had stopped we seemed to be the only people in the world. Late one night a loud rapping woke us. Gunnar peered out, stiffened. "Be brave, anxel," he whispered, "it is the police."

While he fumbled with the door latch, I could hear again the metal-tipped heels of the Gestapo clank-

ing, saw again the long lines of Hollanders on their way to German prison camps. A flashlight swept the car. A brusque, official voice said, "What are you doing here?"

"We were sleeping—we didn't know——"

"Where you folks from?"

Gunnar handed over our papers. "We came from Holland "

"Whadda you know! I was at Nijmegen—paratroops "

Immediately we were all talking at once. The policeman remembered that our house had been shelled, he knew my cousin Yop. He said Florida was really warm and it was good that our little car would go 40 miles on a gallon of petrol. He handed our papers back to Gunnar.

"Good night, folks, *Daaaag!*" he said.

"*Daaaaaaag!*" we shouted, almost hysterical with relief.

We lived almost entirely on bread and cheese and tea until we discovered the big self-service groceries. We went from vegetables to meat to fruit to tins, fingering everything like children in a toy shop. We were extravagant that first day and bought a box of four tomatoes. Tomatoes in January!

We solved the problem of avoiding over-buying by putting 60 cents in a separate pocket before entering a grocer's. When it was gone we spent no more unless desperately tempted. We never did spend more than 75 cents in any one day. Everyone to whom we have told this says

we couldn't possibly have lived on so little. But we did, and we felt wonderful.

Whenever we stopped for petrol everybody gathered round to ask what sort of car we had, how much it consumed, where we came from and why. We bought one gallon at a time and always from the company that had the nicest rest rooms, because there we bathed, shaved and even washed clothes.

Once when we stopped at a red light, a cream-coloured car smacked into our rear bumper. The driver was a pretty little woman with curly grey hair. "I was so busy staring at your licence plate that I forgot to watch the light," she said.

She offered to pay for the damage, but there wasn't any. Then she introduced herself as Mrs. Roberts and invited us to lunch. No one in Holland would think of inviting guests in from the highway. Driving up to a big white house she waved to a car standing in the drive. "Thank goodness, the carpenter's here. My cellar door has been stuck for a week."

Mrs. Roberts introduced us to the carpenter and in no time we were telling them about our impressions of the United States. "The people are not as rich as we expected," Gunnar said, "but their courtesy is amazing." He told about the lorry driver who rescued us from our first roundabout and went out of his way to set us right. "Of course," he added reflectively, "he thought I

was the same famous person I am often mistaken for."

"Who's that?" Mrs. Roberts asked.

"A man named Mac," Gunnar said.

They shouted with laughter. Then the carpenter explained: "There isn't any Mac—that's what the drivers call *any* stranger. It's friendlier than 'Hey you'."

On the way south we were fascinated by the change in scenery from hills and woods to bare flat land. The poverty in some areas was distressing, and the signs of waste everywhere appalled us: dust-carts loaded with thrown-out food, the mountains of sawdust where once forests had stood, fruit rotting on the ground, and even the way motorists ground gears and slammed on brakes.

Food became cheaper and we expanded our diet. We even tried three ears of corn we found lying on a road in Virginia. I boiled that corn for hours and hours, and to the last bite it tasted like what we learned later it actually was—something for horses. In Florida, despite our experience with the corn, we had another fling at living off the scenery. This began with unripe coconuts and ended abruptly after a snack of castor-oil beans. One exception was oranges which we picked from abandoned groves.

The west coast of Florida enchanted us. It seemed to us a raw, untamed wilderness waiting to be

peopled. Vagabonds though we were, we felt like pioneers. And we met other pioneers.

There was the fruit grower from Canada who had started out to see the United States with his wife, two sons, two cats, a dog and 200 jars of jam, all loaded into a van. They invited us to dinner in the van, gave us a lot of jam and tried to lend us money, though they knew we had come from dollarless Europe and couldn't pay it back. A couple who made their living by letting flats gave us one for a night. A man from Boston who didn't like cold weather and had packed his wife and 11 goats into a lorry and gone south gave us a bottle of milk every time we met.

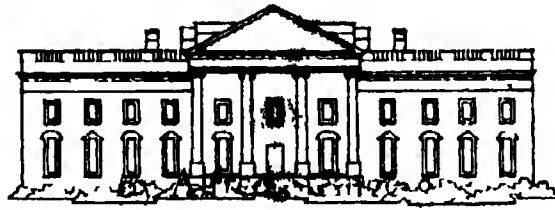
The last morning in New York we still had \$18.32 left of our \$120. We squandered every penny on a spectacular lunch. We had cocktails and champagne, pheasant and crêpes Suzette. Those golden bites would have bought pork and beans and pancake-mix for another two weeks if we could have stayed.

Later at the pier we unpacked the car before it was taken aboard. Gunnar took out our last sandwiches. "Mustn't waste them," I said.

Some workmen who had been watching brought us steaming hot mugs of coffee. It was the last American kindness and it touched us more than any other. As the ship began to move the men waved and called good-bye. We waved and shouted, "So long, Mac!"

Strategy and tactics used by
President Eisenhower

Eisenhower's Job—World's Toughest



By Alfred Steinberg

THE OFFICE of President of the United States is one of the most difficult and burdensome jobs in the world. Not only must the incumbent manage a wide array of Government departments with more than two million civilian employees, lead a political party, confer and bargain with Congress on his budget, tax programme and hundreds of bills a session, but he must also inform public opinion at home, speak for the nation abroad and guide foreign relations. To make matters tougher, and regardless of what compelling issues are on deck, he must sign his name an average of 300 times a day, talk in private with more than 100 high officials about crucial problems each week and still find time to shake hands with visiting thousands.

Recently I spent several days in the White House to find out how President Eisenhower handles this overwhelming job. I learned a good deal.

To begin with, the President is a day worker and does not take work home at night. Round-the-clock toiling, he believes, makes a man stale and tired for the next day. Even more important, he feels, it gives a person an excuse to put off making immediate decisions.

On the job, Mr. Eisenhower combines tremendous energy with a relaxed manner. From the moment he throws aside his bed-covers shortly after 6 a.m. until he elbows his desk drawer shut about 12 hours later, he is constantly on the go. Yet, though he does everything fast, he never gives the impression

that he is being rushed. On walking with him from the White House proper to his oval office in the West Wing, I discovered that, while he was talking casually, we were both fairly flying over the pavement.

He works for speed in all endeavours. He shaves before most men could scrape a cheek, dresses like a boy late for school. He is also a rapid eater and golfer, and he dictates to his secretary like a blazing machine gun.

Moreover, he is a fast thinker. At press conferences he can rephrase a reporter's question in about a quarter the number of words and make it clearer at the same time. When someone explains a problem to him and he fathoms the answer in mid-passage, he cuts in with a wave of his horn-rimmed glasses and says, "That's all right. I've got it."

Another aid for propelling President Eisenhower through his preposterous day is his disinterest in pretence. He has no caste turn of mind, despite his military background, and treats everyone with courtesy. Although he has great respect for the dignity of the office of President, he likes to open his own doors and put on his overcoat without help. He wants people to address him as "Mr. President," but he withdraws if they fawn on him. He likes to add friendly pencil postscripts to dictated letters which he thinks sound cold.

The President has developed a rare ability to concentrate and to

overcome interruptions without losing time getting his mind back on the track. He often leaves important meetings for a quick handshake and exchange of pleasantries with visiting politicians, yet can return to the conference table and pick up where he left off without a reminder. If his dictation to Mrs. Ann Whitman, his secretary, is interrupted by a phone call, he never asks her to repeat the last sentence but invariably begins at the point where he broke off.

Mr. Eisenhower also doesn't waste time on smoking. After World War II he was physically exhausted and was ordered to take a holiday and recuperate with the suggestion that he lay off smoking. At the time he was inhaling 40 cigarettes a day. After two weeks he determined never to smoke again, and he hasn't.

The President doesn't worry about problems facing him or decisions already made. Once he makes a decision, he moves on to the next problem. This does not mean that he makes his decisions offhand, however. "In the military," he emphasized to me, "if you are going to get something done you must do your ground-ploughing in advance. It takes *more* ground-ploughing in the Presidency."

He tries to schedule all his appointments in the morning, when most people are more alert. When he can do so he fences off his afternoons for work with his personal staff on reports and speeches, and

for contemplation. He frankly detests what he calls "public days—when I am on display leading the hospitality brigade and not working for my employers, the American people."

Punctuality for meetings is a fetish with him—his military experiences taught him that a few minutes lost can turn the tide of battle. He starts his Monday morning meeting with legislative leaders, his Thursday-morning meeting with the National Security Council, his Friday-morning meeting with the Cabinet on the scheduled dot, whether everyone is present or not.

He guides and leads discussion at meetings. With legislative leaders of his own party he has found that he can sometimes make better headway through the use of the disarming remark. One he uses with variations is "I can't understand the workings of politics. Perhaps you gentlemen can explain to me how this bill could possibly get through Congress." On other occasions the President can be blunt with the same group if they appear fuzzy in their information. On a recent Monday he announced sharply, "I have great respect for my caddy because he knows the course."

Mr. Eisenhower helps to relieve high-level tensions in various ways. When two Cabinet members began sounding off at each other in a recent meeting, the President cut through both to address the Secretary of the Treasury, Humphrey:

"Well, George, what do you have to say? We haven't heard from you lately." At other times he will deliberately shift the subject, then slide back into it later, when heads have cooled.

Although the President is a relaxed man who uses slang and a soldier's vocabulary in ordinary conversation, he believes that he and his associates can do a better job by keeping their thoughts on a high plane. No one has ever heard him tell an off-colour story, and he walks away frowning from those who do. If he tells a story it always has pertinence to the business at hand.

In his meetings with individual visitors President Eisenhower works hard at being a listener if the other person knows what he is talking about and is brief. But if the visitor slowly munches a half-baked idea he gets short but courteous treatment.

As a listener, the President has trained himself to digest and retain information in remarkable fashion. "Sometimes you don't think he even has his mind on what you're talking about," one of his aides told me, "but days later he will cut through your current briefing and say, 'Now on that subject you mentioned last week . . .'"

He believes in delegating authority, and when he employs a man he gives him definite responsibilities. He does not believe in "troubleshooters," who, he feels, serve only to entangle staff duties.

THE READER'S DIGEST

Mr. Eisenhower does not believe in keeping aloof from his staff—assistants can barge into his office at any time, no matter who his visitor of the moment may be. He peppers his staff with chits signed “D E.” But no matter how close a family relationship he tries to establish, he never forgets that his job is more important than anyone’s hurt feelings. He won’t tolerate second-raters and can tear a strip off an errant staff member (never in public, however). On the other hand, he believes in publicly lavishing praise on his staff when results are good, and in shouldering the blame himself when they aren’t.

He is downright frugal about what he calls “the company’s money.” He insists that he can do just as good work with a pencil stub as with a brand-new pencil. Chauffeured private cars for the White House secretariat are out, and he suggests that his staff take cabs and pay their own fares to meetings about town. He always tries to reduce the number of persons accompanying him on trips, and if he determines that a trip has a political

aspect he insists that local Republicans and not the U.S. Treasury pay the expenses.

The President’s final technique for trying to do a better job is his firm refusal to mix business with relaxation. He considers it a crime to play golf and talk about anything else besides golf. The same is true of bridge, at which he is rated an expert. He plays for a tenth of a cent a point—and for blood. “The harder he plays anything,” one of his friends told me the other day, “the more he gets his mind off his job. Also, if he feels *you* aren’t playing *you* best, he will never invite you again.”

No matter how overwhelming and burdensome the complications of Government problems appear at times, President Eisenhower prefers his present civilian post to his previous military career.

When I asked him why, he shook his glasses in the air, leaned back in his swivel chair and replied: “In the Army I was trying to do a job *against* the enemy. As President, I’m trying to do a job *for* the American people.”

A GROUP of school children were taken by their teacher to a recent meeting of the village board in the hope that they would learn something about local government. The mayor interrupted the proceedings occasionally to explain things. The youngsters squirmed and looked round at pictures on one wall and a huge moose’s head on another.

When the meeting was over the mayor asked, “Any questions, children?”

“Yes,” said one small boy. “Who shot the moose?”

—Contributed by Richard Prussin

Do they really measure intelligence? To what uses are they put?

The Facts About IQ Tests

By Bruce Bliven

THE USE of intelligence tests began in 1904 in Paris. Education authorities were troubled because every year a certain proportion of new pupils were of inferior intelligence and could not keep up with their school-fellows. It took months to sort out these children, meanwhile much of the teachers' time and effort was wasted. A committee appointed to consider this problem consulted Alfred Binet, director of the psychological laboratory at the Sorbonne, who combined a brilliant reputation as a psychologist with a special interest in the intelligence of children.

Binet was optimistic. "We know that there are some things a normal six-year-old can do that a normal four-year-old cannot," he said. "We know, too, that a six-year-old of retarded intelligence can usually do the things appropriate to a child of five or four or three. If we could establish standards for the average child of each age, we should be able

to learn where the abilities of any individual child place him."

With his collaborator, a Paris physician named Theodore Simon, Binet visited elementary schools and quizzed children. Could they read, and if so would each child read a paragraph or two? How high could each child count? Could he draw a square? A diamond? Did any of them know a poem by heart, and if so might the visitor have the pleasure of hearing it recited?

The answers were carefully tabulated. Then a test list of questions was prepared—to be asked each child entering school—which would indicate whether he could do the work expected of other children of his age. Experience soon proved that it worked.

This started a revolutionary new concept which has swept round the world. Whether we like it or not, people differ in their native intellectual endowment and this difference continues through life. It is impor-

tant that no one be asked to perform tasks substantially beyond his mental capacity. It is even more important that persons of high intelligence be enabled to use their gifts to the full in the service of the community

In the course of the years, the Binet tests have been revised and other tests invented to meet requirements and conditions in different countries

Do IQ (intelligence quotient) tests really measure intelligence? The answer depends upon what you mean by "intelligence," a subject on which the experts argue endlessly. However, there is a high correlation between success in the tests and success later in occupations where brain power is a prerequisite. The tests report accurately such things as memory, vocabulary, reasoning power and mathematical ability.

How is your IQ score determined? It is the ratio of the mental age you score on a test to your chronological age. If an eight-year-old can answer questions normally answered only by a 12-year-

Test Yourself

AN INTELLIGENCE test has scores of questions, selected according to subject's age or presumed IQ. Results must be interpreted by an expert. Therefore the questions below (similar to but not identical with questions testers ask) cannot be called a real intelligence test. It is safe to say, however, that if you answer eight or more correctly, in ten minutes or less, you are doing well mentally. Answers are on page 34.

1 The clock shows that it is ten minutes to three. What time would it be if the positions of the hour hand and the minute hand were reversed?

2 A piece of wood 24 inches long is to be cut so that one piece is three times as long as the other. How long will the shorter piece be?

3 A man earns £10 a week and his living expenses are £7 a week. Without using paper and pencil, tell how many weeks it will take him to save £36.

4 A thermometer is to temperature as a galvanometer is to ————

5 Newton is to gravitation as Einstein is to ————

6 Which number is incorrect in this series: 60, 52, 45, 39, 35?

7 You have a bucket of water weighing ten pounds. If you put in a three-pound fish, which is then supported by the water, what does the whole thing weigh?

8 A man travelling west turns left, then right, then left and then left again. In what direction is he now facing?

9 Explain in your own words the meaning of "A stitch in time saves nine."

10 You have a four-quart can and a seven-quart can, how can you get six quarts of water? Begin by filling the seven-quart can.

old, his mental age is 50 per cent above his actual age. his IQ is 150.

Does your intelligence change with the passage of years? Most experts believe that it does not change much, and that, when it seems to do so, this is probably because the subject did less than his best in earlier tests. Children living in poverty and insecurity sometimes improve astonishingly when tested under better surroundings.

In any large sample of people, how many will be found at each level? Naturally, the largest number will be found clustered round 100, the average. Thus one psychologist who conducted many thousands of tests found that 46.5 per cent of these tested have an IQ of 90 to 109. Those with IQs of 110 to 119, "superior," are 18.1 per cent of the

total. From 120 to 129 are 8.2 per cent, and from 130 to 139, 3.1 per cent; these two groups are considered "very superior." In the 140 to 149 bracket, "near genius," are 1.1 per cent.

What sorts of exercises are required in intelligence tests? Here are a few typical ones, mostly from Binet tests adapted for use at Stanford University in California.

At the age of two to three years a child should be able to fit blocks of various shapes (a circle, a square, a triangle) into holes of corresponding shapes. At the age of four to five a child shown three or four objects should be able to say which one is missing when it is covered up or taken away. At six, shown a simple maze, he should be able to take a pencil and trace the way out.

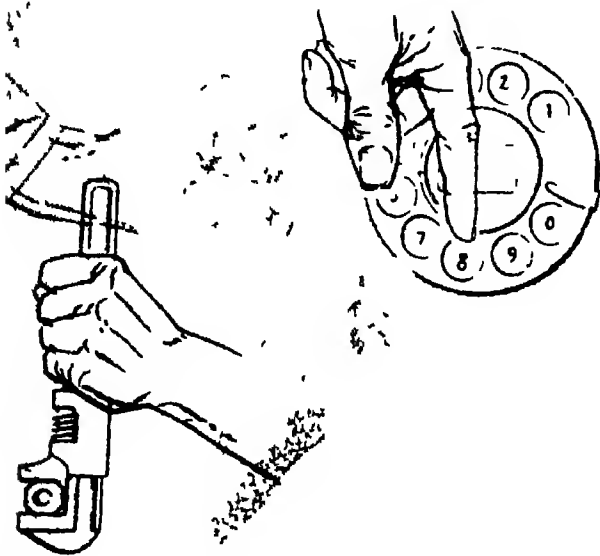
At seven he should be able to say what is wrong with an absurd picture, like that of a man eating dinner while his house is on fire. At nine he should be able to give in one minute a number of words which rhyme—given the word "day," he should at once offer such words as "say, may, pay, hay."

At 12 he should be able to tell the meaning of a simple fable, like *Æsop's* story of the dog which was crossing a bridge while carrying a piece of meat and dropped the meat in order to reach for the seemingly larger one which was reflected in the water. He should be able to repeat backwards a number containing five digits.

Intelligence tests, as well as tests of special aptitudes, are being increasingly used in the U.K. by industrial and commercial organizations as part of their procedures of selection and promotion. Tests of basic abilities also form part of the selection procedure for some Civil Service posts.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology has devised a large number of tests of intelligence and special aptitudes, which are widely used in industry—for example, in the selection of boys for engineering apprenticeships. The Institute also uses tests in its Vocational Guidance work, for young people who seek advice about the choice of their career.

In defence of a persecuted minority
—the left-handers



"ALL VERY SINISTER"

By Eric Hodgins

THERE IS a persecuted minority in this world which has never, so far as I know, raised a voice on its own behalf—so I want to do it for them. I am talking about people born left-handed. For a man, being left-handed is inconvenient. For a woman it can be torture.

The right-handed world has had it in for left-handers for centuries, and this shows up in our speech. The words "sinister" and "gauche" are the Latin and French, respectively, for "left," and they also have come to mean "evil" and "awk-

ERIC HODGINS is the author of two best-selling books, *Mr Blundings Builds His Dream House* and *Blundings' Way* (Michael Joseph, Ltd, London, W C 1)

ward." But the right-handed world compliments itself by describing cleverness with the words "dextrous" and "adroit," from the Latin and French for "right." You know what is meant by the words "a left-handed compliment." And in politics when we speak of "the extreme left" we mean the Communists.

Not so long ago, when parents discovered that they were rearing a left-handed child, they moved heaven and earth to get him changed round. Left-handedness was supposed to go with low intelligence, bad luck and maybe criminality. Nowadays, thanks to modern psychology, parents and teachers are warned to let an infant left-hander develop as nature intended. There've been a lot of suggestions that switching a left-hander causes him to stutter, but it didn't affect me. But one thing is certain: if you try to teach a naturally left-handed child to write with his right hand, you put him under a heavy strain. If you want to know how much, try writing with your own less-used hand.

No matter how well the port-sider may learn to write, his fist will always follow after his pen, smearing the ink and smudging the knuckles. And any left-hander will walk a mile to avoid using a post-office pen. Why? Because the point gets bevelled by constant right-handers' use, and when the "southpaw" puts it to paper it catches and spurts a drop of ink 50 feet on the first

Condensed from a radio talk

stroke. For the same reason, a left-hander is not happy in a bank, unless it is equipped with ball-point pens, and not very happy even then, for the stub of the cheque he is making out to cash is on the wrong side for him. A few years ago one considerate bank did put out a left-handed cheque-book, but very few have followed this humane lead.

The haughty disdain of the right-handed world makes "southpaws" sweat and fumble every day of the year in doing things the right-handers take for granted. Pencil sharpeners, radiator knobs, saxophones, telephone dials are all designed by right-handers for right-handers, on the cruel, stuck-up, preposterous assumption that the world is all that way. But there are about 200 million "southpaws" in the world—more than the entire population of the United States—whom these things do not accommodate.

Now, although there is no such thing as a left-handed monkey wrench, it may come as a shock to some readers that there *is* a right-handed frying-pan. In fact, there are getting to be nothing *but* right-handed frying-pans. The handles of these things used to be simple chunks of black wood. Now, thanks to that 20th-century specialist, the industrial designer, who streamlines paperweights and alarm clocks, they are moulded to the shape of the hand—the *right* hand.

The lady "southpaw" is in worse trouble now than she ever was be-

fore. When she marries and reaches the stage where she fumbles with tiny garments, she must reverse every instruction in the pamphlets that tell her how to knit. There are cases on record of women who have mothered families of six before finishing a pair of socks for their first-born.

Some of the tools of certain trades are so uncompromising that the left-hander can't enter those trades at all. You either play the violin as a right-hander or you don't play it at all. (The latter is usually preferable.) Left-handed dentists can buy special equipment to ply their trade, but it costs more, naturally, and the dentist has to explain to his patients why they feel sort of turned round.

For the world's more or less dejected "southpaws," for ever doomed to do everything the wrong way, there is some comfort. Leonardo da Vinci was left-handed—this man that many think was the greatest individual in the history of the human race.

Maybe the kindest thing you can do for the left-hander is to watch out for his interests at the dinner table. Put him at the *end* of the table, if you can, otherwise give him lots of room. The left-hander usually has to reverse his knife and fork, and he lives in a state of nervous indigestion lest the lady next him joggle *his* working elbow with *her* working elbow and land the mashed potatoes elsewhere than in the mouth. It has happened—often.

What's Wrong with France?

By Guy de Carmoy

“OUR STATE is threatened in its authority, its independence and its efficiency. Our economy has only partly attained the level of our foreign competitors. Many French families are still without homes; they await the chance to earn an honest living in a better-organized society.”

This gloomy picture of post-war France was drawn by no other than the retiring President, Vincent Auriol, last January.

He had good reason to be pessimistic; during his seven years in office the French Government changed 13 times, with only one cabinet managing to survive more than a year. With ten splinter par-

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GUY DE CARMOY, who holds the high rank of *Inspecteur des Finances* in the French Civil Service, was deported to Germany by the Nazis in 1943. From 1946 to 1948 he was the French representative at the World Bank in Washington. From 1948 to 1952 he was a director of the Organization of European Economic Co-operation for the 16 Marshall Plan countries. He resigned to write *Fortune of Europe*, a book which outspokenly advocates European federation. He lectures at the Institute of Political and Social Studies in Paris.

The future of the free world is closely linked to the strength and well-being of Western Europe. In that area no country is more critically important than France. Yet France today lives in a state of crisis, economic and political. A distinguished French economist tells here how this crisis has developed, and suggests what France must do to achieve stability and economic recovery. "

ties in parliament, France seemed doomed to government by precarious coalitions

Industrial recovery has been small and slow in post-war France. Agriculture has fallen far behind. Among the 16 nations receiving U.S. aid, France, with the best farmland in Western Europe, holds *ninth* place in yield of cereals per acre. The housing situation is deplorable. In 1952 the number of rooms built per 1,000 inhabitants was 27 in Germany, 24 in the United Kingdom—and only nine in France.

Such conditions as these are denounced by French leftist and conservative politicians alike. They point with concern at the wide gulf

between the living conditions of worker and employer.

Many Frenchmen—and most foreigners—look for the root of France's trouble in her political instability. There is some basis for this. France's political feuds and weakness have undoubtedly hampered her economic development. Yet this instability is not new. Since the birth of the French Republic in 1871 no Premier has remained in office for as long as three years. Only ten have stayed for two years or more, 107 have not lasted for a year.

This, however, did not prevent France from building the world's second-largest colonial empire, or from becoming one of the world's most prosperous nations. In the light of France's pre-war record, political instability alone could hardly account for her present plight.

Another factor frequently mentioned is the war in Indo-China. This eight-year war has cost France almost as much as she has received from the United States in economic and military aid. It has cost the French taxpayers much more than the total French pre-war investment in Indo-China. The war in Indo-China is a stumbling block to recovery, but it is not the chief reason for the crisis in France.

In great part the French crisis is moral. Too many Frenchmen have developed the habit of seeking government protection. Industrialists, already protected against domestic

competition by cartels, want the government to shield them against foreign competition by high tariffs and restrictive quotas. The peasants want the guarantee of high agricultural prices to enable them to buy the highly priced French manufactured goods.

The workers want the government to supplement their inadequate wages with generous family allowances and other social benefits, while demanding at the same time the closing of borders to foreign labour, even when it is needed for expansion of the French economy.

No wonder, then, that French domestic prices, either in industry or in agriculture, are much higher than world prices.

The French believe that they still have a free economy. What they actually have, in place of traditional free-market competition, is the competition for subsidies of innumerable groups, each of which presses the state to protect its acquired position by artificial means.

Pulled in all directions by these competing pressure groups (each using one or two splinter parties to promote its interest), the government is no longer in a position to make the national interest paramount.

The price the French pay for this over-all protectionism comes high. For the government, unable to shoulder the heavy financial burden loaded upon it, has been compelled from time to time to lighten its

burden by devaluing the French currency. For years the French have lived in a state of chronic inflation. The franc, devalued four times between 1928 and 1939, has been further devalued four times since 1944. Today it is worth, in dollars, only a tenth of what it was before World War II.

The French used to be the most savings-minded people in Europe. At the outbreak of World War I, when their government appealed to them to turn in their gold for paper currency, they responded generously, often digging hoarded coins out of woollen socks and from under mattresses. Today, however, the people no longer trust the government.

A man who in 1938 placed his savings in French six per cent 15-year bonds would have lost, by 1953, 75 per cent of the purchasing value of the money he lent.

Is it any wonder that the French have lost confidence in their currency? Many have even lost the traditional habit of saving. And of those who still do save, many look to gold as their best protection. The amount of French capital now being hoarded in gold has been unofficially estimated at £1,400 million to £2,000 million—several times greater than the gold reserve of the Bank of France!

France has also been suffering from uneconomic and inequitable tax laws. One often hears it said that

the French do not pay taxes. This is not true; they are among the most heavily taxed people in the world.* Their taxes amount to about 33 per cent of the gross national product, as against 27 per cent in the United States.

But nearly half the French budget comes from *sales* taxes. In contrast to his foreign competitor, the French industrialist must pay a high sales tax on all purchases designed to modernize his equipment. Then comes sales taxes on raw materials.

To these are added numerous sales taxes paid by the middlemen who distribute the product. All these taxes are passed on to the consumer. As a result commerce stagnates, the cost of living soars and the tax burden is borne primarily by those individuals who can least afford it.

The French income tax, which contributes only about 30 per cent of the government's revenue, is a further example of an antiquated and unjust tax system.

Peasants constitute more than a third of the population and earn about 14 per cent of the national income. Yet, because of privileges they receive under the law, they pay three per cent of the total income tax. Wage earners, who account for about half of the national income, pay 54 per cent of the income tax!

* But they are still better off than the British, who pay 36 per cent of their gross national product in taxes.

It is inequity of this sort that has swelled the ranks of the dissatisfied.

Much has been made of tax evasion in France. It is certainly not as frowned upon among my people as it is in the English-speaking countries. But French Treasury officials believe that loss of revenue from tax evasion is only half as great as from the disproportionate privileges established by the taxation system.

The damaging effect of inflation and uneconomic taxation in France is reinforced by two political factors—fear of war and fear of Communist influence at home. Added to this is the confusion resulting from the rather contradictory economic systems with which the short-lived governments experiment. The result—Private capital investment for new means of production has almost ceased to flow.

In whatever direction we turn—peasants, workers, industrialists, tradesmen—few are willing to take a risk. Everyone is thinking in terms of security. And everyone wants his security protected by the state. This obsession gives the French economy an increasingly static character, which is, unfortunately, in line with the traditional French distrust of change.

The greatest paradox in the French character is that, while our history has been a long succession of political changes, we are extremely conservative when it comes to our economic and social way of life. It is far easier for us to accept new

political ideas than new methods of work or even new eating habits. We would like to preserve our established way of life and pass it on unchanged to the next generation.

But much as we may dislike it, the time has come for us to realize that unless we shortly make some drastic changes in our life and work we cannot continue to play a major rôle in world affairs.

To begin with, France must achieve a minimum of political stability. Because of the traditional fear of a strong executive, the 1946 Constitution went too far in vesting so much political power in parliament. In 1953 the government undertook revision of the Constitution; this programme should be completed. The parliament must be made responsible for its action when it forces a government to resign. It is unfair and inefficient that the French parliament should vote cabinets out of office without responsibility for the consequences.

A stable currency is at least as important as a stable government. Only if confidence in the currency is restored will it be possible to undertake the indispensable modernization of France's antiquated industrial and agricultural equipment.

The most urgent task ahead is the modernization of French agriculture. A British farmer produces food for nearly 50 fellow citizens, a French farmer for only six. In France there is one agricultural

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FRANCE

school for every 57,000 farmers, as against one for every 3,300 farmers in Germany; France has one agricultural adviser for every 6,000 farmers, as against Holland's one for every 240.

Agricultural experts have estimated that with the proper methods France could feed 70 million people—27 million more than her present population. Yet at present she is importing cereals, sugar, fruits, vegetables, eggs and dairy products at heavy expense.

Protectionist devices which make the French economy rigid and production costs high must be abolished. France is badly in need of anti-cartel legislation. And she must reconsider the aid now given to producers and exporters. Free competition, not subsidy, is the way to economic health. It is impossible, for example, for the government to go on buying alcohol from French distillers at four times the world price and selling most of it at a 75 per cent loss!

The tax system must be reformed so as to spread the burden more fairly and create incentive for productive investment. Nationalized industries must operate on balanced budgets. And the present controls on French imports must be lifted if France wants other nations to buy her products she will have to buy theirs.

Unfortunately, the drastic reforms needed in the French economic system are not in the mak-

ing. Nor is it likely that they will be made until France determines the rôle she wants to play in the construction of a new Europe, a Europe offering greater economic opportunity and military security.

Actually, no serious progress can be made towards this goal if there is no basic agreement as to the partners and the ties that should bind them. French public opinion is at present divided between those who advocate a bigger Europe comprising all Western European countries including the United Kingdom, and those who accept the idea of a smaller Europe of which France and Germany are the main partners.

The British Government has repeatedly explained that the United Kingdom could not assume strong political ties with continental Europe because of her responsibilities with the Commonwealth.

If greater Europe cannot be built now, therefore, we must try to build a smaller Europe which would reconcile France and Germany on a lasting basis through strong common interests. Such was Robert Schuman's goal when in 1950 he launched the idea of the European Coal and Steel Community which Jean Monnet is now implementing.*

A common market for heavy industry is only the first stage in a programme which should gradually embrace the other sectors of Europe's economy, as well as a com-

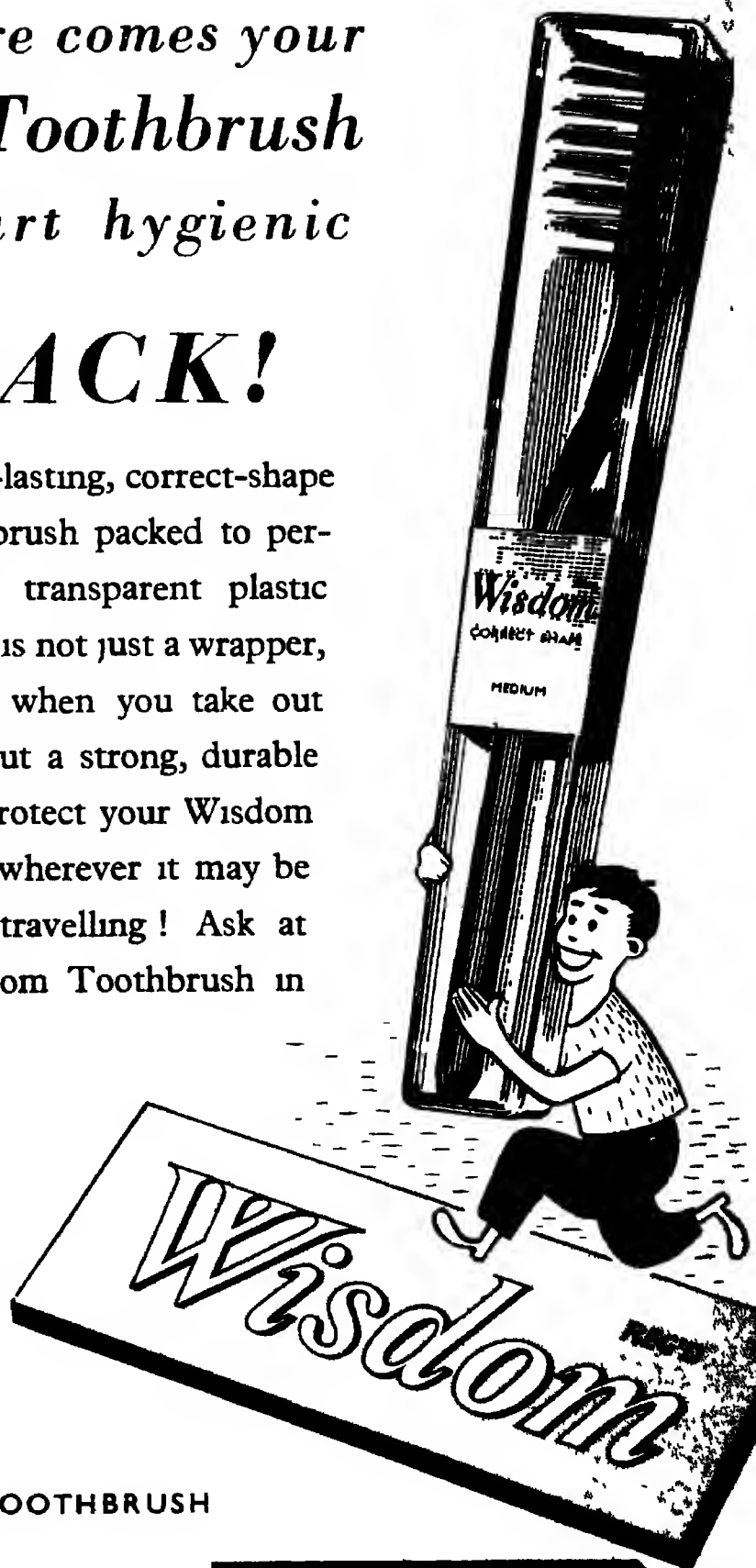
* See "Mr Europe," *The Reader's Digest*, May, 1953.

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mon defence and a common political authority. The next immediate step is the treaty on the European Defence Community which aims at re-arming Germany while preventing the rebirth of German militarism.

A large section of French public opinion balks at the prospect of German rearmament at a time when Germany has achieved a spectacular economic recovery. Their motives are varied. The neutralists believe that a united Germany could remain neutral between East and West. The Berlin conference has shattered their hopes.

The traditionalists cannot accept the idea of the French national army with its glorious past disappearing overnight into a European army. A few of them still believe that the counter-weight to German power should be found, as in 1914, in a Franco-Russian alliance. They grossly misjudge the relative strength of the Soviet Union and of Germany.

The last segment of opposition comes from those French interests which have for decades benefited from high tariffs, quotas and government subsidies. They are resolutely opposed to the idea of a common market which would mean the loss of their privileged positions.

In the present plight of the French economy, German competition would certainly be damaging. ~~One~~ ~~has~~ ~~wittily~~ ~~remarked~~ ~~that~~

French-German integration — the base for European integration — would be much easier if the Germans would get up an hour later and take an hour more for lunch. Yet France has no reason to lack confidence. If her agricultural production is lower per acre than Germany's, it is greater in volume. Germany is richer in coal, but France is richer in water power, iron ore and bauxite. And if France adds to her domestic potential the industrial, mineral and agricultural resources of her overseas possessions, there is no reason why she should fear German competition. What the French need to do is to get up an hour earlier and take an hour less for lunch!

If France and Germany continue as sovereign states, the chances are that Germany will continue her dynamic expansion while France slides farther downhill. But if the two nations integrate their economies, France will find herself compelled to make the reforms indispensable to her recovery.

No great reform has ever been accomplished without faith. In their present national framework the French cannot find the necessary faith. But in the larger framework of a European community they are bound to find both the faith and the incentive to carry on the civilizing mission which has been theirs for centuries in Europe and in the world.



69 million jars a year—1,000 different uses

Mr. Chesebrough's Wonder Jelly

By Mort Weisinger

LONG-DISTANCE swimmers use it to protect their bodies from cold waters. Film stars use it to simulate teardrops. Photographers smear it on negatives to eliminate scratches. Motorists dab it on their windcreens to prevent frosting. A razor-blade manufacturer uses it by the ton to coat millions of blades against rust. Blind people use it to keep their finger-tips soft for reading Braille. Soldiers have used it as a substitute for shaving cream.

This versatile substance is a petroleum jelly sold under the trade name "Vaseline." Developed almost 100 years ago as an inexpensive healing balm, this tasteless, colourless, odourless jelly is used by people all over the world in a thousand different ways, almost none of which its inventor had in mind.

Vaseline petroleum jelly was discovered by accident. One summer

day in 1859 Robert A. Chesebrough, a struggling 22-year-old Brooklyn chemist, heard newsboys shouting reports of a fabulous oil strike in Pennsylvania. Chesebrough had specialized in refining candle oil into paraffin. Now he sensed that the discovery of rich, natural petroleum threatened his paraffin business. He decided to turn his refining know-how to the petroleum field, and invested his savings in a railway ticket to Titusville, the heart of the oil boom.

The young chemist strode over the oil fields, eyes sharp, mind alert, and stopped to watch a workman scraping and cleaning the rods of an oil pump. "Rod wax!" the workman complained. "Biggest nuisance in the oil fields."

When Chesebrough inquired what rod wax was, the workman explained that it was a paraffin-wax-like oil residue which had to be re-

MR. CHESEBROUGH'S WONDER JELLY

moved regularly. "The boys curse it because it fouls the pumps," he went on, "but if they burn or cut themselves they come running for the stuff and rub it on. It works like a charm!"

When Chesebrough returned to his boarding-house in Brooklyn he carried a box filled with the bothersome rod wax. Oils had been used as skin remedies throughout the ages, he recalled. It was possible that some ingredient in this wax possessed special medical qualities, and that it could be made in a laboratory.

In the months that followed, Chesebrough evolved a process for extracting a concentrated residue from petroleum. The final result was a tray of translucent jelly.

To test the healing powers of his new balm Chesebrough became a human guinea pig, inflicting scores of cuts and scratches on his body and searing his hands with flame and acid. Sure enough, the strange new emollient magically soothed and helped to heal his wounds. Chesebrough then gave some of the jelly to construction men, ditch-diggers and bricklayers, and suggested that they treat their occupational hurts with it. When they reported beneficial results Chesebrough knew he was in business.

Now the young chemist invented the name "Vaseline" for his product* and set up a factory to manu-

* Although the word was arbitrarily coined, it probably comes from the German *Wasser*, "water," and the Greek *élanon*, "olive oil."

facture it. He sent samples to physicians, apothecaries and scientific societies, then sat back waiting for orders. He received polite replies—and an occasional request for more free samples.

Undaunted, Chesebrough embarked on what was probably the first give-away campaign. Obtaining a horse and wagon, he set out for upper New York State with thousands of one-ounce sample bottles. He gave a bottle to every person he encountered en route and stopped at farms to leave one with the woman of the house. The important link in each area was, of course, the local chemist, who would inevitably feel the demand created by the samples.

Chesebrough's wagon ride proved so successful that he deployed a dozen horse-and-buggy hawkers into New Jersey and Connecticut. Within a few years the public was buying Vaseline jelly at the rate of one jar a minute. Chesebrough's faith in his product was confirmed when the medical profession accepted it.

The balm earned special respect in January 1912 when the Equitable Life Assurance Building in New York caught fire, many of the occupants were burned, and pounds of the jelly were used to ease their pain. Since then petroleum jelly has been recommended for minor burns by the Red Cross. It keeps the burned area sealed off against airborne infection and, when com-



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lined with a sterile pressure bandage, decreases the loss of essential fluids.

Stunts, campaigns and word-of-mouth recommendation won international fame for Vaseline jelly. It was used by Peary on his Arctic treks—it didn't freeze at 40 degrees below zero. In jungle regions natives have used jars of the jelly as money because it does not turn rancid under the tropical sun.

When a new employee winced at the report that natives in India buttered their bread with Vaseline jelly, Chesebrough roared: "Young man, our jelly is good to eat—I've eaten pounds of it myself!" This was true; Chesebrough ate a spoon-

ful every day of his life, considering it a general cure-all. When, in his late 50s, he fell ill with pleurisy, he made his nurse anoint him with the substance from head to toe—and promptly recovered.

Chesebrough died in 1933 at the age of 96. On his death-bed he boasted that he owed his longevity to the daily dose of his product.

Today the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company sells some 69 million jars a year in about 100 countries. Customers constantly write to the Company, relaying new uses for the product. One of the most recent: A number of sportsmen report that blobs of it serve as excellent bait for rainbow trout!

Agnes Allen's Law

Frederick Lewis Allen in This Week

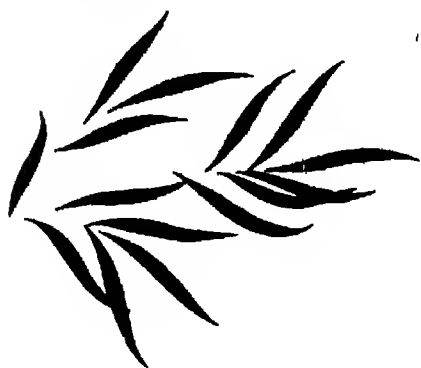
ONCE knew a university student who was much impressed with the fame that came to people who got their names tacked on to some universal law such as Newton's Law or Gresham's Law. So in due course he came up with Zahner's Law (his name was Louis Zahner), which read: "If you play with anything long enough, it'll break."

Obsessed with my own desire for fame, I enunciated Allen's Law: "Everything is more complicated than it looks to most people." This seemed to me to apply neatly to those problems that look very simple until you have to tackle them, and then reveal entanglements that the people who make speeches about them haven't even dreamed of. I sat back well pleased with myself.

But then my wife saw the great light of Zahnerism. And when she produced Agnes Allen's Law, I realized not only that we had all been outdistanced but that at one stroke human wisdom had been advanced to an unprecedented degree. This is Agnes Allen's Law: "Almost anything is easier to get into than to get out of."

Here is a law which should be graven on the hearts of people who are invited to serve on committees, who are sent contracts to sign, who are thinking of acquiring a dog, or who contemplate amatory attachments.

*The "gentle exhalation" which
makes life possible on this planet*



Look at Leaves

By Donald Culross Peattie

Noted botanist and author

NOW ONCE AGAIN the spring hangs
out those lovely tapestries
with which leaves furnish this, our
planet home. It wouldn't be home
without them, the love of them lies
deep in the human heart.

It is an old trick of mine to think
about leaves when I cannot sleep. I
let my mind go first to the great
oak outside my window, with its
half acre or so of leaf surface, all of
it doing the tree, and me, a silent
good. I listen to far-away foliage I
have known, to the high seething of

the silken needles of pines above a
woodland cottage, or to the heavy
rustle of a chestnut-tree. And I hear
again the stiff rattle of palm leaves
in the trade wind on a tropic shore.

Take a leaf—take any leaf—and
look at it closely. You will see that
the two sides are unlike: the upper
surface is darker, often glossy and
waxen, the underside paler, some-
times with a protective coating of
down. Because it is thus two-faced,
a leaf can perform its two separate
functions: respiration on the lower
surface, work with the sun on the
upper.

Trees must breathe good sweet
oxygen to keep alive. It's oxygen,
entering into a man's blood, that
kindles the fires of human energy.
So with a leaf. It too must take in
oxygen in order to release, from the
sugars and starches packed away in
it as stored food, the energy to ex-
pand upon the summer air and so
to lift, by the power of growth, a
sapling into a forest giant.

A leaf breathes through the pores
on its sheltered underside—so many
and minute that they average about
100 to an area the size of the loop
in the letter P on this page. These
pores are usually slit-shaped, like the
pupils of a cat's eyes—and just as a
cat's pupils expand in darkness or
contract in bright light, so the pores
of a leaf respond to atmospheric
changes. On hot, dry days, lest the
leaf wilt by water loss through
evaporation, its pores may almost

LOOK AT LEAVES

close—but not completely or it would smother. When the pores open their widest, the leaf, and so the whole tree, breathes easier.

The pores of a leaf, even at the top of a tall tree, help to bring water up from the roots deep in earth. Evaporation at the pores causes a partial vacuum within the cells, and this suctionlike effect is communicated from cell to cell back through the leaf stalks and twigs, along the boughs, down the trunk. Boosted by root pressure from below—the same which causes the sap to rise in sugar maples—thread-fine columns of water are thus sucked up, like lemonade through a straw. And this goes on, dead against gravity, 100 feet up and more, to the breeze-tossed crown of a great oak or maple.

Meanwhile, on the upper side of the leaf, the side exposed to the sunlight, a primal work of the world is going on. For aeons before this atomic age the green leaf has been using solar energy to power the greatest industrial plant on earth. No wheel turns in it, no smoke pollutes the air round it, instead, leaves purify the atmosphere. This foliage factory—which first, of course, serves the tree itself, thus giving us timber, pulp and plastics—uses for machinery the green stuff in the leaf called chlorophyll. And with chlorophyll the leaf is able to capture part of that tremendous cascade of atomic energy which falls upon our planet from the sun.

As each tiny particle of solar energy (called a photon) collides with the green in the leaf, the energy leaps to the chlorophyll, setting it aglow. With this energy the chlorophyll smashes open the molecules of the water (H_2O) and of the carbon dioxide (CO_2) which the leaf has taken in through its pores from the air, and silently reassembles these atoms of oxygen, carbon and hydrogen into new patterns constituting sugars and starches, the basic foods in the leaf. Since it is with the energy from photons that the leaf synthesizes its foods, the whole elaborate but speedy process is called *photosynthesis*. Throughout the sunlit hours in every part of the world every leaf on every tree is doing this work.

No wonder chlorophyll has been called the green blood of the world! It is carried in minute green disks which, like the corpuscles in our own blood, can move about almost as if they led a life of their own. When the sunshine is too strong they can turn edge-on, or sink, or flee to the sides of the cells. When the skies grow grey, they may do a half-roll and turn broadside to make the most of the light, or rise to the top of the cell, like fish coming up in cloudy weather to bite.

And leaves help to provide us with the very breath of life. For when the leaf by photosynthesis breaks up those molecules of water and carbon dioxide into their elements, there is a lot of oxygen left



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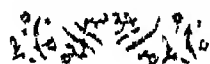
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over that the leaf itself doesn't use. Thus it breathes out through its pores, in such quantities that all our air is wonderfully freshened. When factory chimneys pour deadly gases into the sky, the oxygen exhaled by leaves purifies the polluted air. The winds of the world, for ever storming round our spinning globe, thoroughly mix and distribute the leaf-breath. Without that gentle exhalation all animal life on earth would, like a candle lowered into a well full of carbon dioxide, long ago have flickered out.

Thus the man who has a fine old shade tree over his roof lives under a sort of oxygen tent. Moreover, the foliage not only tempers the wind and shuts out the glare but somewhat air-conditions his house. For the air round leaves is faintly cooled by the evaporation from them, just as a lake or river makes the neighbourhood cooler. You feel this sudden, delicious coolness when

on a hot day you enter into a wood.

So, summer-long, a green, serene benediction is upon us. In autumn every leaf seems to have put on new colour. Not so; the reds and yellows are the natural pigments of certain foods stored by leaves which are merely masked by chlorophyll in the summer. We see orange in autumn foliage when red shines through yellow, and mauve when red begins to change chemically. Frost has nothing to do with it. It is the leaves themselves which end their own lives in this blaze of glory. Each leaf produces a growth of callous cells at the base of its stalk, this cuts off the water supply and makes a tear-line, like the perforations on a sheet of stamps, so that any breeze may pull the leaf off, or it may fall of its own weight. In the end, it will turn to mould, enriching earth, or, raked into some bonfire, may rise again in a last blue swirl of pungent smoke.



Another Language

A PAN AMERICAN World Airways employee in Accra advertised that he wanted a paraffin refrigerator, received this reply: "I have the honour most respectfully to submit this my humble application soliciting for employment as a paraffin refrigerator. I successfully passed the seventh standard at Oboden Methodist Middle School and hold documents testifying my character and ability." (New York Herald Tribune) A Filipino schoolteacher wrote the following letter of resignation to the American superintendent in her best English. "I wish to resignate. My works are too many and my salaries are too few. Moreover, my principal makes many lovings to which I say 'Oh, not'." (The Penn-Trail)



Is AMERICA

By Ralph Robey

A distinguished American business analyst weighs the probabilities and gives an encouraging answer

I AM OFTEN asked a question of worldwide economic and political importance "Is America going to have a depression?" No one—whether economist or businessman—can say that he really knows the answer. The best one can do is examine the present situation and arrive at a judgment as to *probabilities*.

Let us begin by asking why America should be worrying about a depression at all. That is an easy one, according to the pessimists.

First For the past year or so America has been riding what has sometimes been called "a stale boom." By this is meant that since 1940—with the exception of a mild downturn in 1949 and the even milder let-down of the past few months

RALPH ROBBY taught at Columbia University's School of Business for 20 years, has been financial editor of the New York *Evening Post* and economic adviser to the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers. His first article, written just 25 years ago, was a prediction that the then-roaring stock-market boom could not continue.

—the country has been enjoying a period of extraordinary prosperity. It is only natural, therefore, to ask how much longer such good times can continue, whether we must not expect a real old-fashioned depression, just as we have had previously after such a period of prosperity, and especially after a major war.

Second For years business has been spending money on factories and machines at a rate far beyond anything in our history. How are we going to continue to buy all of the goods that we are now capable of turning out and must continue to turn out if we are to remain prosperous?

Third The prosperity we have been having, so we are told, has been largely phony. It started with the terrific spending of World War II. When that was over we ran into the enormous backlog of consumer demand accumulated during the depression when we didn't have the money to buy what we wanted and during the war when

what we wanted was not being produced. That pent-up demand, plus our new status in world affairs, brought roaring prosperity through 1946, 1947 and 1948. Then, just when we were about to go into a tailspin, along came Korea to provide another shot-in-the-arm.

But now that is all over. International tension is easing. Military spending is declining. International aid is gradually coming to an end.

But let us take a look at the facts on the other side—facts which cannot be ignored if one is to have anything approaching a balanced judgment of the business outlook.

First It is unquestionably true that we Americans have been riding a "stale boom." But in spite of this relatively long period of prosperity, we are *not* today producing a larger volume of goods than long-term history indicates as normal.

If we go back to, say, 1880 and draw a straight line to show the normal rate of growth in national production, we find we are just about where we should be. This means that if trouble comes it will *not* be because we have attained such a high level of production that it is basically unsupportable.

If the American economy sneezes, the sterling area gets pneumonia. America and Russia do more world trade—Europe, and even Britain and the sterling area, less—than before the war. But while the Russian empire is almost a closed economic system, American imports and exports are far greater than before, and dollar prices influence more markets than before. Moreover, American industry grows increasingly dependent on foreign raw materials. So Britain and the sterling area—indeed, France, Belgium and other systems—earn more vital dollars and gold reserves, compared with before the war, by their exports of *raw materials* to America: rubber, uranium, cocoa, jute, ores, etc. If American business falls off even a little way, American imports of these foreign raw materials fall off a lot, and our reserves of gold and dollars are then imperilled, just as in 1947, 1949 and 1951.

Americans can afford a recession in business of about 10 per cent, but that might mean a drop of 25 per cent in American imports from the sterling area.

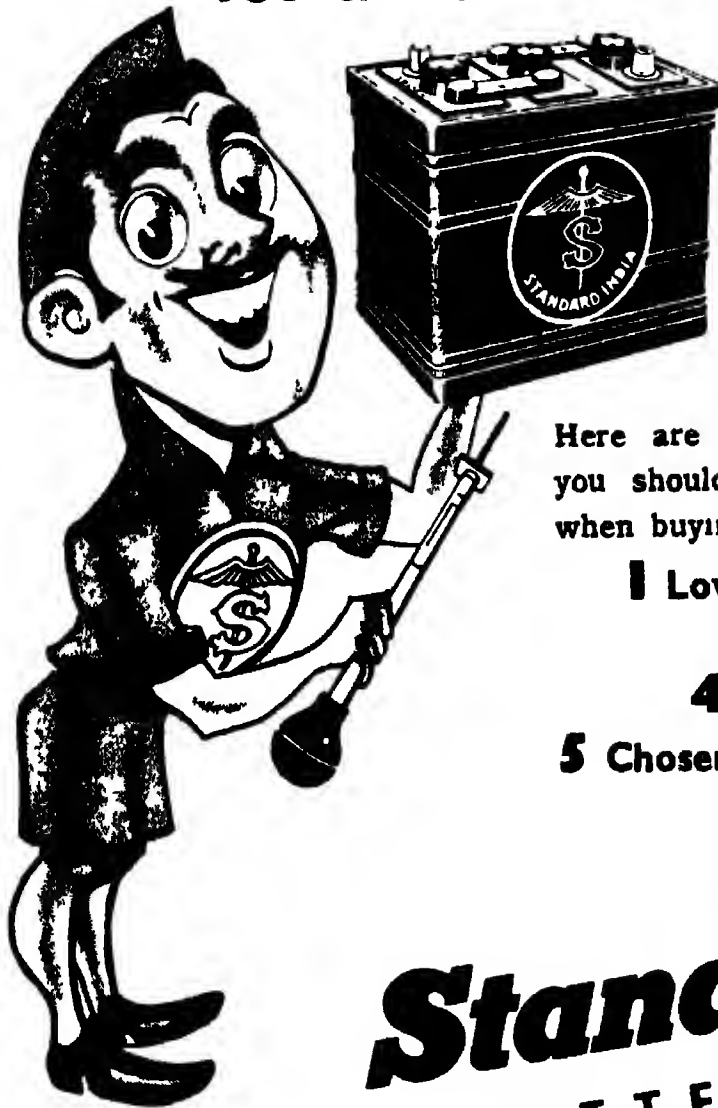
—Graham Hutton, British economist and broadcaster, author of *We Too Can Prosper* (Allen & Unwin, London), a recent comparison of the American and British industrial methods.

Second It is also unquestionably true that for the past ten years business has been investing incredible amounts in new factories and new machines. And certainly in some industries we do have the capacity today to turn out more goods than can be sold at a profit. But that situation has been customary throughout the country's history, except during wars and immediate post-war periods.

Third Granted that business has been subjected to a series of "artificial" stimulants over the past several years, it does not follow that

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artificial stimulants are needed in order for it to remain prosperous. What such stimulants give is froth: inflation, distortion of markets and strains throughout the economic system. Such froth is not an aid to prosperity; on the contrary, it must always lead to corrections. That is what happened in 1949, and that is what has been happening during the past few months.

And, incidentally, it was not the outbreak of the Korean War which saved America from depression in 1950; the readjustment had been completed and business had turned up months before the war started. It turned up for the simple reason that there was nothing in the economic condition of that time which was of such character and force as to cause a depression. And the same is true today.

Just what is there, then, in the present situation that might create a real depression, rather than a mild readjustment?

Is there too much instalment credit? The dollar volume is at a record level, but it is still proportionate to national income. And this is generally true of private debts as a whole.

Are stocks high? Yes, they are not only high but in need of correction, just as in 1949—and such correction has been taking place.

Is there too much home-building and construction? Certainly not in terms of the needs of our people.

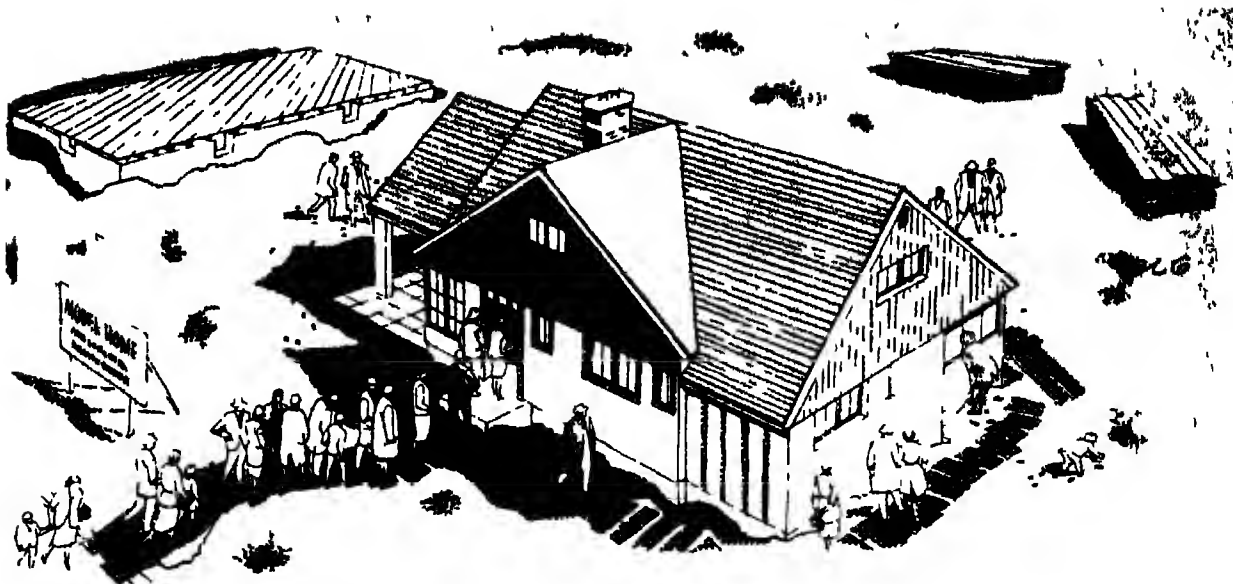
But even that is only half the picture. There are three tremendously powerful forces on the positive side.

First The rise in population is terrific. Each year there are between two and three million more people who have to be fed, clothed, housed and, in time, provided with all of those goods and services which make up the standard of living.

Second The whole world is in the midst of a technological revolution of unparalleled proportions. All of this takes enormous sums of money. And such spending cannot be stopped—for the simple reason that no business can afford not to keep up with its competitors.

Third The present Administration in Washington is determined to do whatever is necessary to hold business activity on a reasonably even keel. A comprehensive programme has been prepared to assure this result. Its broad outlines are (1) a plentiful money supply at low interest rates, (2) reduction of taxes to encourage investment, (3) easing of down-payments and terms for home building and modernization; (4) broadening and liberalization of old-age, Social Security and unemployment payments.

With such a programme, with the great underlying strength provided by technological developments and population growth and with an economic system at present free of major air pockets, the future looks bright.



Going Up!

One Million Houses a Year

By Gilbert Burck and Sanford S. Parker

PROBABLY no American industry has had more heads shaken over it than housing. For the past four or five years many economists have predicted a slump in the industry. Only recently an English economist, Colin Clark, lamented that housing provided no hope for America's faltering 1954 economy because costs are too high.

The fact is that the housing market—barring war or depression—today holds promise of providing the great U.S. "growth situation" of the 1950s and 1960s. Housing is the only one of the nation's four largest markets (the others are food, clothing and cars) that has strong potentialities for growing *faster than the economy as a whole*—and

A booming housing industry may well be the foundation for American prosperity in the coming years

it's close to a 20-thousand-million-dollar market, already larger than the car market. And, because new houses mean new furniture, appliances, shops, roads and schools, housebuilding is bound to play a portentous rôle in keeping the whole American economy prosperous.

A revolution in housing is going on now in America, and these are the changes that have produced it:

People need a lot of housing. The need for housing, even after the building boom of the past eight years, is now much greater than

anyone thought it would be. The wartime and post-war marriage boom is tapering off, but not so much as once appeared likely; and single people are setting up more households than were expected a few years ago. So 1,100,000 housing units are needed

annually just to satisfy minimum requirements in the years 1955-59. This is the rock-bottom demand, based on the net increase in households each year, plus an allowance for destruction and vacancies.

There is a second kind of housing need, if the nation is to raise its standard of housing as high as its over-all living standard has risen. For example, the number of families with \$4,000 to \$7,500 in disposable cash income (1953 dollars) has increased more than 300 per cent since 1929. In the 1920s such a family paid from \$12,000 to \$22,500 for a house. Yet since 1929 the number of houses worth \$12,000 to \$22,500 (in 1953 dollars) has increased by only 30 per cent. In short, some 11 million families in the middle bracket are living below their 1929 standard of housing. The same is true of other income groups. Just to bring American family income and housing back to their 1929 relationship, therefore, would call for an estimated additional 300,000 new houses a year.

These 1,400,000 houses a year amounts to an ever-normal housing

Britain is now one of the world's leading exporters of prefabricated houses, which go to more than 70 countries. The word "prefab" was born ten years ago. It came into our language after a Saturday night broadcast in March 1944, when Mr. Churchill (as he was then) announced that an attack on the housing shortage was to be made by "prefabricated or emergency houses."

boom for the rest of the 1950s. And a new boom will begin in the 1960s, when war and post-war babies form households of their own.

Better houses are costing less. The major obstacle to replacing substandard houses was high costs. Today, however, leading builders are using mass-production principles to offset the high costs of everything that goes into a house. The day is near when almost anybody with a job can afford to own a house.

In the '20s, 90 per cent of new houses were lathed and plastered. Today nearly 50 per cent are getting "dry" walls of sheet material.

Frames are being pre-cut. Walls are assembled on the ground and "tilted" up. Roofs are built as trusses, wholly supported by the exterior walls, so the interior floor, walls and ceiling can be finished as one room and standardized partitions installed in a few hours.

So far it is the mass builders who are making the spectacular advances. Earl Smith of San Francisco saves about 15 per cent in costs by his ingenious method of using slab floors and flat roofs. And the Levitt fam-

A*ge*
cannot
wither...

Beauty that women desire .

Beauty that men admire ..

The glow that only

SLEEP can give

The sleep that only

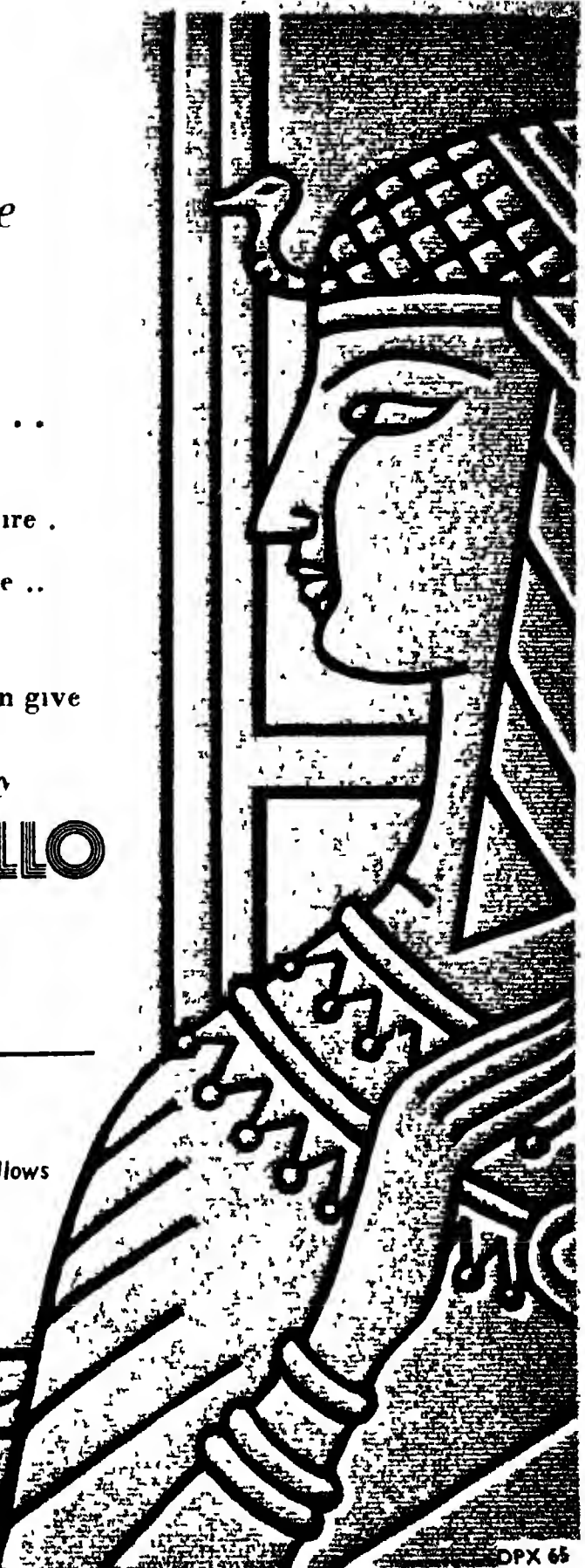
DUNLOPILLO

can give



Mattresses, Cushions and Pillows

for Lasting Comfort



DPX 65

ily, which is building a city of 60,000 in three years at Levittown, Pennsylvania,* provides an outstanding example of the way many little advances can total one large advance.

The Levitts' \$10,500 house would sell at about \$14,000 if built to order, and their \$16,000 house would sell at about \$22,000. What is more, the Levitts probably make as good a profit as does the builder of made-to-order houses.

But mass-builders are being threatened by the prefabricated house. Heralded for 20 years, the prefab has been retarded by high costs, low volume, bad design, local codes, insufficient distribution. Now its inherent advantages seem to be enabling it to compete with on-site mass-producers.

Financing is easy and cheap, and U.S. Government policy is to keep it so. Today's financing enables people to own a new house about as cheaply as they can rent an old one. Thirty years ago mortgages cost from six to ten per cent, and many second mortgages cost as much as 25 to 30 per cent. Most mortgages were subject to call after a short period.

Then the Government got into house-financing. Twenty-five years ago, during the Hoover Administration, it set up the Home Loan Bank to insure the deposits of saving-and-loan associations, and the Home Owners Loan Corpora-

tion to purchase and rewrite "distress" mortgages. In 1934 it created the Federal Housing Administration to insure mortgages at low rates. And after World War II it established the Veterans Administration loan system, which insured mortgage money for veterans at four per cent and no down payment.

FHA's practice of making advance commitments has enabled builders to finance large-scale developments and work out the techniques of quantity production. FHA and VA dominate large-scale residential construction, they underwrite the financing of nearly three-quarters of the new construction in the \$6,000-to-\$12,000 range, and 80 per cent of all rental housing.

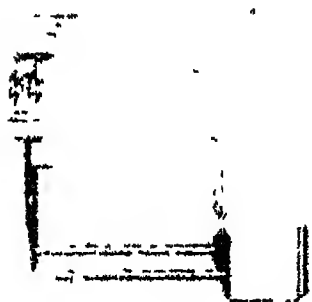
Hardly anybody in building wants to do anything with FHA except to liberalize it. And that, in essence, is what the President's Committee on Government Housing Policies has recently recommended.

To stimulate remodelling and rehabilitation, FHA and the National Association of Home Builders have mounted a campaign to persuade builders to take houses as "trade-ins," like dealers take secondhand cars as part payment for new ones. The President's Advisory Committee has recommended that FHA encourage such "trade-ins" further.

This, of course, will compete with new housing, but there should be plenty of business for both. As things now look, there will be more

* See "Birth of a City," The Reader's

How a mechanical Sherlock Holmes solves hundreds of crimes each year



The Detective Who Never Sleeps

By Keith Monroe

"CAN'T GO with you unless my grandma says it's all right," the little girl told the nice man. "She's there inside the grocer's shop. She told me to wait out here."

"I'll go and ask her," the nice man said.

In a moment the man came out. "Your grandma says it's all right. You come with me and we'll get those pretty clothes I promised you."

An hour later the Los Angeles Police Department was notified that the child had been found in the basement of a deserted house, too hysterical to describe the man who had criminally assaulted her there.

There seemed no hope of finding the man. He had not, of course, spoken to her grandmother inside

the grocer's shop. Without a description or a scrap of physical evidence the police faced an apparently impossible task.

Nevertheless, police headquarters fed some questions into an electronic machine which, within five minutes, clicked out an answer. Headquarters phoned the detective on the case. "The man you want is probably named Samuel Chenault. He may live at 7782 Graham Avenue. We'll send you his photo and description."

That afternoon Chenault was arrested and questioned. Unnerved by the seeming omniscience of the police, he confessed even before the child identified him. He is now in prison.

Chenault is not the first criminal in Los Angeles who has thought he

committed a detective-proof crime, only to be nabbed with terrific speed. Seven high-powered burglars entered a building, cracked a safe and extracted \$15,000 (£5,000) in cash and negotiable securities. They left no fingerprints, were seen by no witnesses. However, police were knocking on the doors of their homes 40 minutes after the crime.

"How did you know it was us?" one of the cracksmen asked.

"A machine told us," a detective said. "We call it our mechanical Sherlock Holmes."

Like the rest of us, a crook is a creature of habit. He uses the same method of operation—even the same line of talk—over and over again until it identifies him as readily as if he had left a visiting card. Samuel Chenault was caught because he had used the same "pretty clothes" offer to lure another child into a lonely spot six years before. The machine searched the records of hundreds of child-attack cases. Chenault was the only man who had used that approach. The cracksmen were spotted after the machine had sorted out names and addresses of criminals who had previously used the same method of breaking into a building, forcing a safe and leaving two doors open for escape.

In a big-city police headquarters the identification files are too huge for any detective to carry in his head—or to search by hand. That is why Los Angeles, where 72,000

crime reports come in yearly, has put its reports on punched cards, which the electronic machine can search at the rate of six cards per second. This standard high-speed card sorter, a type found in many business offices, is credited with cracking 700 to 800 Los Angeles cases per year.

To the criminal in handcuffs, the work of the machine often seems superhuman. For example, a hold-up man walked into a Los Angeles wine merchant's and was met by a detective who was waiting for him. How could the machine predict that that shop, which had never been held up, was likely to be held up on a given day at a given hour?

It did this by filtering out what the police call a crime pattern. Processing hundreds of holdup reports from all parts of the city, it deposited a number of cards recording similar jobs in the same slot. The cards had one geographical factor in common: each shop was near a cinema. Evidently one unknown stick-up man liked to duck into the darkness of a cinema until the hue and cry from his robbery subsided.

The cards showed also that he liked to operate at about three-week intervals, on a Thursday or Friday during the slack hours in midafternoon. So the police selected three wine merchants near cinemas, and concealed a detective in each. One Friday the bandit walked in and the trap was sprung.

Whenever cards piling up in one

slot of the machine indicate a pattern for a series of crimes, the results are put into an information sheet circulated through the force. These bulletins are short and vividly worded. WATCH FOR THE SELF-SERVICE SHOP GANG, OR KNIT-CAP RAPIST TRIES AGAIN. If eye-witnesses can describe the unidentified crook or his car, a staff artist draws a sketch to give policemen a fuller idea of what to look for.

One such bulletin broke up a highly successful gang of holdup men who raked in about £13,500 in 18 robberies before being caught last year. These men entered self-service shops and herded customers to the rear at gun point. They wore masks, but witnesses occasionally caught a glimpse of the getaway car. Cards accumulating in the same bracket gradually pieced together a description of it. A police artist drew an imaginary sketch, highlighting some of its distinguishing features. From the sketch alone a pair of motorcycle cops spotted the car. They signalled it to stop on the pretence of a speeding charge. Before the men in the car realized what was happening, the policemen's drawn revolvers were in their faces. The evidence in the car convicted the bandits.

By analysing police statistics, the electronic card sorter spotlights the sections of a city where crime is likely to occur, and indicates the days and hours when police strength should be highest. This is impor-

tant, for the visible presence of uniformed policemen is still the best crime preventive.

These facts have brought expert criminologists from all over the world to study the Los Angeles system. By a happy chance Sir Arthur Dixon, noted British criminal investigator, was present when the machine gave one of its more Holmesian demonstrations. A routine report of a car theft came in. Witnesses had seen the man who drove the car away: he wore glasses, had bad teeth and was freckled.

Mrs Rhoda Cross, who has been chief handmaiden to the machine ever since it was installed, went to a filing cabinet, drew out an armful of punched cards and fed them to the machine. In a few minutes it spat out three cards. Mrs Cross glanced at them and interpreted: "The man who stole that car probably lives in West Hollywood or Highland Park. His name may be Stafford, Black or Szylkowski.* These are the three known car thieves who fill the 'freckles, glasses, bad teeth' description."

"Surely you don't mean one of them is necessarily the culprit," Sir Arthur said.

"No, indeed. They're just suspects. But we can show those three pictures to each witness, and see if he identifies one. Without the machine, our witnesses might have to thumb through the photos of thousands of suspects." As it turned out

* These names are fictitious

THE DETECTIVE WHO NEVER SLEEPS

later, witnesses identified Black of Highland Park.

No one would think that the punch cards would have a combination to indicate "butterfly tattooed on left shin." They don't. And yet, after a stranger had forced his way into a woman's home and attacked her last year, the tattoo was the only distinguishing feature she could remember. A detective phoned headquarters and asked for the name of any criminal whose left shin was tattooed with a butterfly.

He got it. The search took hours, because from hundreds of thousands of cards the machine had to pick out those punched with Code No. 25: tattoo. There were several hundred of these, each with the description of the tattoo typewritten on it. Clerks flipped through these by hand until they found one mentioning a butterfly. It bore the name of a known burglar and ex-convict. The housewife identified his picture. He is now serving a long sentence.

Another classic illustration is the Anya Sosyeva murder case. Anya, who played small parts in films, was taking a night-school course in dramatics. One evening she was on the way to a rehearsal when someone jumped from behind a bush, clubbed her and raped her. She died a few hours later.

All the girl's acquaintances were investigated and found innocent. The machine sorted all attack cards, murder cards and even strong-arm-

robbery cards to find those with a similar locale or *modus operandi*. No leads.

A month later another young actress was attacked. Her screams brought help quickly enough to save her. This happened near the scene of the Sosyeva murder. Again the attacker had been hiding in bushes, and had wielded some blunt, heavy weapon.

This time the man had left a footprint. The machine plucked out all the cards in which footprints were mentioned. None of the prints matched this new one. It hunted for cards showing crimes against actresses. Still no leads.

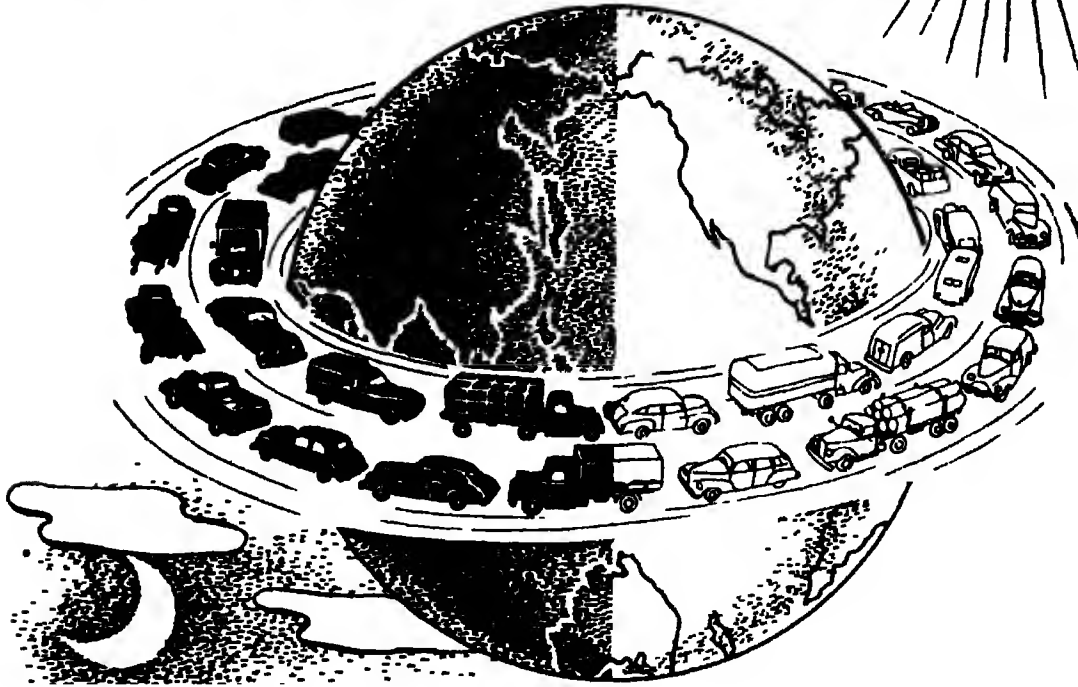
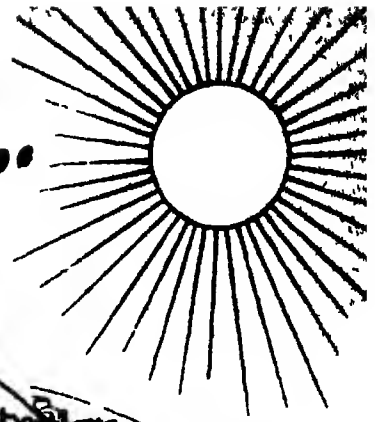
Finally, as a long shot, someone suggested asking the robot what other crimes had occurred lately near the scene of the two attacks.

It was the key. Sorting by area, the machine dealt out a pattern: a burglar was operating frequently, at about the same hour that the girls had been assaulted, and in the same part of the city. He worked at fairly regular intervals, and would be due again soon.

An information sheet went out: "Between 8 and 9 p.m. some night this week a burglar may go into the side window of some house in the area bounded by Beverly Boulevard, Vermont, Santa Monica and Normandie. He is probably the Sosyeva murderer."

A clutch of plain-clothes men and patrol cars infiltrated the area each evening. Police were hiding in tree-

NIGHT AND DAY...



*...THE WORLD OVER,
SOMEONE SOMEWHERE IS
USING A PRODUCT MADE BY*

GOOD  YEAR

Tyres & Tubes for Automobiles, Trucks & Buses, Tractors and Trailers, Cycles, Motorcycles and Aircraft — Spill-proof Batteries, Pliofoam Transport Cushioning, Belting and Hose, Chemical Products, Soles and Heels and complete Accessory line.

GOOD

tops and under hedges when a young man named DeWitt Cook tried to enter a window of a house. His shoes matched the print left by the rapist. After long questioning he confessed, with sufficient detail to convince everyone, that he had killed Anya Sosyeva. Burglary was his profession, murder and assault were mere diversions. Psychiatrists

found him sane; he was executed.

Solving—and preventing—crimes keeps the Los Angeles automaton working night and day. If all cities had similar punch-card records funnelled into one clearing house, crime fighting would be easier for them all, law-abiding citizens would have more protection and crooks would have more trouble per policeman.



Progress

AMERICAN INDIANS used to broadcast messages by holding a wet blanket over the fire. Now we've got television and get to see the wet blanket in person.

—*The American Eagle*

Cartoon Quips

MAN to estate agent: "What we had in mind is something in the three-to-five thousand range that sells for no more than ten thousand."

—*Collier's*

WIFE, leaving cinema, to husband: "I wish just once they'd have as good a picture this week as they're going to have next week!"

—*Chicago Tribune*

FIANCÉ to girl looking at ring: "If you think *that* one is small, you should have seen the one I could afford!"

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

ONE SECRETARY to another: "Oh, I just adore my job. It's the work I hate."

—*Field Enterprises*

WIFE, shopping with friend, telephones husband: "All right, dear, we'll meet you there at six o'clock sharp—and try not to be so on time."

—*King Features*

SHOP ASSISTANT to woman in fitting room: "On the other hand, Madame doesn't do anything for the dress either."

—*The Saturday Evening Post*

HUSBAND to wife: "I'll tell you whether I still love you when I find out what you're leading up to."

—*The Saturday Evening Post*



Scotland

When I proposed wearing my newly acquired kilt on our trip to the island of Arran, my Scottish friend, a fellow student at the University of Edinburgh, objected "You're an American of no Scottish ancestry and have no right to that tartan," he told me "Furthermore, Arran is south of where the kilt is generally worn. I'm leaving mine behind, though I have the full clan right to wear it." Nothing more was said—but I wore my kilt.

My friend's triumph appeared complete when we found mine was the only kilt to be seen. As the days wore on, his smile became more forced. For at week's end I had collected a total of £5 posing for English and American tourists, who considered me the only picturesque native on Arran.

—JAMES WINGEIER (Canton, Ohio)

Switzerland

Young and starry-eyed, I was window-shopping in Geneva when

I realized that a very dapper-looking man was following me. I moved on, but he came up beside me, doffed his hat and with a charming smile addressed me with a volley of French. I shook my head uncomprehendingly. A try at German was no more helpful. Then English: "How to put it delicately, so as not to offend? I very much want to know you."

With what I considered great presence of mind I invoked a mythical protector. "But," I said, "my husband wouldn't like that a bit."

"Ah-h, you have the husband?" Then, with a shrug and a lift of the shoulders, "*Mais, madame*—that is a condition, not an excuse!"

—L. R. P. (Montclair, New Jersey)

China

Before the last war I visited Shanghai with a compatriot who assured me that he spoke Chinese fluently. But when we went to a restaurant we discovered that my friend's Northern Chinese dialect

was not understood—so we had to take the food they gave us. It was delicious, however—especially a stew, of which I had a second helping.

"Tastes like duck," I remarked to my friend "More like chicken," he replied. "But let's find out."

Using universal sign language, he beckoned to the waiter, pointed at his plate, flapped his arms and cried, "Cocka-doodle-do? Cocka-doodle-doo?"

The waiter understood at once, shook his head—and began to bark!

—A. P. CASELLI (Paris)

Holland

The tiny ferry which carries office-workers over a wide canal to Amsterdam was crowded, and a line of some 25 cars was waiting. Since I knew the Dutch lawyer who was driving us to the city was anxious to keep an appointment, I prepared for a rather tense wait. Instead, he drove down the left-hand lane and spoke to the gateman, who put our car on to the next ferry.

"You must have quite a pull

with that gateman," I comment.

"No, I don't even know him."

"Well, why don't all the other drivers try to get to the head of the line, too?" I asked, thinking of my own land of opportunists.

My friend looked puzzled, then said slowly, in the tone of one pointing out the obvious, "But why should they? *They* aren't in a hurry." —M. A. G. (Oil City, Pennsylvania)

Formosa

A friend of mine in Hsinchu, bothered twice within a week by a burglar, decided to settle him once and for all. The next time he heard footsteps in the garden at night, he sneaked to the window and said "Sir, I know life must be tough for you. But I'm not a rich man. However, I hate to disappoint you. To show my hospitality for your calling on me, I've some clothing you may have."

He threw out a bundle he had prepared. He has never been bothered since.

—CHANG TA-JEN (Taipei, Formosa)

Contributions Wanted

for "Life in This Wide World," which will from time to time replace "Life's Like That." For each anecdote published in this feature, contributors will be paid at The Reader's Digest's normal rates. Contributions must be true unpublished stories from your own experience, showing humorous or appealing sidelights on adult human nature, they should be typewritten and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Maximum length 300 words. Address "Life in This Wide World" Editor, The Reader's Digest, 27 Albemarle Street, London, W 1

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THERE'S HEALTH IN A



When will we wake up to the frightful harm being done by crime comics?



CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS

Blueprints for Delinquency

*Condensed from
"Seduction of the Innocent"*

Frederic Wertham, M D

*Psychiatrist and director of the Lafargue Clinic
New York*

ONE JULY DAY IN 1950, during a baseball game at New York's Polo Grounds, a middle-aged spectator suddenly slumped over, blood pouring from his head. He was carried from the stands and died soon afterwards, the victim of a .45-calibre bullet, apparently fired at random from one of the neighbouring tenements.

Police searched all the nearby buildings and finally arrested a 14-year-old boy named Willie, described by the newspapers as "gun-happy." In the apartment where Willie lived with his aunt the police found two .22 rifles and a high-powered .22 target pistol; the boy also confessed to owning and firing a .45 pistol. In court the judge stated: "We cannot find you guilty, but I believe you to be guilty." With

this statement he committed Willie to the state reformatory for an indeterminate stay.

Newspapers blamed the boy's aunt, reproached her for being "irresponsible in training the youngster." But was she? Investigation revealed that Willie had been a rabid comic-book reader. His aunt had become alarmed and forbidden him to bring such books into the house; but the flood continued. Moreover, workers at a public child-guidance clinic had assured the aunt that she could let Willie read all he wanted.

Some of Willie's books are before me as I write. Smudgily printed and well thumbed, they are unabashed chronicles of violence and sex. Here is a lecherous-looking bandit overpowering an attractive, scantily clad

COMIC BOOKS—BLUEPRINTS FOR DELINQUENCY

girl; here a detailed and graphic sequence of pictures illustrating a garrotting. In addition to crime, gun-play and murder galore, bright-coloured full-page advertisements of guns announce, "Get a sweet-shootin' — and get in on the fun!"

Years of working with maladjusted children have convinced me that the unwholesome stimulation of such "comic books" contributes markedly to delinquency. Most people, including many child psychologists, know little or nothing about these publications. Comic books, they assume, are Disney-type animal cartoons or reprints of comic strips from newspapers — "like 'Blondie,' you know."

But this is a great error. Comic books are seldom reprints of comic strips, which are subject to the censorship of newspaper editors. There is no agency with authority to censor or reject comic books.

In 1948, when I estimated that some 60 million comic books were published in the United States each month, people were incredulous. Today's circulation figure is in the neighbourhood of 90 million. One American crime comic book—a veritable primer for juvenile delinquency—claims six million readers.

In 1946 crime comics represented only about one-tenth of all comic books. By 1949 crime comics had increased to one-half the total output, and by 1953 formed the vast majority. The so-called "good"

comics—sports, animal stories, new comics—today make up no more than one-fifth of the whole.

Comic-book covers often carry statements that the stories conform to some special code, they feature endorsements by "educators" and passages of ethical make-believe. A typical cover depicts a corpse with blood on its mouth, with the killer standing beside it; beneath, in a small circle, is the legend, "Crime does not pay", and, in still smaller type, the words, "Dedicated to the eradication of crime." Children know such captions are only "eye-wash" intended for parents and teachers. As for the endorsements, one boy told me, "The more they need, the more they have."

One comic book bears the legend, "We hope that within these pages the youth of America will learn to know crime for what it really is: a dead-end road of fools and tears." Inside, a criminal terrorizes a farm family, makes advances to the farmer's wife, beats the farmer, kidnaps their little boy as a hostage. "I'll knock yer teeth out!" he snarls as he beats the child. In the end the criminal evades the law by shooting himself, like a hero. The story has 97 pictures of the criminal winning, and one for his violent end—a ratio of 97 parts of "crime" to one of "does not pay."

The variety of violence and brutality depicted in detail is enormous. Hanging and knifing are common. The most characteristic act is slap-

ping a girl in the face. Another recurring motif is injury to the eye—a form of torture, shown in uncounted instances, which has no counterpart in any other literature of the world. One comic shows a man with brass knuckle-dusters hitting another man (held fast by a third) in the eyes. Dialogue: “Now his *other* glimmer, Pete! Only sort of *twist* the knuckles this time!” In a Western comic book the “Gouger” threatens the hero’s eye with his long, pointed thumbnail—called the “killer’s manicure.”

Jungle, horror and interplanetary comics specialize in torture, bloodshed and lust in an exotic setting. White men in jungle books are blond, Nordic he-men, athletic and shapely, while the coloured natives are characterized as sub-human. The superman type of comic book also needs an endless stream of criminal, “foreign-looking” people, to justify the constant use of force and superforce. These are always Negroes, Jews, Slavs or Orientals, characterized by irregular features, swarthy skins, deformities. While the United States spends millions of dollars to persuade the world that race hatred is not an integral part of American life, millions of U.S. comic books exported all over the world show an endless stream of prejudice-producing images.

The so-called “classics” comic books are designed for children who “will not read anything else.” Reportedly they are used in 25,000

schools. If this is true, I have never heard a more serious indictment of American education. These books do not reveal to children the world of good literature; they conceal it.

For instance, a backward 14 year-old boy who had read the “classics” version of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* reported as follows: “It is called ‘The Mad Doctor.’ He makes medicine. He drinks it and turns into a beast. He kills a little girl. Then he changes into a man. He keeps changing. Finally he gets shot. I like where he comes to the little girl and hits her with a cane.”

Macbeth (“streamlined for action, adapted for easy and enjoyable reading”) offers in its first balloon the words spoken by a young woman (Lady Macbeth): “Smear the sleeping servants with BLOOD!” Shakespeare and the child are corrupted at the same time.

I have yet to see a child who was led to read classics in the original by reading them in comic-book versions. One librarian reports, “Circulation of juvenile books has decreased greatly since comic books have become so popular.”

Many adults think that the crimes described in comic books are so far removed from ordinary experience that, for children, they are merely fantasy. But pouring sordid stories into the minds of children is not the same as pouring water over a duck’s back. Juvenile delinquency in America has increased about 20 per cent since 1947, the period correspond-

This...



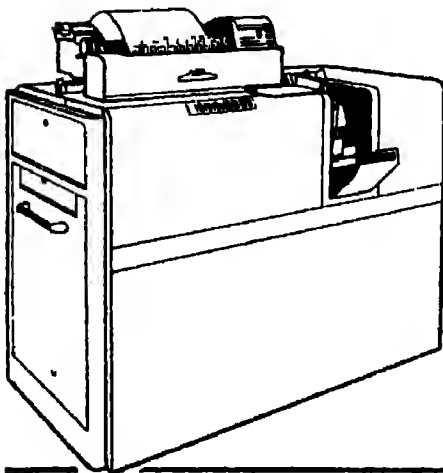
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ing to the great rise in comic-book circulation. Consider these cases:

1. Three boys, six to eight years old, took a boy of seven, hanged him naked from a tree, his hands tied behind him, then burned him with matches. Investigation officers found that the boys were re-enacting a comic-book plot

2. A boy of 11 killed a woman in a holdup. When arrested, he was found surrounded by comic books

3. A boy of 13 committed a "lust murder" of a girl of six. Arrested and gaoled, he asked only for comic books.

4. A boy who had participated when a group attacked and seriously stabbed another boy was found with a knife on the sheath of which was inked "KILL FOR THE LOVE OF KILLING"

I could continue this list almost indefinitely. As Judge Samuel Leibowitz points out, "the defendants in crimes of violence today are often mere children—at an age when in former years they would have come into contact with the law only for swiping apples or upsetting push-carts."

If one were to set out to show children how to steal, lie, assault and break into houses, no better blueprints than the comic books could be devised. A boy who burgled shops explained: "In 'Crime Does Not Pay' there was this one

case, it showed how you get in through the back door of a factory. I didn't copy that. I thought the side door was the best way."

Another boy said, "I saw a book where a man has a hanger in his coat with hooks on. He shoves things inside his coat and they disappear. The kids see that these men get away with it, they say, 'Let's try it'."

In a comic book which has the "Seal of Approval of Comics Magazine Publishers," you learn that after a robbery you can escape more easily if you shoot out the light. The question of right and wrong is never raised—only the question of winning. And the forces of law win usually only after the criminal has made an obvious mistake. Discussing punishment, a child will often tell you that the criminal deserved his fate. "He got caught, didn't he?"

Lurid advertisements, interspersed among the comics, are veritable invitations to delinquency. Pictures of air pistols, a "genuine 22 rifle" accompany sequences showing how the guns may be used to threaten people. An ad for a spring-blade knife shows how to hold it, "with your thumb on the button." Another, for a telescope, points out that you can look into "neighbours' homes," and the illustration shows a half-naked girl. Still others offer secret creams for girls with small busts, and patent medicines to develop "virility."



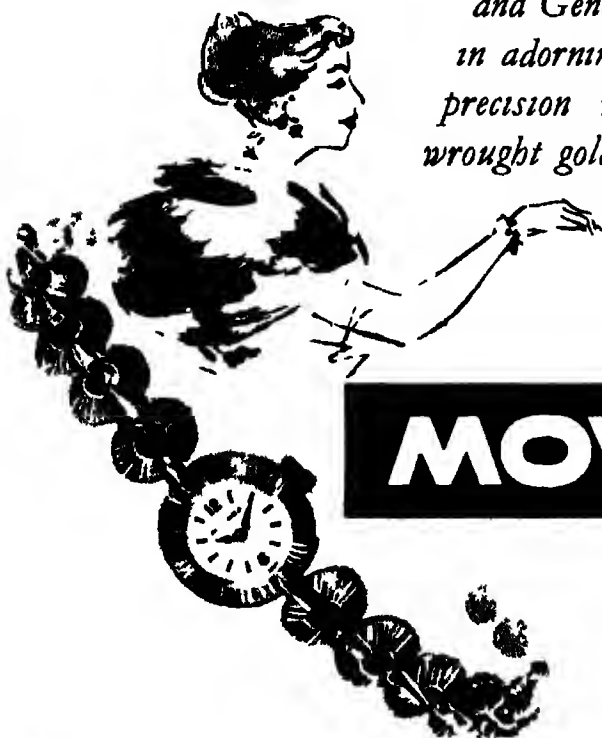
Captivating



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*

MOVADO



FACTORIES AT LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS, THE SWISS WATCHMAKING METROPOLIS

Comic books are available almost everywhere. They are in kindergartens, in playgrounds and schools, in children's wards in hospitals. A survey made of 450 pupils in primary schools revealed that the average child read 14 comic books a week. Two children claimed that they read 100 a week.

Against the child is concentrated the economic power of a large and completely unregulated industry. Comic-book publishers specialize in anonymity—you can rarely be sure who publishes what. Actually a few firms put out most of the comic books, but they do so under various names. Titles, too, are subject to frequent change: if a book is criticized the publishers may stop the series and start the same thing again with another title.

Defenders of comic books, among them some child-guidance experts, minimize their harmfulness, maintaining that crime comics serve as a "release for children's aggressive tendencies," that they are the "folklore of today," that delinquent children are usually "predisposed" to delinquency or "unstable" in the first place.

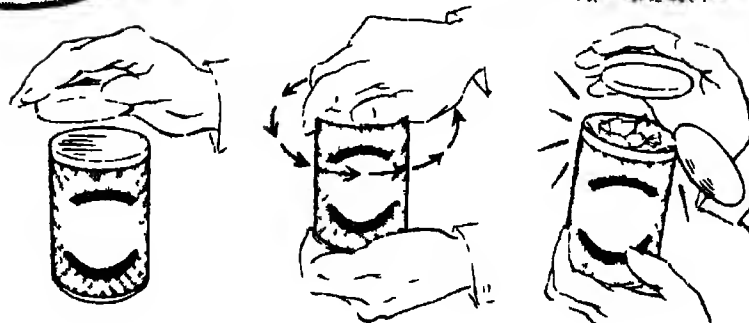
Psychiatry has never reached a lower point morally than this. Crime comics help children to get rid of their inhibitions, not their aggressions. They make violence, sadism and obscenity seem natural. Folklore, which presents legend and fact, story and song, has nothing to do with the knife-wielding, eye-goug-

ing, marijuana-smoking heroes of the crime comics.

Every move for legal action to regulate comic-book publication in America is met by the publishers with outraged cries of "Censorship!" "Protect the freedom of the press!" The question of what is in the comic books seldom comes up. At least three separate attempts to enact a simple sanitary law to protect children under 15 have been defeated. Comic-book publishers see such legislation as a threat to all "mass media"—radio, television, films, newspapers. Such media have done themselves considerable harm by making common cause with crime comics. Why should papers that stand for the principle of publishing what is "fit to print" make themselves the champions of those who publish what is unfit to print?

Alternatives to censorship have been tried. Self-regulation—to the extent that it was really attempted—has completely failed. Attempts at comic-book evaluation undertaken by parent-teacher organizations and similar groups have bogged down in the attempt to wade through the flood of books.

The crime comics' distillation of viciousness is unparalleled in the history of children's literature of any time or any nation. I believe that aroused parents will eventually realize that comic books are not a necessary evil. I am convinced the democratic process will assert itself and crime comic books will go.



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Joe Callanan in The Lamp

ON MANY a Caribbean island the music of the oil drum has nearly drowned out the sound of traditional instruments. Trimmed with a hack-saw, tuned with a sledge hammer, the oil drum has a fragile, muted, bell-like tone. Sometimes it is compared to the tone of a xylophone or a Hawaiian guitar, but most people feel the haunting sound is like no other music.

In the "steel percussion bands" as they are called, oil drums play every musical rôle—from pianos to violins and trumpets. Some of the drums are shallow and hang by straps from the musicians' shoulders. Others stand on the ground, waist-high. Bands may have as many as 30 pieces, and the drums have been refined to the point where they can be as true to a polonaise by Chopin as to a calypso.

It all started in Trinidad in the John John Hill district of Port of Spain. Some time after World War II, the story goes, a man was drumming on a biscuit tin when it was struck by a stone. Attempting to smooth it out, he tapped it with a hammer, found its tone had become mellower. He tapped it in another place. A different note. The smashed tin had five notes and he could play "Mary Had a Little Lamb." When he paraded through the streets beating his tin, everyone in the neighbourhood promptly went foraging in the scrap-heaps for tins. It was soon

discovered that oil drums, due to the quality of the steel, had a superior tone.

Today the "pans" are always made from oil drums. They fall into three basic categories: the Ping Pongs, which carry the melody; the Tune Booms, which make up the harmony section, and the Bass Booms, which are rhythm instruments.

If a steel bandsman wants a new Ping Pong, he saws off his oil drum about four inches from the bottom, which is to be the face of the drum. He heats the pan over a fire, then pounds the face until it is smoothly concave. With white paint, he marks off 32 loops on the face—each loop is a separate note. Then with a hammer and an awl he cuts a shallow groove along the painted lines, separating each note so that there will be no blending. Then he taps the underside of the drum, raising each note until he gets the tone and pitch he wants.

Today there are some 200 steel bands in Trinidad alone. The island's Tapso All-Star Steel Band travelled to England for the Festival of Britain. Others have been invited to give concerts and television performances in the United States. One band almost missed a New York television engagement because the customs officer would not allow their pans to enter the country as musical instruments. He finally listed them as "junk," let them pass.

A STRANDID English actor went into a sordid eating house in New York for a cheap meal, and was horrified to recognize the waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You, a waiter in this place?"

"Yes, but I don't eat here," replied the other with dignity.

—Tit-Bits

Horn of the Hunter



A condensation from the book
Robert C Ruark

RECENTLY Robert Ruark closed his New York apartment, bought some big-game rifles and fulfilled a long-cherished ambition by taking himself and his wife on a two-month African safari. It meant a partial abandonment of his syndicated newspaper column, and it cost a lot of money, but Ruark found the expedition well worth it. "Never have I seen days of which I was so stingy with the hours," he says. "We were in an Old Testament paradise, a place that God was happy to make, with the original creatures in it and not even man behaving very badly." *Horn of the Hunter*, in Ruark's characteristically vivid manner, gives a graphic close-up of that colourful adventure.

"Horn of the Hunter," copyright 1953 by Robert C Ruark, is to be published by Hutchinson, London, in August, 1954



HORN OF

THE HUNTER

THE MOON had climbed steeply into the velvet blue of the African night, and it was cold—not quite frosty, but chilly-dew cold—and the fire was warm and wonderful. Somewhere up the creek baboons and leopards were cursing each other in guttural grunts. A group of hyenas started to giggle. Far off I heard the roar of a lion—a cross between a cough and the first mutter of a summer thunderstorm. I began to think about just how far I was from New York and newspaper syndicates and telephones and subways and elevators.

I sat up with a start. I am a hunter, I said to myself. I must be a hunter, or I wouldn't be here, at the end of nowhere, with a city-slicker wife and 15 strange black boys and a youngster with no beard, practically, who says he is a professional big-game hunter.

The hunter's horn had sounded early for me, I thought. I hunted quail in North Carolina from the time I was eight. For a long time I had a small boy's dream of writing

a story about my dogs and my quail and seeing it in print. Later I fell under the spell of Edgar Rice Burroughs and *Tarzan*. I devoured the African adventures of the Martin Johnsons. It seemed I would bust if I didn't get to see and write about the jungles and lions some day.

Dreams rarely work out according to the script. But here I was on my own safari in Tanganyika. As the fire began to shake into glowing coals I reflected that if it were possible for a man to be happy in this day and age I was a happy man.

VIRGINIA and I had been met at the Nairobi airport by Donald Ker, a cheery squirrel of a man and one-half of Ker & Downey Safaris, Ltd., which had arranged our expedition. He said something like, "I say, I'm dreadfully sorry that your man Selby—your hunter, you know—isn't here to greet you, but a rogue rhino's been raising vast amounts of trouble with the natives outside the town, and we've sent old Harry off to reprove it."

" HORN OF THE HUNTER

"Old Harry," when he got back from dealing with the rhino, turned out to be an extraordinarily handsome young man of 26, with the kind of curly black hair and dark eyes that bring out the mother in women. He also has wrists as thick as ordinary men's ankles, and a hard mouth that turns down at the corners. In the bush the natives call him "m'zee," "old man." It means respected, ancient sir, it means wisdom and courage and experience. He is possibly the best of the practising professional hunters in British East Africa, and he is booked up for safaris five years ahead.

I had heard a lot about Harry Selby. Born and raised in Kenya Colony, he had shot his first elephant before he was 15 and he became a pro at the age of 20. I had heard about the buffalo a client of his had shot and thought dead. It got up and charged towards them. Harry hit it over one eye and the client hit it under the other, and it still kept coming. So, at four feet, Harry shot it through the *pupil*. I presume he wasn't aiming elsewhere.

We had brought cameras and an arsenal of fancy rifles with us. (I did not know what I could do with the guns; although I was handy with a shotgun, I had never fired any sort of rifle at anything except a target.) Harry provided the necessities, including a lorry to carry the camping equipment and the 15 black boys, and a kind of glori-

fied jeep called a Land Rover.

In relatively few parts of Africa are you allowed to shoot anything. Achieving those areas is difficult and dusty. With Harry Selby at the helm we took off for a special chunk of Tanganyika Territory he had in mind. There were few roads—only tracks through grass and winding over and round mountains.

The second day out of Nairobi we were crossing the plain called the Serengeti (a reserve area) when Harry exclaimed, "Oh, my aunt! Look yonder. What a lovely lion."

I do not believe there are many more impressive sights than a city man's first glimpse of a live, maned lion loose on a plain in strange country, far from home. This old boy had a luxuriant mane and tufts on his elbows. He stopped cold and turned to inspect us with a cynical yellow eye. Harry swung the car to within a few feet of him and halted it.

They all tell you that so long as you stay in a car you are completely safe. This is of small comfort on your first live lion. You keep wondering it maybe you haven't met an individualist who dislikes motor-cars and who will suddenly nestle in your lap. (I met a lady lion later who did not like Land Rovers, nor the people in them. She charged it three times, and the last time her jaws snapped a touch closer to my trousers than I like to remember.)

Six feet away, with no bars in front of him, a lion is bigger than

the lion you remembered from the zoo. His teeth are longer. He is scrubbier, perhaps, but loses nothing in ferocity.

The lion grunted and scowled, then yawned at Jinny, who was taking pictures. She did not yawn back. She was not bored.

"He's just off a kill," Harry said. "Look at his belly. Full of zebra. No trouble from this type. Let's proceed, we'll see another dozen or so before dusk. Shoo!" He slapped the door of the Land Rover. "Scat! Begone!"

The lion opened his mouth and roared. It wasn't a very serious roar, but it seemed rather loud to me. Harry started the car and the lion humped away, his shoulder blades moving angularly under the loose hide.

"Lovely beasts, lions, you know," Harry said. "Not the king of the jungle, though. Never makes the effort. Elephant—he's the king. Buffalo's the prince, and leopard's the knave."

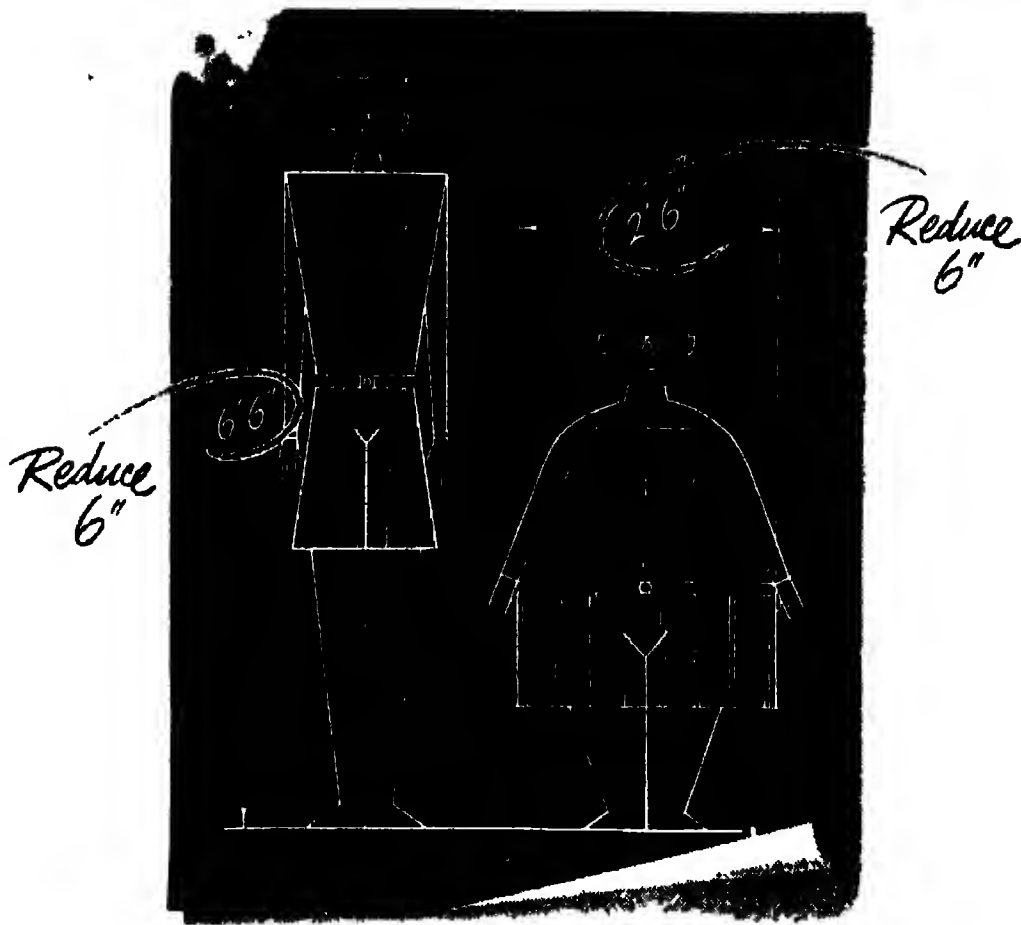
"The lion is a gentleman—a lazy old gentleman. Makes Mamma do all the work. He stands upwind and lets his scent drift down to some poor zebras and roars once in a while to amuse himself. The old lady, betimes, has sneaked round downwind from the zebras, who gradually work towards her. She makes two jumps and lands on a zebra's back. She hooks her hind feet into his stern and takes a mouth hold on his neck. Then she reaches

round with a forepaw and grabs him by the nose, and crack! Dinner! The old boy saunters up and they dine. Then they sleep. Later Mother bestirs herself and goes to market once again. Very sensible arrangement, what?"

I will never, possibly, forget that first day on the Serengeti. We saw 14 lions. As we got into the bush we began to see gnarrie and ostrich, and the antelopes thickened into herds of several hundred. These were the first stirrings of the semi-annual game migration, and the flocks of wildebeest, shaggy and high-humped like American bison, were beginning to move, along with their friends and companions the zebras. At one point we paused for a few unforgettable moments while some 5,000 zebra boomed past our bow, their hoofs thunderous even on the grassy plain, the dust boiling behind them like the wake of an armoured column in a desert.

On a high knoll under a patch of mangy acacias we stopped for lunch. The sun filtered through the treetops and we sweated and the insect bites itched and our eyes were red and I was happy. Two months ahead of me and nothing to do except look at the game and maybe shoot a little of it.

"When we get off this reserve we'll have to shoot a big piece of meat pretty quick," Harry said. "The boys have been lying around town for a month and they're fair starved for red meat. They eat up



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"to 12 pounds of it a day, you know. *Each.*"

It seemed incredible that anyone should consume that amount of food. But later I discovered that, hunting all day under the African sun, you burn up so much energy that there just isn't *enough* meat to restoke the furnace.

IT WAS midnight of the third day when we reached the site of our first "permanent" camp. We were tired and our backs ached, our knees were cramped, our eyes were full of dust.

"Home—Camp Abahati," Harry announced cheerfully. "It means Happy Camp, Lucky Camp."

We couldn't make much out of it at that hour except that from the sounds an assortment of hyenas, baboons and leopards seemed to be awaiting us. We crawled under our mosquito nets.

Somehow it quickly becomes logical to fall asleep amid unceasing night noises. There is a dove that says "Oooh Oooh! Ooohh!" The bush-babies cry and the colobus monkeys snort like lions. A lion mutters with an asthmatic catch in his throat. The insects are tumultuous. In time, the jungle noise makes itself into a pattern which is soothing except when the hyenas start to giggle in that maniac's mirthless hysteria which nobody has ever put down on paper.

I woke up in an Old Testament paradise, a place that God was

happy to make, with the original creatures in it and not even man behaving very badly. The Happy Camp, the Lucky Camp was on a grassy knoll overlooking the Grummetti River, cuddled in the crook of a low mountain's arm. Behind was a brilliant yellow plain dotted with blue-and-white primrosy sorts of flowers.

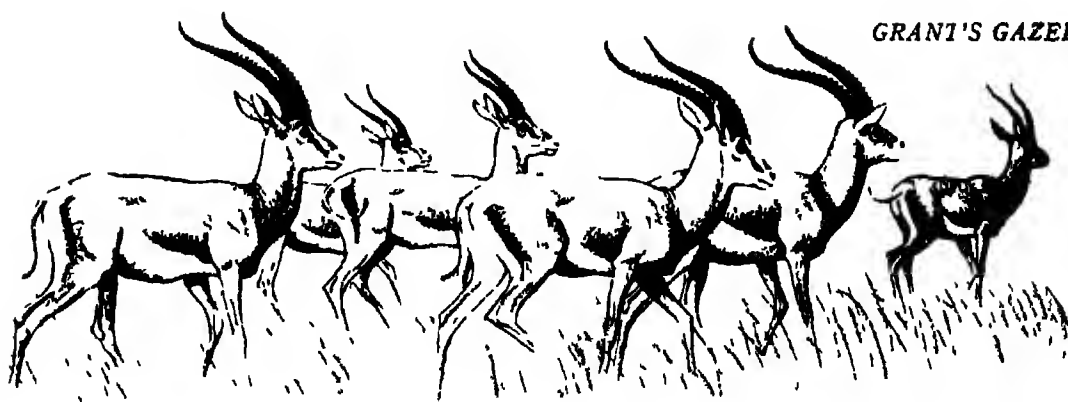
We unlimbered the tents from the lorry and pitched them beneath big thorn acacias. We had a big double-fly job for the Memsaab and the Bwana—that was Virginia and me. Then there were Selby's tent, an open-faced dining tent and a tiny cook tent. Some of the boys had half-tents which, paired, make a shelter large enough for two. It took 50 minutes to set up the whole business.

That morning we toured the plain behind our camp. Life was everywhere—herds of wildebeest, impala, buffalo.

"You say you've never fired a rifle except at a target," said Harry. "We'd better break you in easy. Suppose we let you shoot some leopard bait."

A herd of Grant's gazelle looked at us and ambled slowly away. "See that one over there?" said Harry. "He's an old ram, about ready for the hyenas. He'd be tougher than whitleather and his liver is full of worms, but the leopards won't care. Get out and wallop him."

Kidogo, the gunbearer, handed me the little Remington 30-06.



GRANT'S GAZELLE

I slid out of the moving car and crawled to a ten-foot anthill. The Land Rover went away. One does not shoot from cars in Africa, nor until the vehicle is a good 500 yards away. The Game Department deplores car shooters, and also puts them in gaol.

In my Navy days I shot at submarines and I shot at aeroplanes and I did not shake. Now I shook, and my eyes blurred. I aimed at the gazelle's shoulder. The bullet hit him in the left hind ankle. Great beginning, boy, I said. I shot five more times, carefully. The last time the gazelle jumped into the bullet and it broke his neck.

"Everybody misses at first," Harry said, when the car had picked me up. "The light, you know."

"The light hasn't got anything to do with my shakes," I said.

All I could think of during lunch was that the guy who couldn't hit a gazelle was supposed to shoot a lion.

WHEN we set out again that afternoon old Kibiriti said some-

thing rapidly in Swahili. Kibiriti was an elderly black who, Harry said, was wired for lion. "He can find lions when other lions can't find lions."

The old boy had come down with one of his hunches. He said that the way the moon was and what with the recent rains and the state of the grass and all, there ought to be a lion about three miles away under a tree hard by a rocky hill. "We'd better go and take a look," said Harry.

We travelled the three miles. There was a rocky hill. There was a clump of thorn, and under it, catching a nap in the afternoon sun, was a lion. "*Simba*," Kibiriti said, as a man might remark that if you go east far enough along 54th Street in New York City you will find the East River.

"I'm damned if I understand it," Harry said reverently. "To my certain knowledge, Kibiriti has not been here for a year. But here you have a lion, and on your first shooting day in Africa. This *simba* is a

little past prime, but he's the biggest blighter I've ever seen. I think you'd better collect him."

I looked at Kibiriti's broad black face and saw the sun shining through the holes in his pierced lobes and decided I disliked him intensely. "Why doesn't this idiot stay home with his wives?" I said bitterly. "I don't even know if I *want* to shoot a lion."

"Everybody wants to shoot a lion," Harry said. "That's why safaris cost so much."

"We will collect him like this," he went on blithely. "Kidogo will drive. When I nudge you, fall out of the car and lie still. Then we will crawl as close to this *simba* as we can and, when I tell you, you shoot him. I'd *not* wound him if I were you, old boy, or we will all have a very nasty time. When you've shot him once, shoot him again, and then shoot him once more for insurance. Very sound rule. All set?"

Good-bye, Mother, I said to myself. Et up by a lion in the bloom of youth.

We approached the lion in a curiously circuitous fashion. Kidogo seemed always to be driving away from him but actually we were growing closer. Harry jabbed me in the ribs and we both fell out of the Land Rover. To back me up, Harry had a rusty-looking rifle that he had told me could not hit anything but lions.

I started crawling on my belly in the coarse yellow grass, and the lion

was looking enormous now, staring in that stuffed-shirt profile way they do, like bankers contemplating the future. He flexed the muscles of his forelegs, hooking his claws, and flicked his back hide to express annoyance at the camel flies that buzzed round him (We were close enough now to count the flies on him).

Harry pressed me down behind a hummock as the lion turned his head and looked right at us. He *was* a little scruffy on top, but he had a fine dark mane. His feet were as big as suitcases. His head was as big as a bale of hay.

"Wallop him," Selby whispered.

I got up on one knee and went for just behind his ear. Miraculously I did not shake. The bullet hit like a wet boxing glove on a sand-bag. The lion flopped over, kicked once, roared once and stretched out.

"That's the deadliest lion I ever saw," said Harry, "but I should bust him again if I were you. These dead animals are the ones that get up and kill you."

I busted him again.

"Lord, he's huge," Harry said. "Now you're Bwana Simba. And here comes the worshipping throng. They want your autograph. Kill a lion, make friends, influence natives."

The black boys knew the script well. They came up to give me the special handshake, grasping the thumb, roaring asthmatically and telling me that I was the one-shot

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Ewana, the mighty *simba* slayer, the protector of the poor. I agreed readily, then went over behind a bush and was sick for just a moment. Something I'd eaten, I guess.

We took a good look at my lion. He looked awfully rumped. A dead lion has no dignity. All the majesty leaks out of him with the blood. He was an old boy—about ten years old, Harry thought. We walked off his length—ten foot six. That is a lot of lion.

I talked a great deal on the drive back to camp, and accepted congratulations freely. I was suddenly free of a great many inhibitions. Every man has to brace a lion at least once in his life, and whether the lion is a woman or a boss or the prospect of death by disease makes no difference. I had met mine and killed him fairly and I felt good.

When we reached camp the hero's bride was taking a nap. "Get up," I commanded. "Come see what Father done with his gun. And bring your camera."

Virginia came. We posed *simba* for the camera, his chin arrogantly on a rock. The blacks told me again that I was one hell of a Ewana. Then the lion's eyes opened. Then his ears twitched. Then he uttered a grunt. Then I found myself alone with a lion and Mr. Selby. The admirers had achieved trees.

I am not ashamed to say that I let my *simba* once more in the neck.

Like Harry says, it's the dead ones get up and kill you.

OUR DAYS began to fall into something of a pattern. At five in the morning, just as the birds were beginning to speak, one of the two "personal" boys would bring tea to the tent and shake me awake. They aroused the Memsaab more pointedly—they let the air fizz out of her mattress and unhooked her mosquito netting. Hot water had been put in the basin on the wash table out front. Juma, the head boy, would have the breakfast table set, with its clean chequered cloth and its green plastic dishes.

After polite good mornings and a wordless breakfast, Harry would tell the boys to bring up the Land Rover. Then we would hunt—Harry driving, the car boy and two gunbearers in back. Nearly anywhere an animal could go the car could go. In a day we would put about 150 miles on the speedometer.

You do not remember days out in the bush by date or week or weather. You recall the day of the buffalo or the day of the lion or the day the lorry busted her axle. The day of the waterbuck was quite a day. It got to be more of a day as it went along.

"Let's check down by the river," Harry had said. "I seem to remember an old waterbuck from the last trip who's got more horns than he needs—they must be making his head ache."

We drove through some reeds, then up a small grassy hill. A herd of perhaps a dozen waterbuck loped leisurely from the rushes "There's the gentleman I had in mind," Harry said. We climbed out of the Land Rover and started to stalk in that half crouch which looks so easy but soon reminds you forcibly of age and girth.

Waterbuck are awful to eat, since they are tough and carry an insect repellent in their hides—a greasy, smelly ointment that comes off on your hands. But there is no more ruggedly handsome animal in Africa. The bull is not so rangy as an elk, but he has a thick, tufted elk's neck, a noble face, a compact, heavily furred body. He weighs about 700 pounds, and is beautifully marked in black and white and greyish-fawn. His horns are slim parentheses that are heavily gnarled at the base and finish off in four inches of clean ivory point.

My buck was walking steadily towards me now, his head thrown back. I braced my gun in the crotch of a small, scrubby tree. It was

shaking. I sighted on his chest, and the unseen force which fires guns operated. There was a thunk. The waterbuck went straight up in the air, turned at the top of his leap—a good six feet off the ground—and then disappeared.

"I got him!" I shouted to Selby. "If this boy ain't dead I am going back to Nairobi."

From where the animal had been standing we followed bright slashes of blood for 50 yards or so, and found him dead, shot squarely through the heart. Harry took one look at his horns and turned to me.

"I don't suppose you know what you've got here, old boy," he said. "But unless I am mad you have just walloped the best waterbuck anybody ever brought out of Tanganyika."

We hefted the buck into the back of the car and drove slowly across the blue-and-white-flowered plain towards camp, full of self-congratulation and the yearning for a celebration drink.

Suddenly Kidogo seized me by the shoulder and said, "*Simba!*"

WATERBUCK



There is no other word in Swahili that carries the electrifying impact of this word. Away off, making a gentle ripple in the sea of yellow grass, two rounded ears were flattened to a yellow skull as a lioness stalked a herd of zebra. She slithered along, belly flat-pressed to the ground, just her nose and ears showing.

We drove in widening circles, until we had turned up three more lionesses and four unsteady, spotted, clumsy cubs. Then we saw Papa. He was very big—burly and handsome, with a massive, cherry-red mane.

"Beauty," Selby said. "Much better than the one you've got. Consider that we have a dead lion. Let's go and have a spot of lunch, pick up the Memsaab, then come back and collect him."

It was three o'clock when we came back with Virginia, and the lions had gone into a patch of scrubby thorn acacia. A couple of hundred yards away we dropped the carcass of a fresh-killed bull topi. "Hors d'œuvres," Selby said. "We will ask our friends to dinner."

We watched through binoculars from a couple of thousand yards. Finally, after half an hour, the four lionesses and the big male came out of the bush and commenced to feed on the kill.

"Let's go," said Harry.

The car boy drove us fairly close to the five lions. Harry and Kidogo and I dropped out of the open door,

and the car took off. We crawled to within 40 yards and crouched behind a small tussock.

"End of the line," Selby whispered.

I set the sights on the back of the lion's neck and squeezed. He turned over with a roar and began to flop. Three lionesses lit out for the bush. But Mamma *simba*, the one that owned the cubs, started towards us, then halted. The he-lion got up on his front feet and began to shake the earth with noise.

"Hit him again," Selby said.

I had to stand now, and as I stood the lioness charged. I was not uninterested in the charge of a lady lion, but Papa was bucking around, roaring and carrying on, and I had to get him. He held still for a second, finally, and I socked him directly behind the ear. He flopped over.

Mamma was still coming towards us at 20 feet. I switched my gun towards her and noticed Selby still casually on one knee, his rusty-looking old rifle held rather carelessly to his cheek. At about 12 feet she stopped, but her tail was still waving. She had an ugly face and a mighty big mouth. Selby got up. He advanced towards her, and I advanced with him, feeling rather lonely. The cat backed up a yard. We walked again. She retreated another yard.

Harry spoke quietly in Swahili to Kidogo, who was standing by with the spare rifle. "Get into the car."

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BORN OF THE HUNTE

"Cover the Bwana with your gun." He said to me in English: "Cover me. Then get into the car. Keep covering me from the car."

Kidogo and I made our way to the Land Rover, which had been driven up. Then Harry took a step backwards. The cat lowered her face and chest flat against the ground, her tail waving gently, her rump in the air. Harry continued to move backwards slowly, finally slid into the driver's seat, eased out the clutch. Then he hit the side of the car a whack with his hand and roared. I jumped. So did the cat.

"Begone, you surly slut!" Harry cried, tramping on the accelerator. "Away with you!" The lioness sneered, then walked reluctantly to the edge of the bush. I looked for the first time at Virginia.

"Idiots!" she said bitterly. "Lions bounding round all over the landscape and you drive another one off like she was an alley cat. My fate is in the hands of fools."

Harry shrugged and spread his hands. "Too many lions at once are apt to be unsettling," he said. "That was a very nasty lion. Thought for a second I'd have to shoot her."

"Why didn't you?" I said. "She kept coming until she was practically sitting in your lap."

Harry looked at me in something approaching horror. "My dear man," he said, "she had *cubs*. One doesn't go about shooting females with children—not unless it's absolutely necessary."

"When is necessary?" I said, bitter myself now, and still shaking.

"Oh," Harry answered, "I thought I'd give her another foot or so."

"The Memsaab is absolutely right," I said. "She is surrounded by idiots and fools."

But it sounded very fine to be called Bwana Two Lions by Old Katunga, the trophy skinner, that night. I remember how the fire looked that night and the flicker of the smaller fires on the black faces of the boys as they sat round roasting their bits of meat. For this was a fine *simba*, this last lion that I shall ever shoot.

ALREADY I was beginning to fall into the African way of thinking that if you properly respect what you are after, and shoot it cleanly and on the animal's terrain, if you imprison in your mind all the wonder of the day, from sky to smell to breeze to flowers—then you have not merely killed an animal. You have lent immortality to a beast because you loved him and wanted him for ever so that you could always recapture the day.

Harry, Virginia and I talked about this often as we gazed into the flickering camp-fire at the end of the day.

"You know," Harry said, "I am not a particularly religious man, but there's an awful lot of God loose round here. The brilliant birds, the sounds of intense life, the



Be erudite

SMOKE

GOLD FLAKE

*Wherever you go
they're good*

feeling of peace and good will. But one thing sticks out in my mind. a line written by that old elephant hunter Karamojo Bell about the 'small-gleaming camp-fires' at the end of a hard day's hunt. That is the Africa I love—the small-gleaming camp-fires at the end of a long day's hunt."

"Son," I said, "you are a sentimentalist. And I forgive you because I am a small-gleaming camp-fire man myself."



The nights *were* the best. It was always dark when we got back to camp after a day of hunting, tired and ravenous. A hot bath washed off the alkali dust, ironed the kinks out of knotted muscles and soothed the tsetse bites on wrists and ankles.

Then after dinner, in the last hour of the waking night, we would sit in camp chairs by the fire, smoking lazily and listening to the concert. All the sounds were fine, but the hyena symphony was the finest. Not even a hyena knows how many keys and registers and vibratos he owns.

One night, as we watched a low swung sickle moon over the swamp, two dozen pairs of eyes came to within shoe-throwing distance of the fire. The symphony was now operating at close hand. One big hyena sauntered over to the corner of the fire and sat there insolently, no more than 15 feet away. He bared his big teeth and looked us straight in the eye.

"Bloody cheek," Harry said. "Early this morning one of the blighters was sitting in the entrance of my tent, looking at me and licking his stupid chops. Bite off a piece of your face, next thing you know I don't like to shoot hyenas, but once in a while you have to. They eventually get arrogant enough to be dangerous. I've known them to come into a native hut and make off with a child. Awful beast, and pathetic, too."

We sat a long time in the moonlight while Harry expounded on the animal.

The hyena—*fisi*—is a ridiculous beast who could be called a dirty joke on the entire animal kingdom. He is so low on the totem pole of life that even the scraggiest aborigine can lose his own misery when

he sees one. *Fisi* has a dog's face and a lion's ears and the burly body of a bear. His hindquarters are permanently crippled so that his running motion is a slope-spined, humping shuffle. He has the most powerful jaws, possibly, of any carnivore, but is so slow and so ungainly that the living meat which *fisi* craves easily outruns him. So the hyena is forced to live off the carrion of other animals' kills—forced to kill the sick and the crippled and the very young.

You will despise *fisi* as you see him on the outskirts of a game herd, waiting for a sick or lame animal to lag behind. But in a peculiar fashion this unwieldy, unhappy ghoul is such a vital part of African life that you would miss him greatly if he disappeared. For one thing, he is the headman in the sanitation corps. Between the hyena, the vulture, the marabou stork and the ants, the great rolling plains of Africa seldom smell of carrion, today's kill is clean-bleached bone by tomorrow. And without the hyenas' constant attendance at camp, with their indescribable voice-range of whoops and screams and growls and bone-chilling insane giggle—the *heeheehee-hee* of a madwoman—Africa would never pack the nocturnal wallop that makes night noises and flickering camp-fire so wonderful.

We sat quietly for one last cigarette, watching the fire bank down into grey ash over red coals. When I went to bed and crawled under the

mosquito netting I couldn't help thinking, before sleep crept over me, that the net constituted no real obstacle to anything that was even reasonably hungry.

EVERYBODY I had met in the past six months had a leopard story. How they move so fast that you can't see them go. How you get only one shot and, whoosh, the leopard is gone. How it is always nearly night when they come to the kill, and how a leopard never growls, betraying his presence, but comes like a streak from six feet away, drops quietly on your neck from a tree. How the leopard's fangs and claws are always septic because of his habit of feeding on carrion. How a great many professionals rate him over the elephant and buffalo as murderous game, because he kills for fun. A big leopard weighs only 150 pounds or so, but I had seen a 200-pound zebra foal wedged into a tree crotch 30 feet above ground by a leopard, giving you some idea of the fantastic strength stored under that lovely, spotted, golden hide.

"A really peculiar beast," Harry said. "They are supposed to be among the shiest, spookiest animals alive, yet sometimes they'll walk through your dining-room and spit in your eye. And wait until you have seen a leopard in a tree. It's a sight unlike any other in the world."

In the fork of a tree, 500 yards from camp, we had tied the carcasses of a Grant's gazelle and a

HORN OF THE HUNTER

wart-hog. Now the breeze carried down to us a dreadful aroma.

"Oho," said Harry, "the bait has hit just about the right stage of rot to smell better than Camembert to our friend the pussycat. Let's see if one comes by this afternoon."

At four o'clock the Land Rover dropped us off at the blind, a semi-circle of thorn and leaves with its camouflaged front facing the tree. Before we left camp Harry had said: "If you have to cough, please cough now. If you have to sneeze or scratch or anything else, do it now, because for the next three hours you will sit motionless in that blind, moving no muscle and thinking as quietly as possible. Leopards are extremely allergic to noise."

We sat. Insects came. Small animals came. But no leopards. Five o'clock came, then six. No leopard. It grew so dark that you couldn't see the kill in the tree except through the riflescope. Even then it was an indistinct blur.

My watch said 12 minutes to seven when I felt Harry's hand on my arm. Down the river to the left the baboons had gone mad. The uproar lasted only a second, and then a cold and absolute calm settled about us. No bird. No monkey. No nothing.

I glued my eyes on the tree. There was a noise like the rasp of stiff khaki on brush, and where there had been nothing but an empty tree trunk, there was now nothing but a leopard. He stretched his lovely

spotted neck, turned his big head arrogantly and slowly, and he seemed to be staring straight into my soul with the coldest eyes I have ever seen. I centred the sight between those eyes, and then suddenly—the leopard moved. Only you could not see him move. Where there had been leopard there was only tree. There was not even a flash or a blur when he disappeared.

He appeared again on a higher slanting branch to the left of the kill. Gold and black against the green-black foliage, he stood at full pride on that branch, erect and profiling like a battle horse on an ancient tapestry. The tip of my foresight went to his shoulder, and a little inside voice said, *You get only one shot at a*

I never heard the rifle fire. All I heard was the bullet whunk, and the leopard hit the ground like a sack of wet cement.

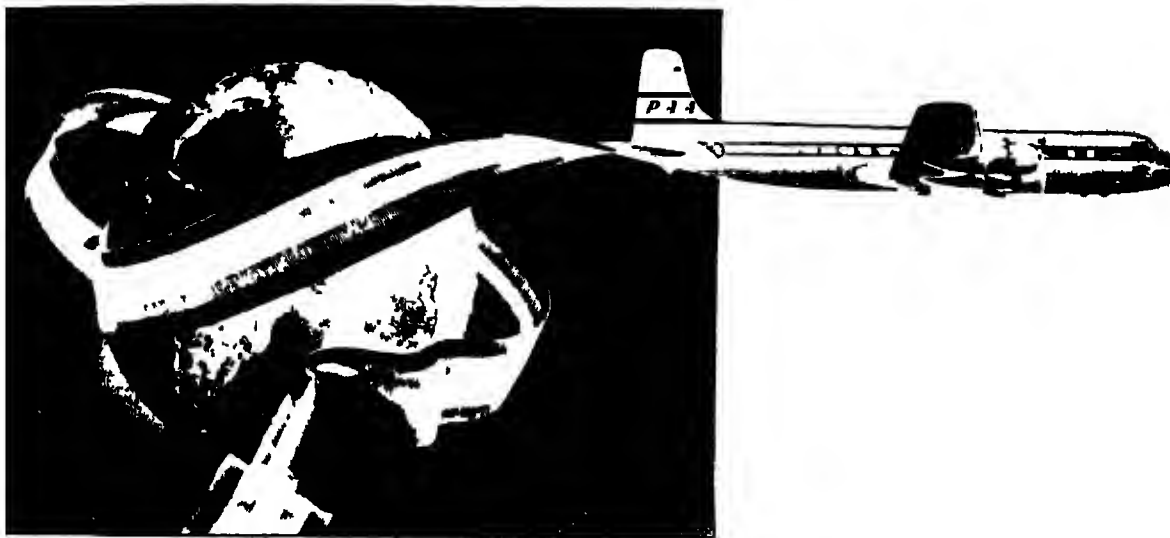
We went after him cautiously and found him sleeping quietly where he had fallen. He was never going to move. This wide-eyed, wonderful golden cat—eight feet something and 150 pounds of big tom leopard—was mine now. He looked even more beautiful in death than he had in the tree. No rumpled look, eyes clear.

Said Harry: "The leopard—he's the most beautiful trophy in Africa."

WE'D HAD a phenomenal run of luck. Besides the leopard, the waterbuck and the lions we had taken a

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fair buffalo, two exceptionally fine impala, magnificent Grant's and Thomson's gazelles and a damned good eland. I would have been content to stay at Campi Abahati all summer. But time was spinning out, so we headed for Lake Manyara and the rhino country. "You'll like Manyara," Harry said. "It's real film jungle. Tropical, big trees, bananas—the steamy-hot kind of Africa. And the shores of the lake are stiff with rhino."

It was a long and unpleasant, hot and tiresome two days' journey until we reached the camp site. It was on a stream called Mto-Wa-Mbu, the River of Mosquitoes, in a semi-clearing topped over by wild figs, baobabs, towering acacias, all thickly woven with lianas. At Mto-Wa-Mbu I took a graduate degree in insects. The tsetse flies there take a firm grip with their feet and bore through three thicknesses of canvas. All the mosquitoes are four-motored, and their whine is more drill-press than insect. I was so bitten up that the insects had to begin biting on bites.

The morning after our arrival we drove through the butterfly-clogged, creeper-twisted jungle towards the lake itself. As we came out along the shore a dozen ostriches broke out of the bush and ran foolishly ahead of us, slapping along knee deep in the lake on their big splay feet. A small herd of snorting, plunging wildebeest and 50 or more ~~hera~~ joined our escort. Clouds of

screaming waterfowl rose from Manyara's oozy edge. A flock of flamingos went dripping over the lake in an indescribable, improbable pink cloud. Up on the sides of the hills there was a crashing in the bush and a small herd of elephant squealed in displeasure.

"Bloody reception committee," Selby grumbled. "They'll spook every rhino round here."

But then he stopped the car and pointed at a shapeless lump 1,000 yards away. It looked to me like a big grey anthill.

"*Faro* (rhino)," he said as he picked up the binoculars. "A cow with a three-quarter-grown calf, just past that copse of trees. Horn's no good—it looks like a banana—but let's have a bit of fun so the Memsaab can take some pictures. Wind's right for us, and these blighters can scarcely see, you know, so we can get up close enough to take their pulse."

As we approached in the car, the rhino cow raised her head wonderingly. The big stupid face swung back and forth, testing the wind. Her small eyes blinked weakly. She walked slowly towards us, still questing with her nostrils.

Perhaps *your* breath does not begin to hurry in your chest when you come up for the first time on three tons of antediluvian armour plating, but mine did. Virginia looked a little pinched in the face, and she was muttering.

"Lead on, warriors, and don't

mind me," she said. "I don't mind dying of acute rhino horn. Let's seek some thrills, tomboys."

The lady rhino with the large child was obviously in a surly mood. She got one clear look at the car and charged. Baby (about two and a half tons of Baby) took us on a quartering shot. Harry hit the accelerator and we passed between them. Cow stopped. Baby stopped.

We turned. Now Harry used the Land Rover much as a bullfighter uses his *muleta*, to take the beast past him in quick swerves. The only difference was that we were all in the *muleta*. The old cow wouldn't quit. She came down on us in a fury, with Junior logging knots alongside her. Every time her stubby horn dropped for the hook at the rear end of the Land Rover, Selby would spin right or left or put on a burst of speed and leave the old lady with her forelegs spraddled and her dignity in a frightful state of frazzle. She made one last desperate, vengeful pass, missed us by six feet, and went grumbling off into the bush at full gallop, with Junior on her tail.

I had been bracing Virginia against the wind screen while she sighted the whirring film camera. When the rhinos chuffed off I let her slip back on to the cushion. Her face was pale, and you might have scraped her eyes off with a spoon.

"Get some good pictures?" Harry asked.

"If you mean close ones, I did,"

she said. "That old slut had her snout right in the spare tyre a couple of times." Then a pause. Then, "Oh, my Lord!"

She pointed the camera at me. The lens was still packed with the tissue paper she used to keep it from getting dust-smeared.

"Great," I said. "I wonder you bother to bring the camera along."

"It's just that I am not used to being charged by rhinos every day," Virginia said, with that watch-out-I-am-about-to-be-a-woman-and-cry expression.

WE HUNTED rhino hard for the next two weeks. We saw in that time some 28 rhino, and stalked them all, but fired no shot. Almost all seemed to be cows with calves or immature bulls. Harry was the kind of man who would rather have his client not shoot at all than shoot something unworthy of his reputation.

I was getting to know quite a bit about my young friend by this time. Though he lives by procuring things for other people to shoot, he hates using a gun more than any other man I ever met. What he likes is to watch animals and learn more about them. He can see animals with the naked eye at about four miles and judge their horns accurately before the visitor can tell what species he is looking at.

I learned that there are somewhat less than 30 practising top professional hunters in British East Africa.

today. They perform backbreaking work and face daily danger for less pay than a good waiter draws in New York. They forswear matrimony, generally, because no wife lasts long when the old man is off twisting the tails of leopards for nine months of the year. They save only a little money, for the upkeep on their hunting cars eats up most of their income, and they blow the rest in Nairobi between safaris or in the rainy season.

These pros are a long way from the fictional idea of the white hunter as a man nine feet tall who drinks petrol cocktails neat, shoots lions with pistols and wrestles with snakes for fun. Donald Ker is a small, thin, mild-seeming man in his 40s who put himself through school shooting elephants for ivory when he was an eight-stone stripling. His partner, Syd Downey, looks like an ordinary businessman, is rising 50, and is still rated one of the best in the business. The retired doyen of the bunch, Philip Percival, with whom Harry served his apprenticeship, is a plump old gentleman with stubby legs who looks about as fierce as Colonel Blimp.

Yet all these men have made a business of mingling daily with lions, leopards and—the most dangerous trio—buffalo, elephants and rhino. They have managed to stay alive, although nearly all have horn wounds and claw scars. They have a tremendous respect for dangerous animals. When they are hurt, 99

times out of 100 it is because they are trying to protect a client who has just shown arrant cowardice or complete stupidity. Yet no client is ever publicly branded a coward or tagged as a kill-crazy meat hog. No lady ever misses her lion—not for the record, anyway.

The professional hunter on safari is responsible for the safety of the whole shebang—you, himself and the black boys. He supervises the camp, a tiny portable city. He is the guide over trackless wastes, the expert on finding game and seeing that his dude is in the best possible position to shoot it. He combines the duties of a sea captain, body-guard, tourist guide, interpreter, social companion, mechanic and handy-man.

If you wound an animal, it is the hunter's responsibility to go into the bush and finish it off, out of both humanitarianism and caution, since a wounded lion or buffalo is bound to kill the first unlucky local who crosses his path. The hunter stands at your side to support you with dangerous game. "I don't care a damn about these people who can split a pea at 300 yards," old Phil Percival once remarked. "What I want to know about a man is how good he is on a charging buffalo at six feet."

What do the professional hunters get out of it all? I believe I know. They have such a genuine love of outdoors and of creatures, and such a hatred for the contrived living of

INDIA SUPER



...that only in the African vastnesses can they fulfil their need of simplicity. My friend Selby, hopelessly lost in so small a town as Nairobi, is Moses leading his flock when all he can see is horizons and a lion or two. The complete love and trust of his blacks are testament to this. He is happy in the dawn and in the small-gleaming fires of the camp, and secure in his knowledge of his element.

WE SPENT some time in the Iringa area, high on the high plateau of Tanganyika, hunting the elusive giant kudu, but without success. Then we came back to the plains by Kiteti for one more try at rhino. And there were no rhino. But one day, on the steep side of a hill two miles away, we saw a sprinkling of what looked at that distance like tiny black worms.

Adam, the second gunbearer, pointed and said, "*Mbogo*" Buffalo. I could feel my stomach start to knot. From seeing four or five buffalo stampedes I had acquired a bitter fear of the big, rope-muscled wild ox with horns like steel girders. The beast is big and ugly, vindictive, cruel and mean. He looks like he hates you personally. He looks like you owe him money. He looks like *he* is hunting *you*.

Harry watched the buffalo through the glasses. There were about 200 of them. "There's a good bull in that herd," he said. "I think we'd better go and collect him."



We started a two-mile stalk. It was walking when you could and crawling when you couldn't, and slipping on the loose stones and fighting through the wait-a-bit thorn. And finally it was wiggling along on your belly, pushing the big gun ahead of you, sweat cascading into your eyes, your hands full of thorns, your heart in your throat. And then the final, special Selby technique of leaping to your feet and dashing with a whoop directly at the bull you wanted, depending on that 30-second bewilderment to hold the buffalo stiff until you shot. You hoped you hit the bull good so you wouldn't have to follow him into that thick bush he was certain to head for—to wait for you.

We were in the herd now, creeping on our bellies, the buffalo grazing unconcernedly all round us. It is a difficult sensation to describe, to be surrounded by 200 animals weighing 1,800 to 2,500 pounds

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A buffalo close up is not handsome. His body is bulky, short-legged and too long for symmetry. He smells of mud and of dung. His horns are massive enough to bust everything up inside you if he ever hits you a slight swipe with the flat, sharp enough to put a hole in you big enough to hide a fence post and dirty enough to infect an army. He has cloven hoofs, and he delights to dance on your carcass until there is nothing much left of it. Even his tongue is a weapon, it is as rough and harsh as a wood rasp. If you climb a tree *mbogo* will crane his neck and lick the meat off you as far as he can reach, his tongue erodes your flesh as easily as a child licks the point off an ice cream cornet.

I knew that you can change the mind of an advancing elephant or rhino by shooting him in the face. But *mbogo*, wounded, is generally rated as the toughest of all the African furniture because he will soak up lead and keep coming. You have to kill him to discourage him.

In the midst of my musings an old cow with an evil expression—a cow I had not seen—looked right over the bush I was hiding behind and said, “Garrumph!”

I stood up. Just then the herd bull lurched to his feet. I walloped him. He went down, then got up again.

I squeezed the trigger again and the gun was jammed. Then I heard Harry shoot. The bull went over, but he got up and took off. All the buffalo took off. They streamed past us like runaway freight cars, snorting, flinging froth, wailing their eyes. But they went past.

“We killed him all right,” Selby said. “But let’s have a cigarette and give him a chance to get slightly sick before we go after him.”

When a dangerous animal is wounded, the professional generally sends the client back to the car while he goes into the thick bush and earns his pay by finishing off the angry beast. If the client is a very good and deserving client, the hunter may ask him politely if he’d like to go along and share the fun.

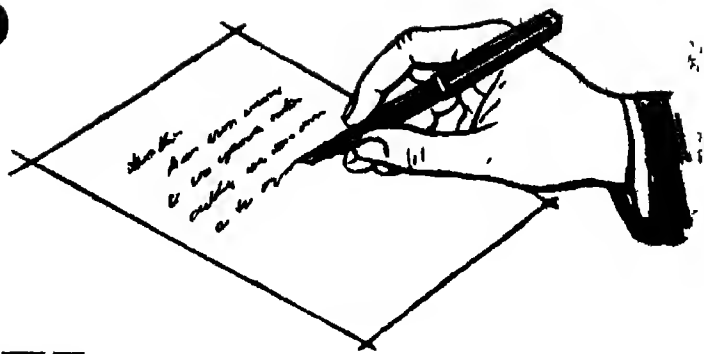
“Well,” Harry said, as if there was no question about it, “let’s go and pull him out by the tail.”

This was the accolade.

We checked the loads on the rifles and moved into the bush, Adam and Kidogo spurring ahead of us, following the bright gouts of heart blood. There were lots of places in the bush for the buffalo to be—patches of tangle where any sensible buffalo would stop and wait. But this was a peculiar buffalo; he travelled, and never stopped to sulk, and build up his hatred into a proper fever.

Nevertheless, I found out just how far you can carry fear as I poked my way along, spreading the underbrush ahead of me with a gun.

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barrel while the two black innocents worked ahead, trusting me to face the issue if a bull buffalo exploded out of the bush at less than 20 yards. I found out at what point just ordinary fear is overcome by the fear of fear, and where it changes into cold determination.

We tracked this bull for three hours, searching each clump of grass and blob of trees for a ton and a bit of vindictive force and evil plotting. For three hours I was nerve-edged to a sort of super-perception, where every sound, every rustle meant the charge of an angry buffalo.

We found him dead.

I hated him for not being alive, for not charging, for not making me prove out loud what I had already proved inside me. He had taken my bullet and Harry's through the lower heart and yet had gone three miles in three hours.

THE LAST DAYS at Kiteti were a mixture of things. I got a fine oryx and a beautiful cheetah (an animal that's about half dog, half cat, and is said to run 75 miles an hour when in a hurry). Then as the boys were breaking up camp on the final day I said to Harry, "Let's go look round for a couple of hours. I don't want to say good-bye yet."

"You really ought to shoot a zebra or so," Harry said. "You can take the hides to your friends. And the boys can use a little fresh meat for the trip home."

We rode over the hills for the last

time, looking at all the landmarks we now knew so well—the cobbled hills here, the long blue slopes there, the lonely village of musky anthills, the green strip of lush grass with the giraffes standing solemn and ludicrous nearby, the buzzards wheeling, the fleets of ostrich running like trotting horses. This was what I wanted to remember, more than what I'd shot.

Suddenly Harry pointed "Zebra".

There was a big stallion loping along at the end of his herd. I scrambled out of the car and fired once. He lurched and broke into a furious gallop. I knew that, shot through the heart, he'd run 500 yards and be dead when we got to him.

He ran the prescribed distance and folded as if somebody had skulled him with a hammer. We drove up and Adam, the devout Mohammedan gunbearer, jumped out with his knife to sanctify him for eating in the Moslem way. Adam cut the zebra's throat.

Throat cut, heart shot, this zebra was dead and sanctified and ready to be skinned. But somebody forgot to tell him he was dead. He got up and threw Adam 20 feet. He reared on his hind legs, and charged Selby and me. Harry was leaning against the open door of the Land Rover. I was leaning against the mud-guard.

He was awful to see—bloody, fierce, making a stallion's angry fighting squeal with his mouth distended and those huge yellow teeth that can snap off an arm bared in an

equine snarl. He was flailing the air with razor forefeet, each capable of splitting your skull right down to your Adam's apple. And he had Selby wedged against the car door and was biting at his face and striking at him with his hoofs

I ran round the front of the car and dived through the back seat, scooping up a rifle. I stuck the barrel of the gun into the zebra's mouth and pulled the trigger. This time he was really dead. He fell forward on top of Selby, pushing him under the wheel of the car. Harry sat there, looking ruffled and hurt-feeling, his lap full of zebra.

"Somebody get this creature off me," he roared with hurt dignity.

And then we began to laugh. The boys hurled themselves on to the ground and screamed with laughter. I began to hiccup with uncontrollable mirth. Finally Harry, still with a lapful of zebra, began to laugh too.

"Fancy," he said at last, tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"Fancy the flap in the Queen's Bar in Nairobi if word spread that old Selby, after all these years, had been done in by a zebra. My family'd never live it down. It's like being beaten to death by a dove.

"But suddenly you think," he went on, "you're just as dead

if a zebra bites you as if an elephant steps on you. Anything they've got here can kill you, from a snake to a thorn to a zebra. That's why this job is so interesting. It's the unexpected does you in."

WITH camp-breaking completed, we headed for Arusha, where we registered the trophies with the Game Department. As the car pressed on in the dust towards Nairobi, nobody talked much. Once three giraffes—which Virginia loved—walked up curiously to watch us. I looked at Virginia and she was crying quietly. Now all the excitement and the thrill of danger were finished. Now it would be back to New York and civilized complications again.

I hated to get back to Nairobi, to the plane trip home. There was part of me, of us, back there on a hill in Tanganyika, in a swamp in Tanganyika, in a tent and on a river

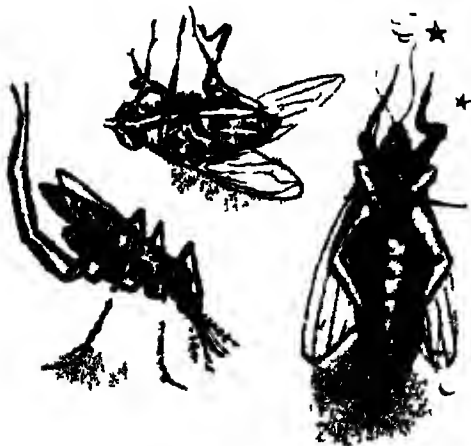
and by a mountain in Tanganyika. There was a part of me that would stay out there until I came back to ransom it. It would never live in a city again, that part of me, nor would I ever be content to be in a city. There are no small - gleaming camp-fires in a city.

IMPALA

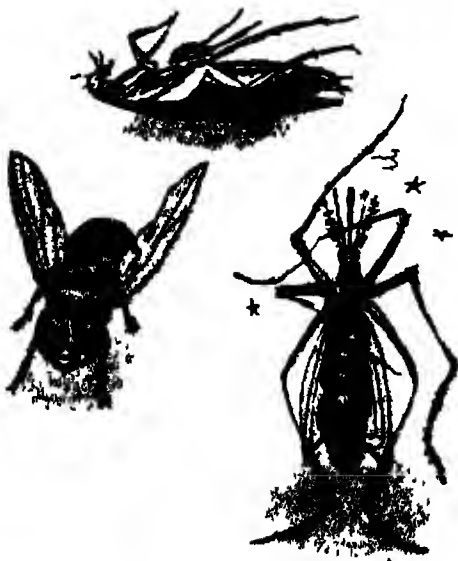


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(continued from inside front cover)

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The City of Derby was chosen for our survey because it almost ideally represents a thriving British city which, though modern and progressive, is yet rooted in England's beginnings, and which has a long history of growth and change. We believe that, with this book, we are fully in The Reader's Digest tradition of dealing with the future and looking always for the best.

'The Communication of Ideas — A Study of Contemporary Influences on Urban Life,' by Thomas Cauter, B.Sc (Econ), F.I.S., F.S.S., and J. S. Downham, M.A., A.I.S., F.S.S., will be published early this month at 25s. It will be available in all good bookshops and also, of course, in the public libraries.

The Life Guards, with their magnificent black horses and scarlet tunics, are one of London's most splendid sights. OUR COVER shows them being inspected at Knightsbridge Barracks before setting off to Whitehall for the ancient ceremony of changing the Queen's Life Guard. As part of the Household Cavalry, they share this duty with the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) and are also responsible for providing Royal escort on all State occasions.

Ektachrome by Joe Barnell

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THE READER'S DIGEST

VOL 64, No 386 JUN, 1954

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION LTD
7 Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4

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Sales Director
W. S. Leuchars

Advertisement Director
John H. Davenport

In India subscriptions may be entered by sending order with cash to National City Bank of New York, 293, Dr. Dadabhai Naorojee Road, Bombay, 1

Subscriptions, including postage
Rs 18/- per year, Rs 30/- per two years

The parent magazine, THE READER'S DIGEST, which has its headquarters in Pleasantville, N.Y., U.S.A., was first published in 1922 by DeWitt Wallace and Lila Acheson Wallace, its present editors and publishers

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